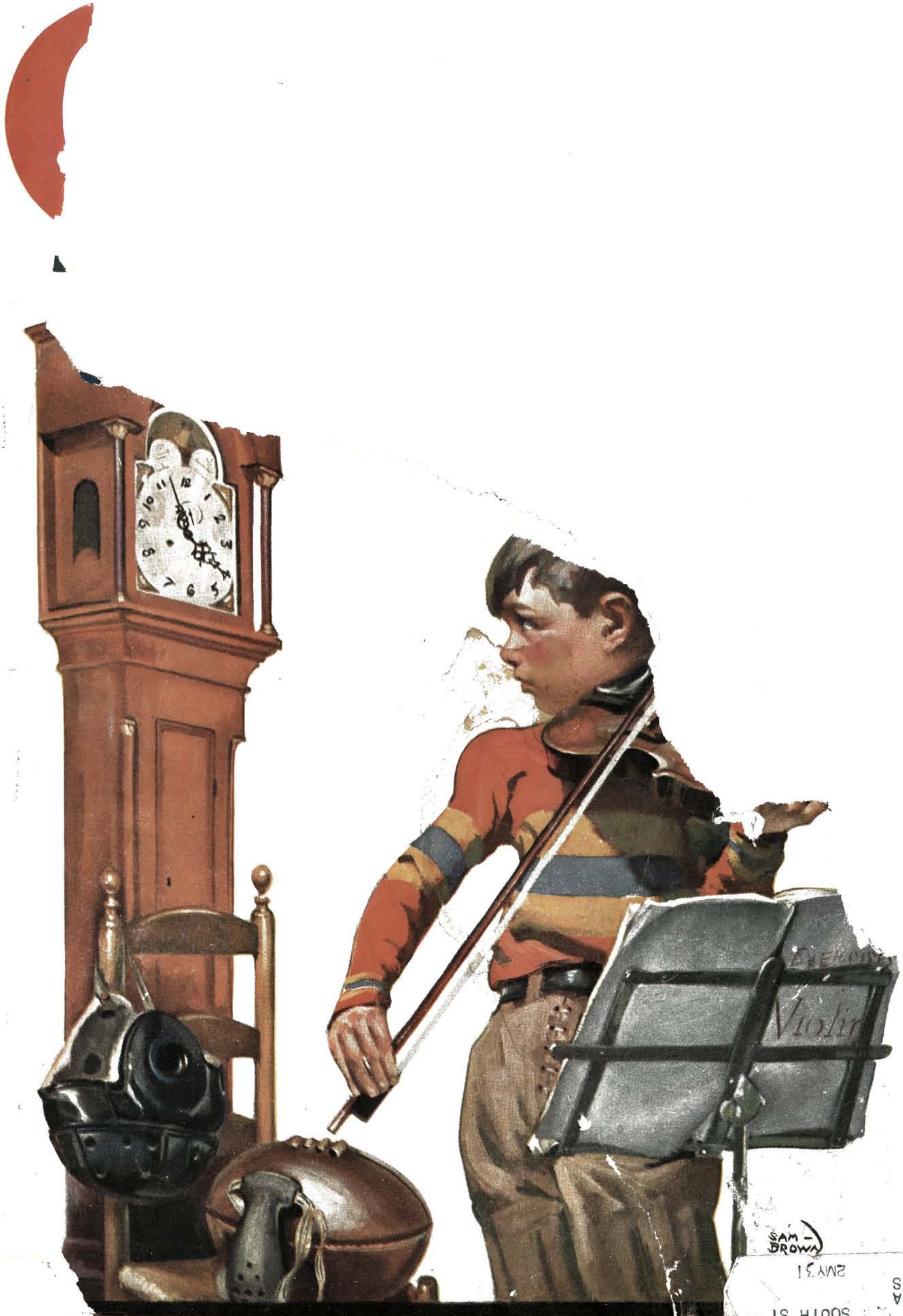
Violin
SAM - BROWN

DR W R HEYLMUN
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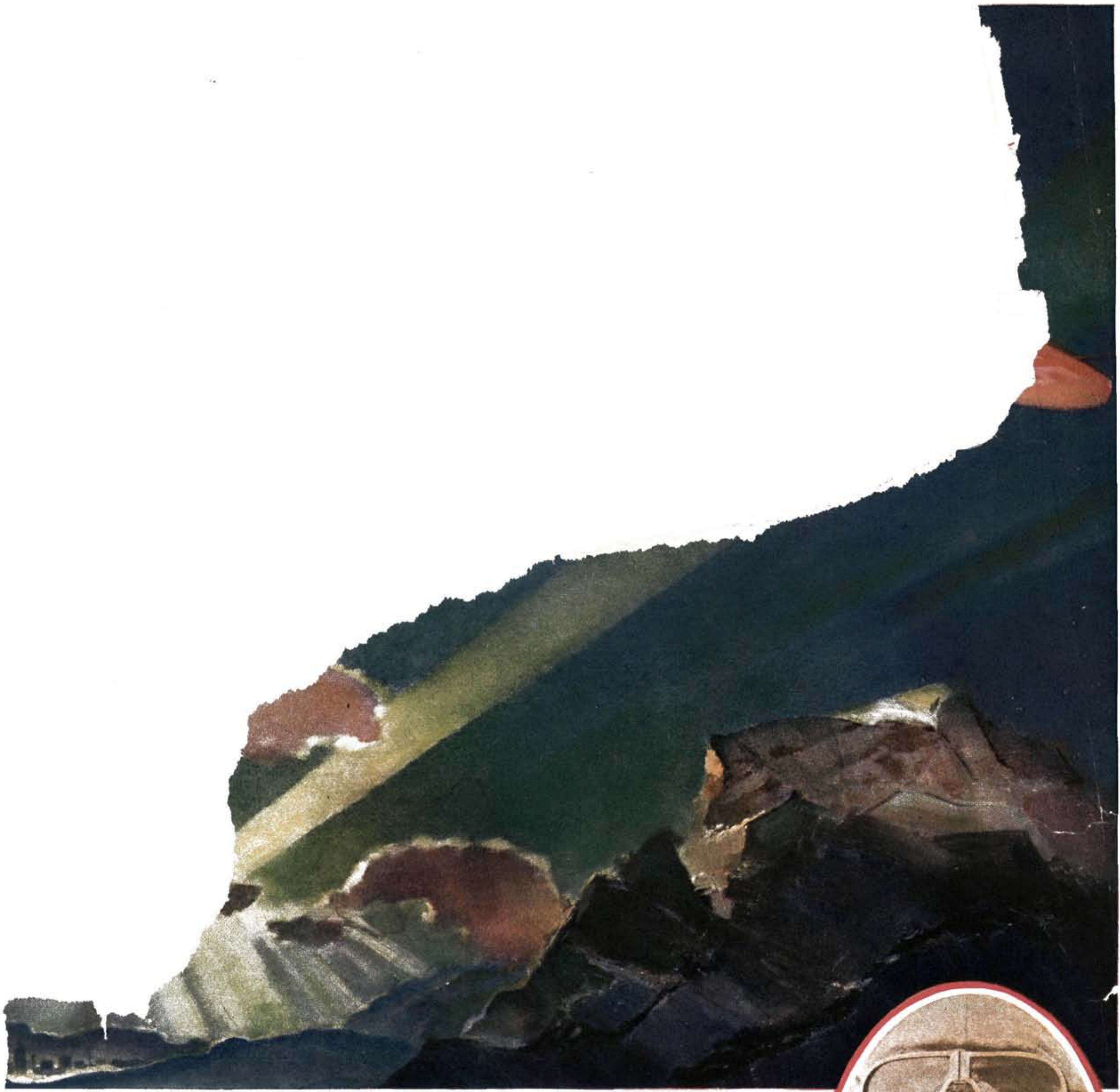

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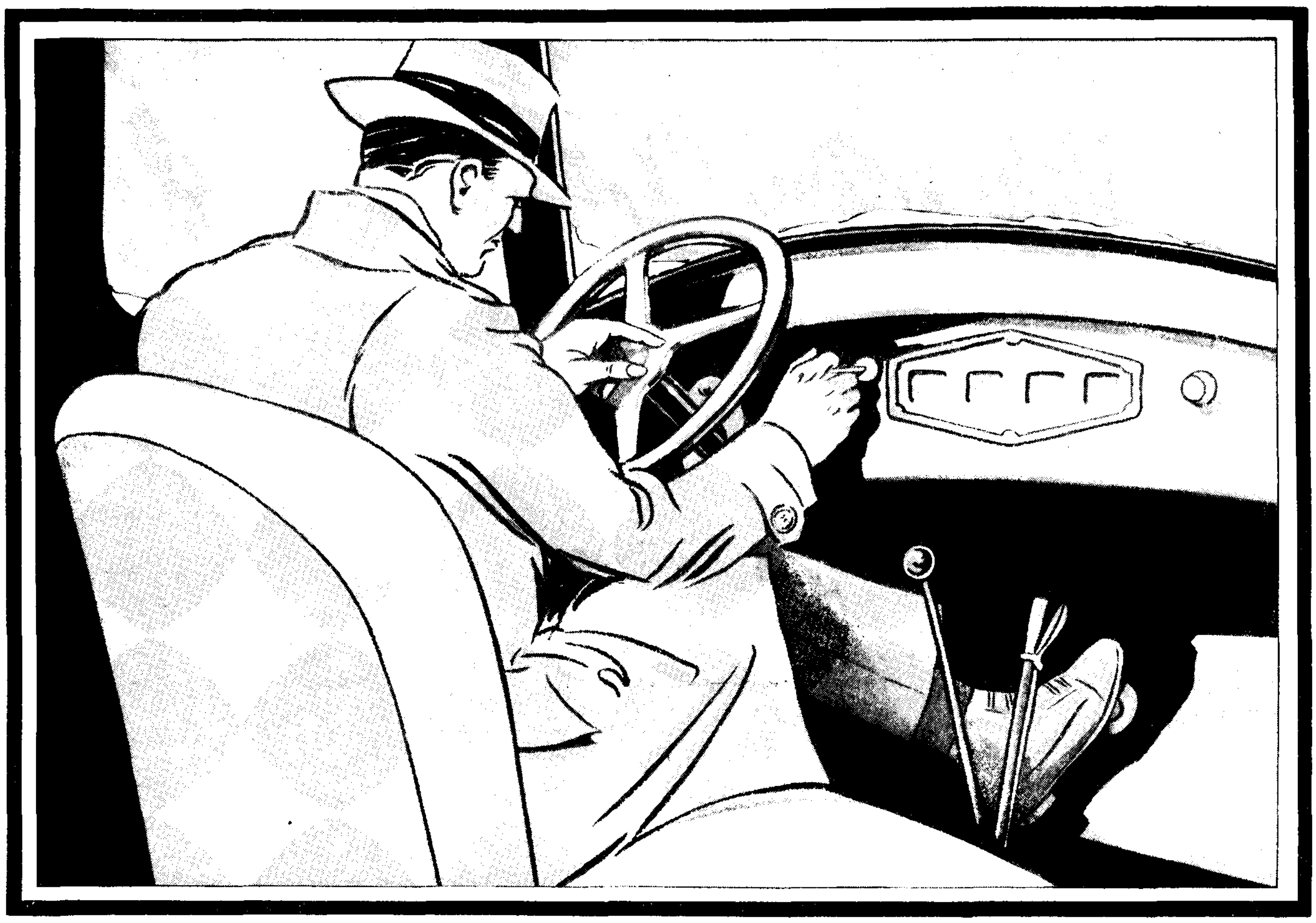

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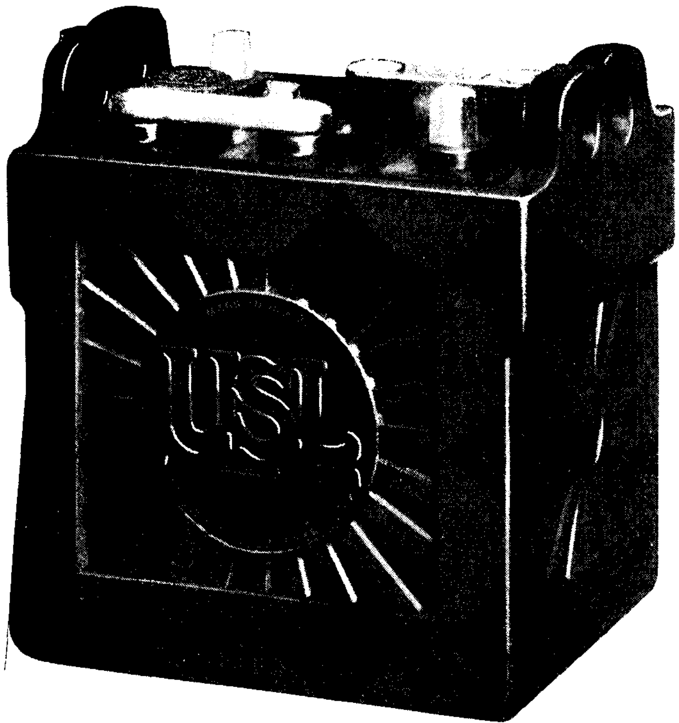

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Power to Spare

Nov. 2, 19

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

SAX ROHMER, the master of mystery, is with us again. We've told Uncle Henry about it, just to prepare him for the advance copy of the issue, and now he refuses to answer the telephone. There's nothing to be afraid of, but you know how jumpy the old gentleman is. Mr. Rohmer's latest contribution is a short story, "Fires of Baal." It's about a beautiful dancing girl and one of her young men friends and if Uncle Henry doesn't get hold of himself and read it, he will miss a very good story.

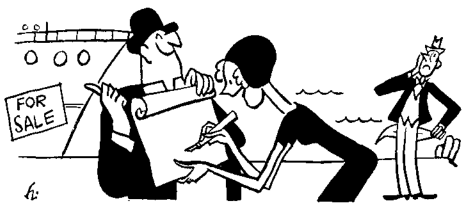
OWEN P. WHITE has been traveling around in Ohio observing the drinking habits and opportunities of the residents of that state also known to historians as the Mother of Presidents. She, to continue the figure, spends more than any other state on prohibition enforcement. But is she dry? Not by a jugful. (Another figure of speech.) The article is "Setting Them Up in Ohio."

—

THE world-shaking question of how short the long skirts are going to be is gone into pretty thoroughly by Betty Thornley. The best minds in the dressmaking business are a bit upset about it. And no wonder. If something isn't decided soon we won't dare to venture outside the door. These sudden changes are bad for the heart.

—

ALSO bad for the heart, since we are concerned with that organ, is to be married to a girl like Sylvia in F. W. Bronson's short story "The Shoestring Marriage." Sylvia's motto is, "Nobody ever got any place by being careful." Imagine! It's a long time since we've come across such light-hearted gayety.



BUT "The Rambling Rouster" is gay enough, come to think of it. Let Roark Bradford show you up the gangplank of the old [illegible] D. Grace and get under way with Bugaboo Jones. He'll tell you about the pay-day mama who pestered Rag Mouf and how he got rid of her. She has been arrested by this time, probably, poor girl.

—

THERE'S Jeffery Farnol's short short story, "Tomorrow," Joe (The Winnah) Humphreys' recollections of "Rickard the Iron-Hearted," Grantland Rice, George R. Preedy, the insatiable Gentleman at the Keyhole, Zane Grey, John W. Heisman. We'd go on but it's beginning to sound like the telephone directory. Besides you'll find the rest yourselves. When we get going on a column like this we never know when to stop.

THIS WEEK

November 2, 1929

Cover—Sam Brown

Page 7—Jerome Beatty
THE YODELING LADY: Romance and laughter with sound effects.

Page 10—Grantland Rice
HEAD OVER HEELS: Football doesn't become easier.

Page 11—Stanley Tipton
THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY: A short short story.

Page 12—Walter Davenport
THE VIRGINIA REEL: The merry struggle of Hoovercrats, Democrats and others for the mastery of the Old South, pictured by a sparkling reporter.

Page 14—Laurie York Erskine
ONE MAN TOO MANY: A thrilling story of a born conqueror.

Page 16—Hugh MacNair Kahler
MEDDLING THROUGH: The priceless Lebbeter twins butt in. They knew better.

Page 18—John W. Heisman
HERO STUFF: Football's great moments remembered by a famous coach.

Page 20—Hugh Leamy
NOW COME ALL YOU GOOD PEOPLE: The modern minstrel's racket.

Page 21—George R. Preedy
THE PRINCE'S DARLING: A novel from the land and time of romance.

Page 24—Stephen Morehouse Avery
LEAVE IT TO THE LADIES: Only a blithe little lady could survive that mad escapade.

Page 28—Zane Grey
THE YELLOWJACKET FEUD: A stirring serial by America's most popular novelist.

Page 34—Betty Thornley
MISS AND MAKE-UP: Gilding the lady lily.

Page 36—Rube Goldberg
PROFESSOR BUTTS: A French newspaper called him "l'éminent savant," only the other day.

Page 44—Nameographs

Page 46—Word Hunt

Page 49—Milton C. Work
HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Have it your own way.

Page 55—The Gentleman at the Keyhole
PAPER TALK

Page 60—Jack Binns
PICKED OUT OF THE AIR

Page 74—Editorials

Any Week

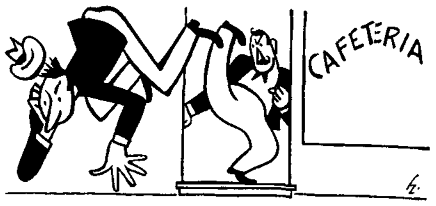
JUST as we'd decided to mourn the lack of fire in the morning's mail, in comes a letter from Mr. B. M. Dutton of Abingdon, Va.

He had just finished reading Kathleen Norris' "April Escapade" in Collier's. We can see Mr. Dutton's jaw set and his eyes grow determined. We can see him lay the magazine down with ominous deliberation and walk to his typewriter (he needs a new ribbon) and sit down again.

What he wrote is here before us. He pays his respects to Mrs. Norris, whom he doesn't love because politically in 1928 he found her "deserting her party to support a régime devoted to reforming the nation at the muzzle of riot guns." Mr. Dutton is a stancher Democrat than Mrs. Norris, that's clear.

"'April Escapade,'" writes he, "was as truly Victorian as usual but the character of Mary Kate fails to edify. . . . She did not smoke or swear but she did what was fifty-seven times worse—jilted Cass, a devoted lad of unearthly goodness. I do not like Cass because he is too ungodly good for this wicked world. Cass should have risen on his hind legs and raised the very devil when Chris, the rich cad, was abstracting his lady love.

"I don't like Mart because he didn't shoot first. . . ." But there! It comes to us suddenly. We know now. Mr. Dutton didn't like "April Escapade." But we like Mr. Dutton. There's a man you could spend the evening arguing with.



CAFETERIA GIRL, a jaunty little story, was published in Collier's for September 21st. It was about a boy who ate heartily, refused to pay the check because he was broke, and presently married the cashier, who discovered to her natural confusion (to say nothing of pardonable satisfaction) that his father was scandalously rich—and so was he.

Among those reading the story was Miss Christine Gallen of Plattsburg, N. Y. and Miss Gallen found that she had a word or two to say about it.

"I have cashiered in three gobble joints," says she, "and have had to listen to a lot of boys who refused to pay for the vittles they ruined. I, like your Cafeteria Girl, called the manager. My managers always threw them out, et cetera. But if any of them were millionaires or had that sort of daddies we didn't know it. And I didn't know it yet. Personally I hope they were all rich. Maybe they are by this time. You can't lose a nickel by not paying your bills. Maybe that's how the Cafeteria Girl's boy's father got his dough."

Gosh, suppose Miss Gallen was right

—

MR. F. B. STILWELL of Dayton, Ohio, too, has an opinion. "If there were no other programs put on the air except Collier's hour," he writes, "the price of a radio would be a good investment." And Miss Tiny Sucher of Knoxville writes asking for Uncle Henry's address. Even if the old boy had an address we shouldn't give it. We simply can't have him stirred up like that. He's hard enough to control as it is.

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An INTERESTING BIT of NEWS

Six distinguished foreign authors now serve as an International Advisory Committee for the Book-of-the-Month Club. The function the individuals in this foreign group perform is to keep our judges advised about what they consider the significant new books published abroad, each in his own country. The Committee consists of: FOR ENGLAND: H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett. FOR FRANCE: André Maurois. FOR GERMANY AND AUSTRIA: Thomas Mann and Arthur Schnitzler. FOR SCANDINAVIA: Sigrid Undset.

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LOOK pleasant, please! What a lot of fussing and fixing up you'd do if *your* place of business were to pose for a picture! Yet every day you're being exposed to a multitude of eye-impressions that either help or hinder sales.

Underwood & Underwood, whose business is photography, are particularly aware of this fact. "We take pictures of all types of business homes. If there's one thing you can't hide from the camera or the eye, it's the floor! This importance of the floor is so great in our minds that our own place of business boasts the best floors we could find.

"They had to pass our staff for color and design. They had to win the approval of a cautious office manager for wear, care, and cost. They had to take smilingly severe daily drubbing such as few floors ever get. Come in sometime, and see for yourself whether we were wise in selecting Armstrong's Linoleum.

"There's one other point we'd like to make—let's call it showmanship in selling. Armstrong Floors have a real sales value, for by dressing up your place of business, they dress up the product or service you sell. Maybe that's the big reason why so many leaders of business for whom we work have standardized on floors of Armstrong's Linoleum."

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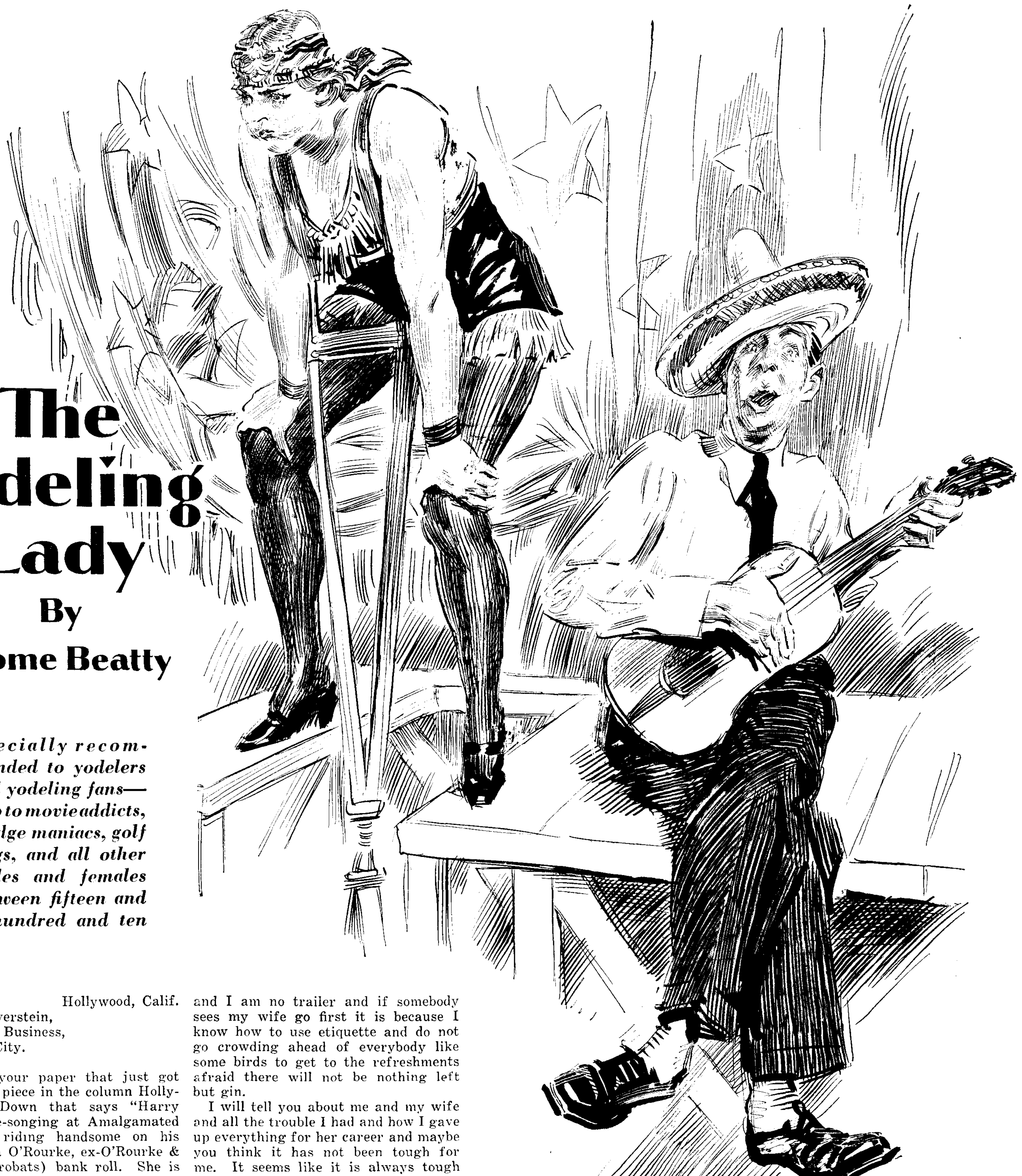
The Yodeling Lady

By Jerome Beatty

Specially recommended to yodelers and yodeling fans—also to movie addicts, bridge maniacs, golf bugs, and all other males and females between fifteen and a hundred and ten



In the act while she held up the Shetland pony on the harness Mike played the guitar and she yodeled

Hollywood, Calif.
Mr. Sam Silverstein,
Editor Show Business,
New York City.
Dear Sir:

I see by your paper that just got here today a piece in the column Hollywood Low Down that says “Harry Silvio, theme-songing at Amalgamated Studios, is riding handsome on his wife's (Delia O'Rourke, ex-O'Rourke & O'Rourke acrobats) bank roll. She is slaying 'em in the Hollywood consommé-and-haddock belt and Harry gets in on a trailer license.”

That, Mister Silverstein, is a low-down lie and I would like to knock the block off of the mug that put that piece in the paper. He is a dumb goof which is proved by the uneducated language that he writes and he probably is a sorehead that cannot get in good society like my wife and I does and I lay you ten grand against a last year's Buddy Poppy that he like as not don't even own a soup and fish.

And also what dough I spend I get legitimate because I am my wife's manager and put her where she is today and I am no trailer and if somebody sees my wife go first it is because I know how to use etiquette and do not go crowding ahead of everybody like some birds to get to the refreshments afraid there will not be nothing left but gin.

I will tell you about me and my wife and all the trouble I had and how I gave up everything for her career and maybe you think it has not been tough for me. It seems like it is always tough for me with plenty of luck but all of it bad like when Al Goldfrapp and me was listening to a concert in Central Park and they was playing a piece of Verdi's and I said there is a good melody and what did he do but go home and write a song with it that was the big hit of the year before I could get mine out the dirty crook.

Well, Mr. Silverstein, if you will turn back in your files you will find a swell piece under the head At Liberty No Longer about how Harry Silvio the famous and noted song writer got married to Delia O'Rourke the acrobat and there is a half-page ad there to, about thanks from Harry and Delia to all their friends and well wishers and for the costly and beautiful wedding presents. That ad cost me two hundred bucks as you ought to know, Mister Silverstein, because you had the crust to make me pay in advance, which was a darn sight more than the presents would a brought in a hock shop. Maybe you think I am kidding, Mister Silverstein, but I know what I'm talking about.

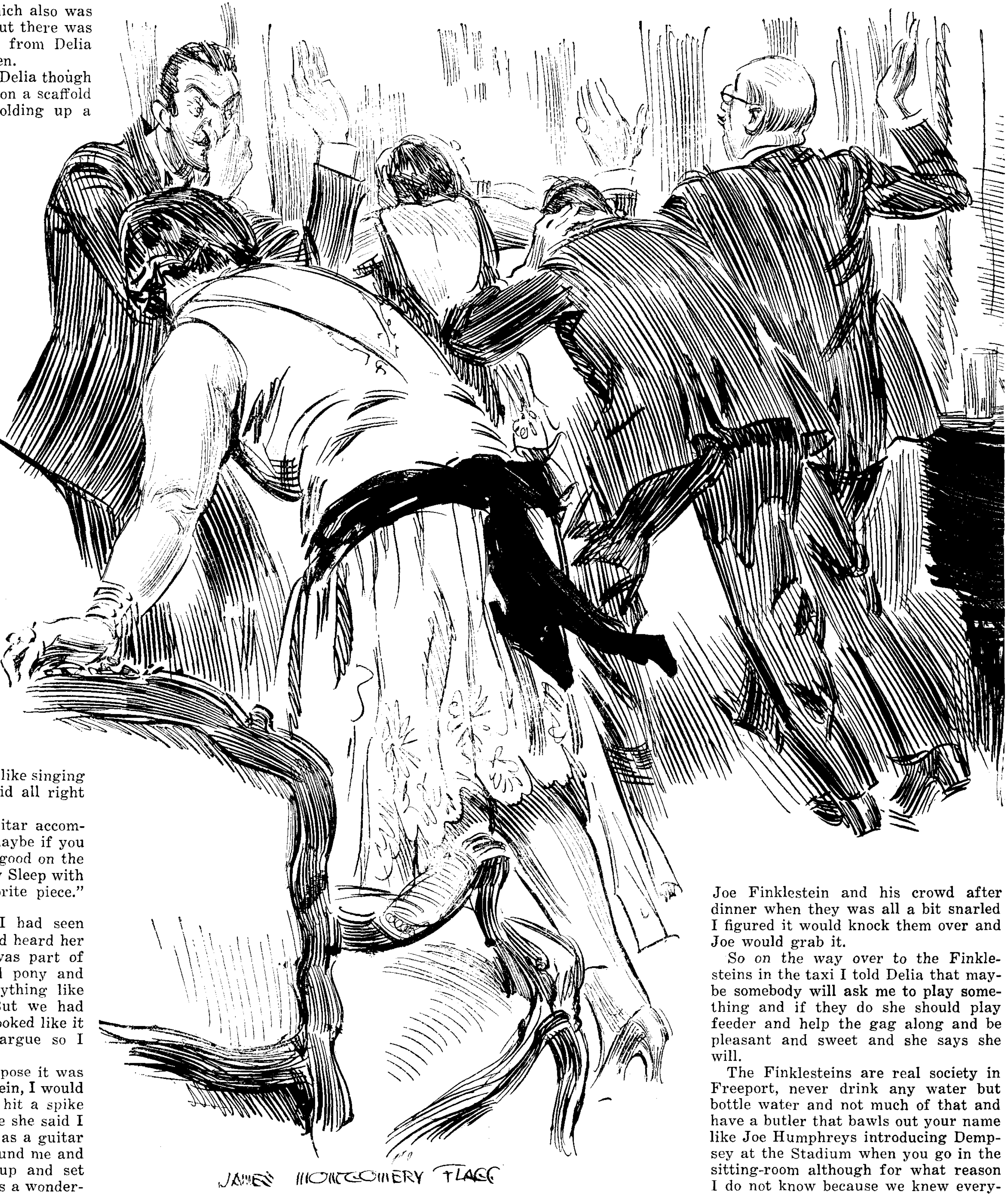
A lot of cheap skates in show business would a written letters to the people saying thanks for the lovely present and would a cleaned up the job for maybe ten dollars but when Harry Silvio performs he wows them and it was a good ad even though my picture came out all black and some of my friends wanted to know whether it was me or Mike O'Rourke her no good husband who she had got a divorce from which also was mentioned in your paper but there was not any ad saying thanks from Delia though there ought to a been.

It was a swell picture of Delia though in her tights and standing on a scaffold wearing a harness and holding up a Shetland pony that swung underneath. It does not show in the picture but in the act while she held up the Shetland pony Mike played the guitar and she yodeled. It is her favorite photograph.

As everybody knows Delia is a nice sweet girl and has friends all over everywhere since she played all the circuits and one year was with Sells-Floto circus. She is good looking too even if people used to look queer at us when we went down the street because of she weighing 210 pounds and me about half that but she is over six feet tall and carries her weight good and it is most all mussel. Maybe you think I do not know it, Mister Silverstein.

Delia was right glad to quit show business and we got a house down to Freeport, Long Island, where all the swell show people live and I was making some jack. One night when I was working at the piano composing she come in from the kitchen and said she felt like singing she was so happy and I said all right honey what.

"It sounds better with guitar accompaniment," she says, "but maybe if you try hard you can do pretty good on the piano. I will sing Sleep Baby Sleep with yodeling. That is my favorite piece."



WELL, Mr. Silverstein, I had seen her act and of course had heard her yodel but I thought that was part of the show like the Shetland pony and did not expect to have anything like that around the house. But we had just been married and she looked like it would not do no good to argue so I started and she went to it.

If you like yodeling I suppose it was all right but, Mister Silverstein, I would rather a heard a band saw hit a spike in a log. When she got done she said I was marvelous just as good as a guitar and she threw her arms around me and kissed me and picked me up and set me on her lap and said I was a wonderful musician and did I think she was too and she had the breath squeezed out a me and I nodded my head.

Well it got so she would yodel almost every night and it was summer time and we had the windows open and people used to gather in front of the house and wonder what it was and it got around and people would drive for miles and the streets in front would be so full of cars you would think we were running a speakeasy but if you will pardon a little piece of fun, Mister Silverstein, I would say that there was no speakeasy about her yodeling. It was good and loud. Anyway, loud.

I had been kind of a bum hanging around Times Square most of the time and I found out this married life was different. It was all right, even with the yodeling which you kind a got used to like elevated trains going past your bedroom window.

I began to see how married life could get me more dough. All we had to do was to crack into society in Freeport.

I am not so dumb, Mister Silverstein, and with half an eye I saw that a lot of mugs was getting by just because they went out on parties with the big song publishers that lived around there and actors too that would put a song in their act for a friend.

There was two or three song writers that was getting all their stuff published by Finklestein and Casey and they was not turning out anywhere near as good numbers as I was writing and sometimes getting published and mostly not. And the graft was that they and their wives was friendly with the Finklesteins and their crowd.

I told Delia how we could work the racket and she was strong for it—and that is not any pun. She got going and she was friendly and everybody liked her and she invited some of the wives over to play bridge in the afternoon and all that and one day Mrs. Finklestein called Delia up and asked us to come over to a dinner party.

IT MADE me feel swell because I figured that this was my chance to sock over a number I had turned out called When I Hold You on My Knee I Feel I Have the World in My Arms. I got the idea when I was courting Delia.

If I could get a chance to play it for Joe Finklestein and his crowd after dinner when they was all a bit snarled I figured it would knock them over and Joe would grab it.

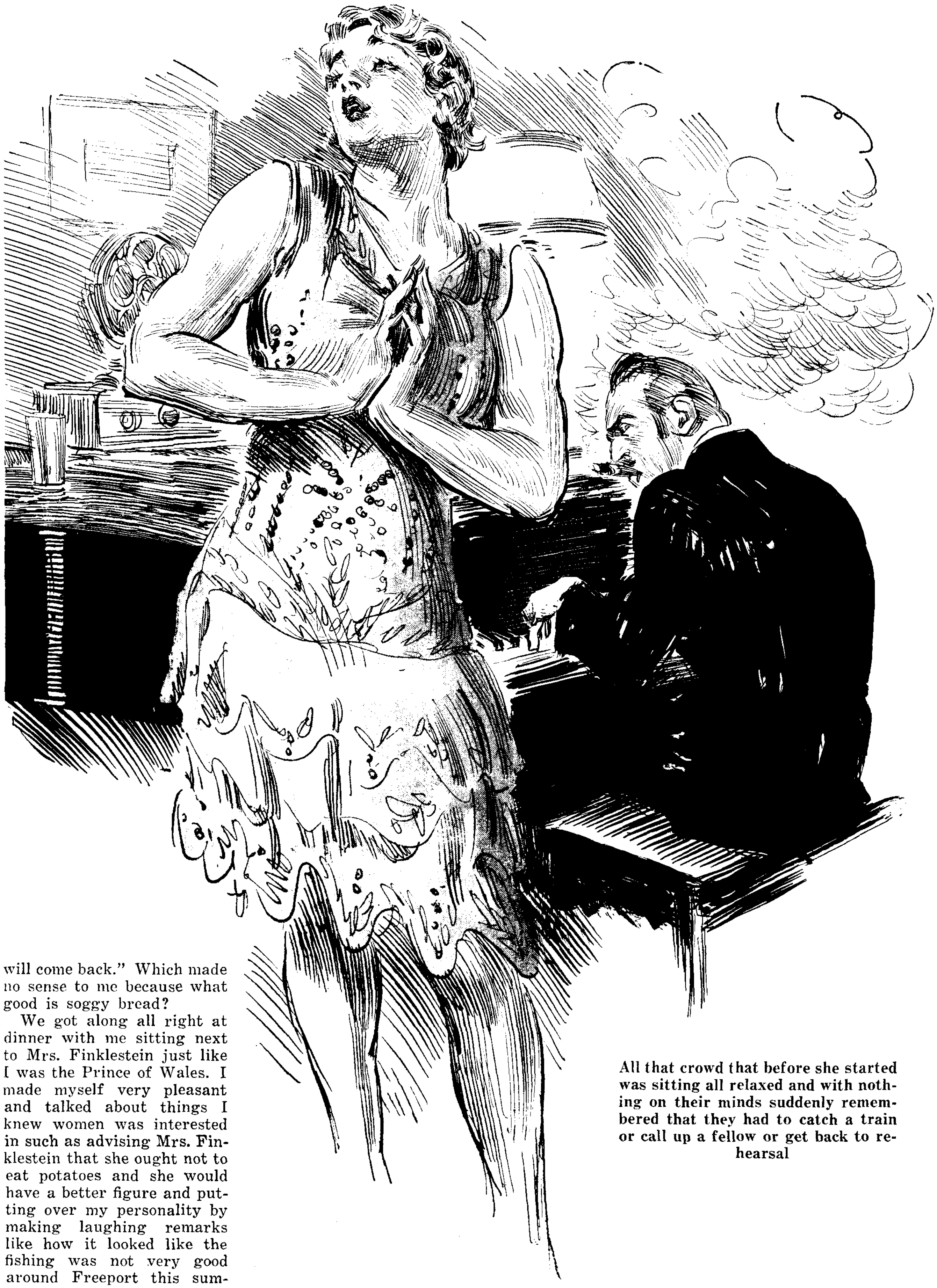
So on the way over to the Finklesteins in the taxi I told Delia that maybe somebody will ask me to play something and if they do she should play feeder and help the gag along and be pleasant and sweet and she says she will.

The Finklesteins are real society in Freeport, never drink any water but bottle water and not much of that and have a butler that bawls out your name like Joe Humphreys introducing Dempsey at the Stadium when you go in the sitting-room although for what reason I do not know because we knew everybody. It kind of makes you feel important, at that, like when a bell boy pages you at a hotel.

It was a big party and looked like a hot spot for me and my song. A lot of other song writers was there and a few actors and a couple of high-class bootleggers and a bookmaker and a lawyer —all important people that it was a good thing to know because you never can tell.

Delia got along fine with everybody because she is smart and always smiling and listening about other people's operations and never trying to tell how hers was a lot worse and kidding and saying "Ain't you a card" and making up to them like they was Jesse Lasky.

"Always be nice to people," she used to say. "Bread cast upon the waters



All that crowd that before she started was sitting all relaxed and with nothing on their minds suddenly remembered that they had to catch a train or call up a fellow or get back to rehearsal

will come back." Which made no sense to me because what good is soggy bread?

We got along all right at dinner with me sitting next to Mrs. Finklestein just like I was the Prince of Wales. I made myself very pleasant and talked about things I knew women was interested in such as advising Mrs. Finklestein that she ought not to eat potatoes and she would have a better figure and putting over my personality by making laughing remarks like how it looked like the fishing was not very good around Freeport this summer. That was when they brought me just a little piece of fish on a plate. Mrs. Finklestein did not laugh much at that but how was I to know that they was going to have steak and chicken and chops after that?

After dinner we went in the music-room and Mrs. Finklestein started to do a card trick and I got everybody laughing by exposing how she did it before she could find the card.

I was going good with the crowd and decided that I was in a sweet spot and it was a cinch that my number would mow them down. So I went to the piano to play my When I Hold You on My Knee.

Then Mrs. Finklestein said to Delia "Can't you do something too?"

"I sing just a teeny-weeny bit," says Delia kind of coquettish.

"Then make it a duet," says Mrs. Finklestein meaning no harm and just trying to be polite.

"All right," says Delia all delighted. "We will give them Sleep Baby Sleep won't we honey?" And we did.

Well, Mister Silverstein, yodeling in your own house is bad enough but when you go yodeling in the music-room of a million-dollar estate it is awful sour especially if it was not so good in the first place.

WHEN Delia finished there was light applause and I thought Delia would sit down and let me play When I Hold You on My Knee but no chance.

"I will now sing Oh She Flew So High, another yodel song," she told them.

If there was anybody in that mob that was a yodel hound he did not let on. It was queer, all that crowd that before she started was sitting there all relaxed and drinking with nothing on their minds and now suddenly remembering that they had to catch a train or call up a fellow or get back to rehearsal. They all began going.

There was just not any more party left at the Finklesteins' than a rabbit, Mister Silverstein. And when Delia finished there was nobody to bow to but Mrs. Finklestein since Joe was out saying good-by to the guests and trying to make them stay.

Well, we started on home too in a taxi and Delia never knew what her yodeling had done. She had been with an acrobat act in vaudeville always last on the bill and people had been walking out on her for fifteen years and she thought nothing of it. It was just like old times for her.

I wanted to tell her how she had gummed up my chance to put over a song with Joe Finklestein but by this time I had learned that it did not go so well so I just said she was a great yodeler and had made a big hit.

Maybe you think I was not feeling low, Mister Silverstein, and it did not help any when I and Delia after a couple of months got on to it that we was not going to be invited out any more with that crowd.

That yodel had ruined us and even made Joe Finklestein so sore since it wrecked his party that he would not even let me in his office when I went down to see him and try to get a chance to play the number for him.

Delia had no idea why it was and she cried and said she had thought nobody would snub her any more after she married a great artist like me and I told her not to worry honey we would show them.

ONE day I hear that Amalgamated Pictures is looking for theme songs for talking pictures and I took When I Hold You on My Knee over to the Amalgamated offices in Times Square and I am a son of a gun, Mister Silverstein, if they did not buy it saying it was just the thing for a theme song for a picture called The Eruption of Mt. Vesuvius and they changed the title to Eruption of Mt. Vesuvius I Love You with a few changes in the lyrics so they went "Would that I could pour out love as Vesuvius does lava from above."

Then they turn around and give me a contract to go to Hollywood to write music for the talkies. It just shows that artists are sure to make the grade.

Well, Mister Silverstein, we was all cheered up and when we got to Hollywood we rented a house furnished and everything looked O. K. Only about the first or second night we was there some friends of ours that was playing the Orpheum came out after the show and darned if Delia did not have to yodel for them. I was sunk.

You know, Mister Silverstein, that society in Hollywood is very exclusive and if you are not in Hollywood society you do not keep your job or get a better one or are not invited to the beach or cannot get good rye if you are not in right.

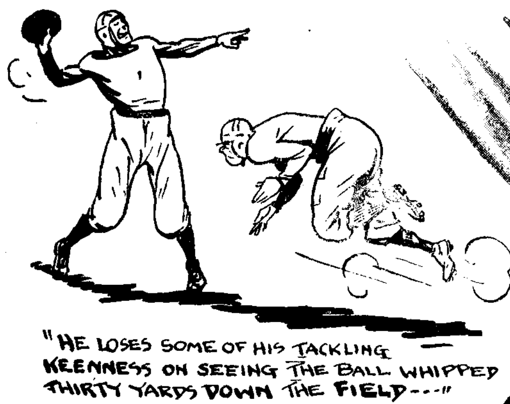
I HAD figured that now we could take us a fresh start and begin to get some friends that would help me ring the bell.

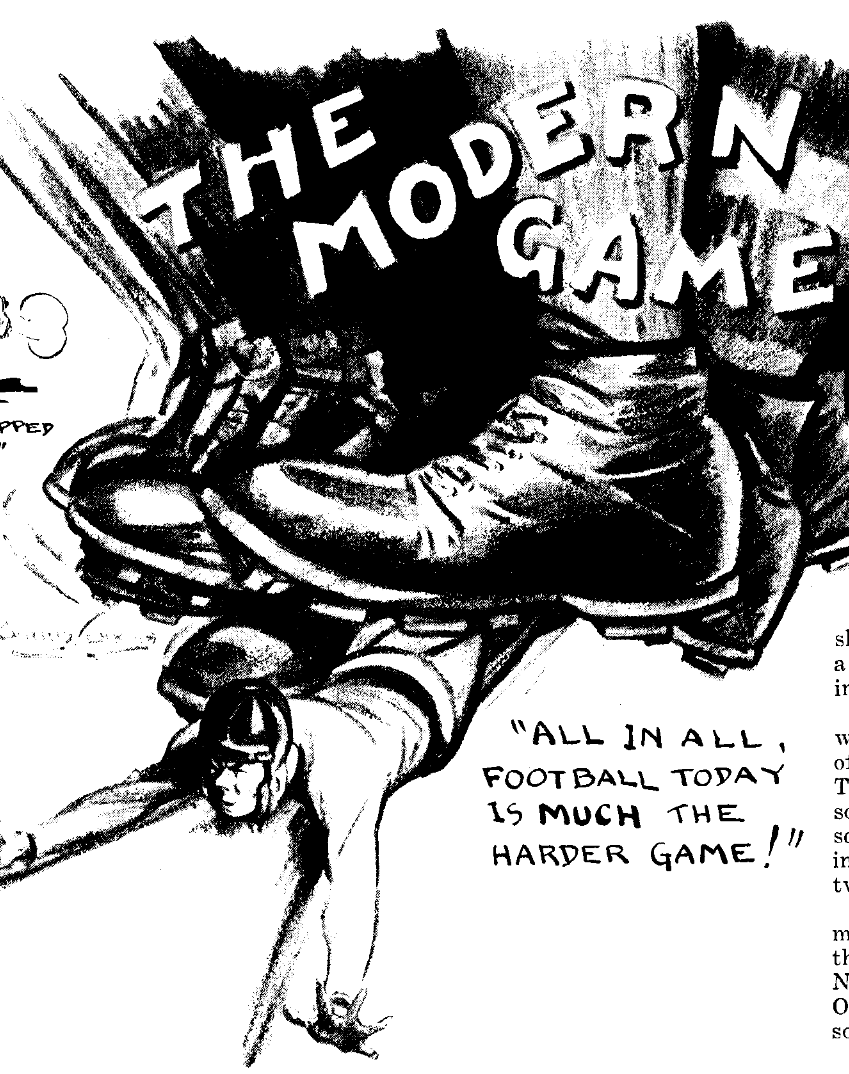
Well I said to myself is this doll of mine going to put everything on the fritz in Hollywood just like she did in Freeport? Is she going to yodel us right back to New York? I had hinted a little about how maybe she should not yodel all the time and she said why and I said because it would hurt her lung power and since she could blow the top off of any lung machine at Coney Island that line did not go so good. She said she could spare a little if worse came to worse.

I was over to the studio one day listening to a singing test and I got a great idea. The girl that was singing was terrible. I said to myself if I could get Delia over here and make a test and she could hear herself yodel and see how terrible she is she would realize how bad it is and she would quit. And maybe I could slip the monitor man a few bucks and he would make it worse.

The monitor man, Mister Silverstein, is a fellow that sits in a little room next to the stage and peeks through a glass window at the actors. He can see them but they cannot see him very well. He has head phones on and in front of him is a little box like a radio with dials on it and he listens to the quality of the

(Continued on page 48)


"HE LOSES SOME OF HIS TACKLING KEENNESS ON SEEING THE BALL WHIPPED THIRTY YARDS DOWN THE FIELD---"


THE MODERN GAME
"ALL IN ALL, FOOTBALL TODAY IS MUCH THE HARDER GAME!"

Rough-and-ready football made a great forward pass about twenty-five years ago, but the new game gives the player a worse mental mauling

Head over Heels

By Grantland Rice

A CERTAIN old-time football star, one of those earlier heroes of earlier years, recently brought up a point which apparently had him badly baffled.

"Back around 1906," he said, "they changed football because the old game had become too rough. They brought in the open game with the forward pass to reduce the casualty list and take away some of the pressure. Yet before 1906 most of us played through the entire season. Three or four substitutes were enough. Any number of teams used only thirteen or fourteen men and some played through with eleven or twelve.

"Why is it then that in the modern game a team needs from twenty to thirty men to complete a schedule and frequently by the middle of the season some teams are so badly shot they crack up before much weaker opposition? You will find this true from late October on through November. Is the new game harder and rougher or was the old-time player harder and tougher?"

Modern football is undoubtedly a harder game on the player than the old smash and mass style which ended in 1906. The old-timer may rise up and emit a lusty squawk at this statement, but there are several ways to prove it is true.

In the first place the emotional and mental pressure of modern football cuts in with far deeper effect. The old-timer had only two or three games a season that called for any worry or bother. Most of the others were set-ups.

The few hard games usually came at the end of the campaign. Things are entirely different today. No team can tell at what moment some smaller college, some unknown quantity, will suddenly light the fuse and blow up the works. There are almost no resting spots. Last fall, for one example, Davis-Elkins came along and toppled West Virginia and the Navy, later two of the strongest teams in the country.

About the same time Southern Methodist came all the way from Dallas, Texas, to stand a powerful Army team on its head and finish the game only one point behind in a 14-13 defeat.

Straight for Cagle

Big teams today face heavy trouble before the middle of October. They couldn't afford to do any loafing. In the Western Conference, championship battles are often fought before the middle of October where a shot at the championship may depend upon some early October game. This means a heavier mental strain from the start and harder play at a time where in the old days it was easy picking at this point.

There is still another side of the modern game where the mental strain is much harder. The old game was more or less a matter of straight formations, line plunges and end runs, blocking and tackling. The defense could concentrate on stopping the runner. There were fewer intricate problems to face. Today the defensive side has to be far more alert.

For example, here comes Chris Cagle swinging out around an end. In the old days the defense would have swung straight for Cagle. It's different now. He may keep running—or he may suddenly switch to a pass. No one on the defensive side knows what will happen, or where it will happen. The defense has to be broken up and scattered to act against the pass and there is far more open territory to cover.

In the old days the defense had to protect only one limited sector. Today it has to protect the entire field.

There is the example of the Yale team playing against Harvard last fall. In the old days Yale tackles, guards and ends would have been charging in. In this contest the Blue line spent the better part of the afternoon waiting to see whether the next play would be a run, a forward or a lateral pass. All its aggressiveness was removed by the element of doubt.

When a back or an end goes diving for a ball carrier, only to see the ball carrier whip a pass thirty yards down the field, he loses some of his tackling keenness.

Modern football is far more intricate than the old game ever was, for the scope of the attack has been vastly extended. This not only gives the defense more problems to face, but also puts a far heavier mental burden on the attack. Much harder schedules, a far greater array of stronger opposing teams, and added problems of play to be faced, make the wear and tear worse than it was up to 1906.

Call the Doctor!

What about the physical side of the two games? There were more deaths in the old system, but the more open play has led to a heavier list of minor casualties affecting ankles, knees and shoulders. A man might have his neck or his back broken under a mass of men linked together. Today in the open, unprotected while taking a pass, he is more likely to have a knee twisted, an ankle hurt, or a shoulder injured.

The present game also demands greater speed, not only speed of mind but also of feet. One or two slow backfield men who might punish a line could easily lose a game through inability to break up a passing game.

In the old game the leading teams would just be coming to the first wave of their potential power by November. Today any number of teams are already so badly battered or crippled by hard schedules that they must take a mauling from teams they might have beaten two weeks ago.

A few years ago I recall sitting one morning at Urbana with Bob Zuppke, the Illinois coach. Illinois was to meet Nebraska that afternoon in an early October game, and Nebraska that season stood with the best.

Thrifty Zuppke

"I have only given my team about three plays for this game," Zuppke said. "I can't get ready to beat Nebraska today and then keep ready to beat Pennsylvania and Michigan later on. I'd rather beat Pennsylvania and Michigan this year. I know I can't do both."

That afternoon Illinois was beaten 14-0, making only three or four first downs. A few weeks later an entirely different-looking delegation in Orange and Blue ran up twenty-four points against a strong Penn line-up and later beat both Michigan and Ohio State.

The coach and the trainer today face a terrific problem, far more intricate and puzzling than the old problems.

All in all football today is much the harder game, but it is also far more interesting to both player and spectator alike. If you don't think so, try to get a ticket to the Stanford-California, the Yale-Harvard or the Army-Notre Dame parties this fall. Or almost any other big game that happens to carry the appeal of tradition.

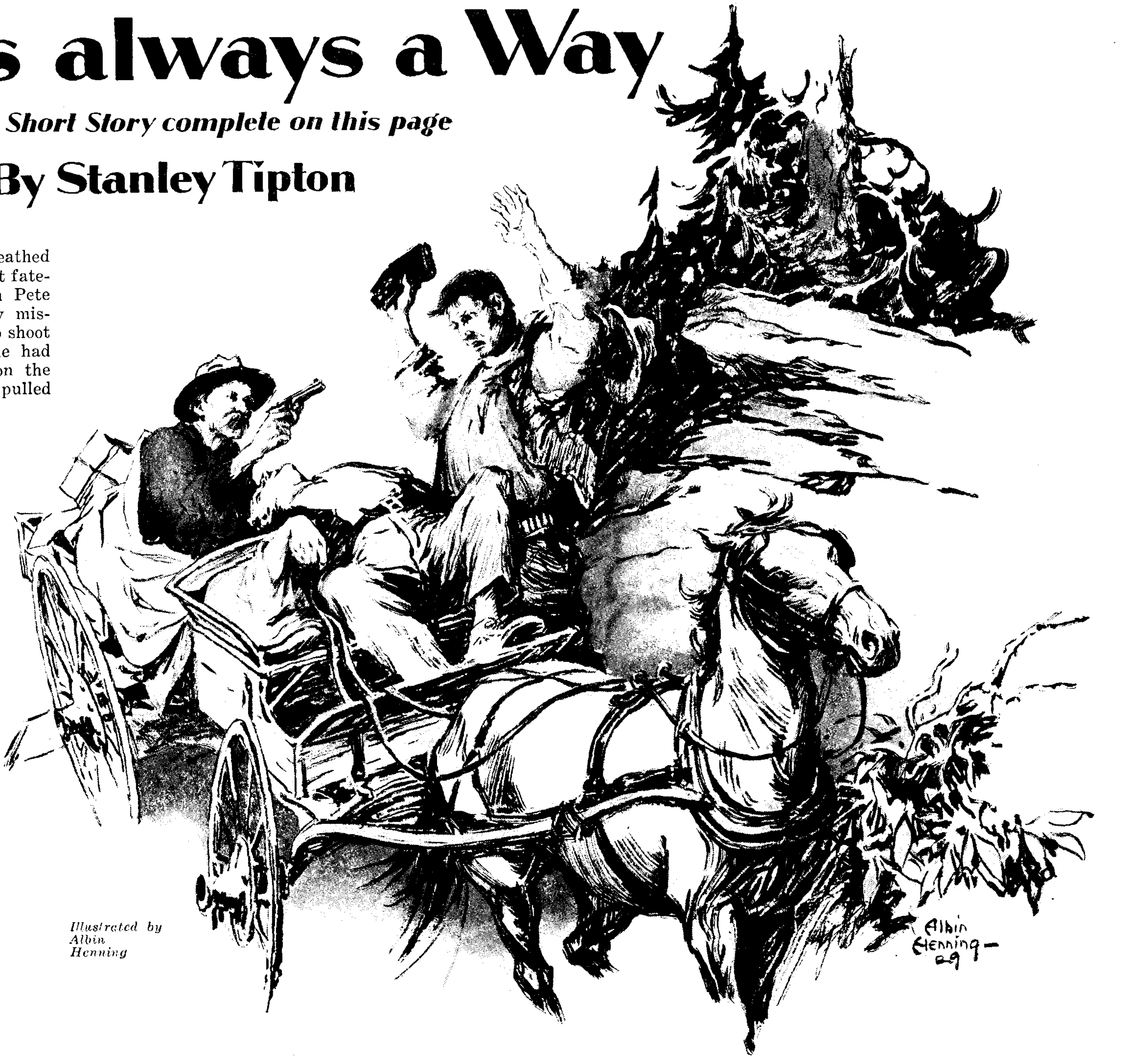
Illustrated by Burris Jenkins, Jr.

"MOST OF THE OTHER GAMES WERE SET-UPS TO THE OLD-TIMERS..."

There's always a Way

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Stanley Tipton



Illustrated by Albin Henning

A corner of the tarpaulin lifted. "Up with 'em, Injin—up high! That's it," said a strange, cool voice

OLD Pop Hanford had breathed much easier ever since that fateful afternoon when Injin Pete had shot Lem Bewley by mistake. Pete's intention had been to shoot Pop and he probably thought he had shot Pop—not having stood upon the order of his going, once he had pulled the trigger.

Be that as it may, the mountains were more peaceful, somehow, with Lem dead and Injin Pete elsewhere. Of course, there wasn't any evidence against Pete. Nobody had seen Pete on the other side of the gorge whence the shot had come, much less had seen him fire it. Not a resident of Carsonville could give any legal evidence against him and yet everyone knew he had done it.

Pop owned and operated the only store in the tiny mountain village. It was what is known as a general store. The stock ranged from nursing nipples to coffins—with a plentiful supply of all intermediate necessities. Very little money was handled in the course of a year. Instead, the simple folk from the surrounding territory brought in eggs, chickens, tobacco, *et cetera*, and traded them for coffee, sugar, calico or rawhide brogans.

Consequently, once a week or so, Pop had to hitch Frosty to a spring wagon and transport the accumulated produce to the "Junction" where the medium of exchange was coin of the realm.

It was close to eleven o'clock when Pop drove into town and it took him some two hours more to transact his business. Having disposed of the commodities he brought with him, he visited a wholesale dry-goods store and made several purchases of merchandise in which his stock was running low. This he stowed in the back of the wagon, tied Frosty to a post and sought a bit of recreation.

Recreation meant, first of all, the consumption of soda water. So Pop made his way to Lyman Bruce's Pool and Ice Cream Parlor. The soda fountain was located in a sort of entrance foyer, the more gloomy pool room lying to the rear. After drinking two strawberry milk-shakes Pop strolled into the back room.

At first glance it appeared to be deserted save for a noisy game of rotation on the farthest table. But a stifled grunt and a sharp, whistling intake of breath from a corner caused him to gaze in that direction.

He was face to face with Injin Pete.

"Hullo," drawled Pop. "How's th' murderer t'day? I figgered we wuz shet of ye, f'r a spell, anyways."

Pete's face was expressionless after his first start of surprise. "You no seem," he said slowly, "to be—murrderred."

Pop's blue eyes glinted. "Then ye admit ye shot at me, do ye? Not that I didn't know it well enough already."

Pete shrugged heavily. Then he glanced around cautiously and smiled. "Mebbe nex' time I shoot more straight, huh?"

"Reck'n ye shot straight enough that time," said Pop mildly. "Ain't ye heard ye shot y'r friend Lem instid o' me? He wuz ridin' my hoss but you didn't know it—I on'y wisht th' c'munity c'd git shet o' you 's easy 's it did o' Lem."

The half-breed's nostrils distended and his eyes narrowed. He started to speak, then turned away in silence.

It was by now late afternoon but Pop again sought the soda fountain on his way out. Pete had slunk back into the pool room on the other side of the thin partition. He was negligently rolling a cigarette when he suddenly straightened to attention. He listened a moment and then moved silently back into a corner within easy earshot.

"Lyman," Pop was saying as his fourth milk-shake was being prepared, "is th' bank closed yit, d'ye reckon?"

"Sure," was the reply. "Bank closes 't three o'clock."

"Sho now! That's too bad. I aimed t' *de*posit this here money o' mine. Hate t' cyart it back up th' mounting with me."

WHEN the darkness of a moonless summer night had settled down on the hills and the winking stars furnished just enough illumination to make the hard-packed clay road perceptible, a horse and wagon passed along, headed in the direction of Carsonville. Only shadowy outlines could be seen, yet two things were observable, even in the faint starlight, which unmistakably identified Pop and Frosty. One was Frosty's moving whiteness in the gloom. The other was the low flat crown and broad brim of Pop's "sun" hat as it appeared in silhouette against the stars.

Frosty pegged along at a steady trot where the going was smooth and threw his sweating shoulders against the collar on the climbs with that relentless willingness a horse exhibits when he is homeward bound.

Mile after mile was pounded off by the sturdy little horse. Then as the wagon cleared a knoll and was sharply outlined against the sky there was a flash of fire from a clump of bushes some fifteen paces ahead and a lurch of the wagon as Frosty veered in fright.

The wide-brimmed hat flew off—the figure beneath it reeled, seemed to shudder for a moment and then fell backwards onto the tarpaulin that was spread over the load of merchandise. In the moment of confused motion as the figure settled into place, a second figure slipped quietly forward into the driver's seat.

A shadow detached itself from the bushes, moved swiftly forward to the wagon and, in a moment, the prying fingers of Injin Pete were searching Pop's inert body. They quickly located a heavy wallet in his shirt pocket and removed it.

Then a corner of the tarpaulin lifted and a long lean arm shot out almost in the half-breed's face. There was a pistol at the end of the arm.

"Up with 'em, Injin—up high! That's it," said a strange, cool voice.

Pop sat up then, and looked about in the wagon for his hat. There was a sound of clicking handcuffs.

"Hyar's yore wallet, Pop. Got 'im red-handed I reck'n."

"Much obleeged, Sheriff—'low we c'n heave this overboard now," replied Pop, lifting a rude figure fashioned of straw and hay wire and hurling it into the weeds that fringed the side of the road.

AS THE barred door clanged behind the half-breed Pop leaned against it for a moment and sighed wearily.

"Well, Injin," he said, "it wuz a heap o' trouble an' took a right smart o' figgerin' t' land ye but when me an' th' sheriff here set out t' ketch us a murderer we don't fool around none about it."

"Is eet murrder," sneered Pete, "to shoot a man of straw?"

"No—'tain't," admitted Pop. "But we c'n convict ye of robbery."

Pete shrugged. "An' when I have serve my time for that," he said softly, "you an' Pete, mebbe, meet again—huh?"

"Reck'n ye been kinda out o' touch lately, ain't ye, Pete?" inquired Pop. "Legislature's been makin' some new laws—right good laws, too, I reck'n."

The half-breed looked up, inquiringly.

"Penalty f'r highway robbery, now," concluded Pop gently, "is death."

The Virginia Reel

Harry Flood Byrd, Virginia's governor, leads the dissenting liberal Democrats in the war on Cannon power

On November 5th Virginia elects a governor—a mere incident in the excitement. In the attending furor the Old Dominion will decide whether she is to be governed from the pulpit by Bishop Cannon or from the caucus room by the recently renovated Democratic machine. And when the dust subsides we shall all know whether we shall have any more of this Raskobism, a dreadful malady fully described in this article. It is sure to kill somebody—politically

Wide World

John Garland Pollard bears the sanction of the Byrd faction in his bid for the governorship

NOW if this voting which is about to be indulged in in Virginia were nothing more than a political show-down with a view to seeing who shall be governor of the Old Dominion, there would be little call for the general public to be more interested than—well, say in the election of the first selectman of Nolady Junction, Wyo. Purely Virginia's business; certainly none of ours.

And if that collision indulged in by the Democrats in Houston, Tex., last year had ruined Alfred E. Smith instead of what they were in the habit of calling their national organization, and had nominated a dry and Protestant gentleman who would have confined his public utterances to the minor papers of Thomas Jefferson, Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson, there would be no reason whatever for anybody except Virginia's officeholders getting wrought up today. None whatever. No national significance.

As it is, Virginia is about to deliver an answer to what the late Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler said unofficially one evening to a few friends in Amherst during the Presidency of Warren G. Harding. Mr. Harding's moral indifference to prohibition was to be countered, Mr. Wheeler said, with a great and ever greater aggressiveness in the Baptist and Methodist pulpits and pews.

"Don't you think," asked an uneasy member of Mr. Wheeler's audience, a trifle less headlong than the others, "that perhaps a continuation of so close a union with religion may have a tendency to weaken the cause?"

"My dear sir," replied the remarkably intelligent Mr. Wheeler, "we Drys will have no reason for apprehension so long as prohibition continues to be a Protestant religion."

A Battle for Prestige

There are those who will insist that the truth of these sagacious words was demonstrated last November. But they overlook or refuse to realize two stout facts: that a variety of things—products of an even greater variety of people and conditions—contributed to Mr. Smith's defeat, and that there never was a time when the professional prohibitionists were devoting more time to racking worry than today. If you are honestly interested in seeing Mr. Wheeler's neat summary of the dry defenses put to the fire test, look now to Virginia.

Virginia is about to decide whether she will be bossed from the pulpit or the caucus room. As far as mere party labels are concerned none of the conventional political complications vex her voters. When all the votes have been counted as many times as possible, a gentleman as dry as Mr. Wheeler will be governor. He will not only be a gentleman, he will be a scholar. Both candidates are college professors heavily embroidered with degrees. Furthermore, both are Democrats.

Therefore, whether the almost venerable John Garland Pollard, dean of the Marshall-Wythe School of Government and Citizenship in the College of William and Mary, succeeds his leader, Governor Harry Flood Byrd, or the relatively youthful William Moseley Brown, head of the Department of Psychology and Education in Washington and Lee University, wins, the ancient and beautiful capitol at Richmond will be occupied by a dry, Protestant, well-bred and Democratic scholastic.

Unhappily, nothing is ever as simple as that. If that were the sum of it, the pleasant, high-minded and virile Mr. Brown would be wasting his time, because behind Mr. Pollard is all the weight, strength and cunning of Virginia's Democratic machine, skillfully and relentlessly driven by Governor Harry Flood Byrd, who under Virginia's law may not succeed himself.

This is a battle for prestige—Governor Byrd against James Cannon, Jr., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, champion of prohibition champions, and a political genius who, until dispossessed by Governor Byrd four years ago, was undisputed boss of political affairs in Virginia.

It is a battle of old ghosts against the new régime and the ghosts are scaring even those who profess not to believe in them. The regular Democrats are not as frightened of the Bishop Cannon spooks as they are of the political results if a sufficient number of voters decide the ghosts are real and require laying.

Behind his attacks on what he calls Raskobism the Bishop is seeking revenge and reëstablishment. If his candidate, Mr. Brown, wins, the Bishop will not only have recaptured Virginia; he will have beaten off those enemies within his church who would chastise him for his so-called worldliness and will have removed all doubt of the identity of the most influential individual in our Federal legislative progress—if any.

To get this clear, you'll have to understand something of Bishop Cannon, past and present, in Virginia.

Inflexible and Uncompromising

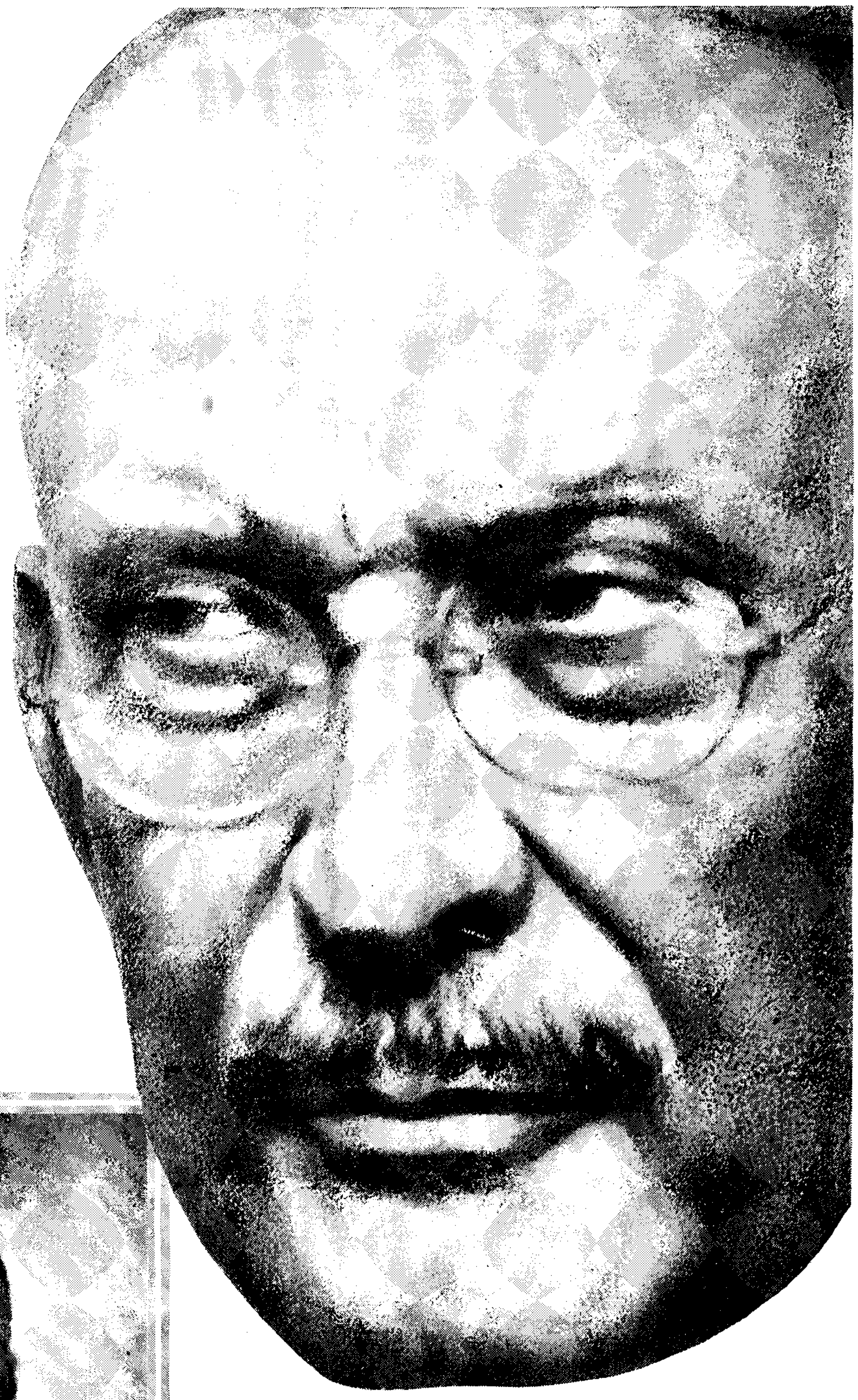
For not fewer than eight years before Governor Byrd—popularly called "Buck"—took office, Bishop Cannon was Virginia's actual boss. It was nearer twelve years, really; but why quibble? Others held the title—Senator Martin and then Senator Swanson—but the man who decided who and what should come and go was this single-minded, alert and ruthless propagandist and organizer, James Cannon, Jr.

Wayne B. Wheeler was prohibition's great administrator; Bishop Cannon was everything else. The Bishop is too inflexible, too uncompromising to have done well in the suave Wheeler's job. And as a proof of the Bishop's clear, cold intelligence, he knew it.

He became Virginia's political boss by concentration upon a single issue—prohibition: a cause to which he had consecrated his life, which he loves with a terrible intensity and to which (his most active enemies assure me of this) he would donate his last penny. Bishop Cannon is a fanatic and proud of it.

To make his strength the greater, he sought no political office for his own occupancy. All he asked was the control of those who did crave public place—and to elect those whose will he found flexible. And he got it. He declined to be bothered with the thousand and one district, county and township issues with which the ordinary dictator must clutter his mind. If a road were moral that road was good, however deep the ruts. If the state were solvent, why fret about a million-dollar surplus? If Sunday-school attendance was increasing it necessarily followed that the public school system was functioning along orthodox lines, as it should. If the

By Walter Davenport



Bishop James Cannon's goal is absolute political and spiritual control of Virginia's divided Democrats

churches were full, the people must of necessity be happy. And so on. Why, asked the Bishop, dissipate one's energy in extraneous details?

With prohibition as his star, he advanced through opposition from within and without the church, from an isolated pulpit to a state superintendency of the Anti-Saloon League, on to a bishopric and then into politics. All of his amazing energy he concentrated upon his ideal—prohibition, and its maintenance by the state. Apparently he was born to be the cause's St. Paul; there seems to be nothing in his personal background to have converted him to his consecration. Prohibition was to him a religion and not, as in the case of John B. Gough, a refuge.

Mr. Martin Sees the Light

Deliberately, when he was sure of his strength, he stepped into Virginia's political ring—about 1913. Thomas S. Martin, United States Senator and boss of the Virginia machine, at once paid him a nice tribute. The Senator listened to the Bishop for an hour and then went calling on a few friends.

"I am going to say 'yes' to a gentleman named Cannon a great many times in the next few years," said he to one of his favorite editors. "Please treat him kindly and join in the chorus now and then."

Senator Martin was right. He kept on saying "yes" to the Bishop until he died. He did not hesitate even when it became highly expedient for him to divide the control of the state with this remarkable newcomer. Senator Martin knew his master when he saw him.

When Senator Martin sat in the Senate in Washington, Bishop Cannon sat in the Senate in Richmond. Nobody had elected him to that body, the principal reason being that he had never asked to be. Very wisely he decided that a social innovation as large as his would be more difficult to prosecute were his energies to be divided.

In those days Virginia was not unlike today's Virginia in that the consumption of sound liquor in bulk was regarded as a pleasantly important part of a true gentleman's existence, the only noticeable difference being in the quality of the liquor. But perhaps we can dismiss further comment upon alcohol's place in Virginia's social scheme, and particularly in her political fabric, by disinterring the words of General Bill Mahone, the genial and nefarious boss of reconstruction days.

A Broad Moral Issue Enters

"In my dealings with the gentlemen of Virginia," said General Bill, "I could place a firmer reliance in an evening of prime liquor than in a purse of one million dollars. Honor, sir, honor."

When Bishop Cannon presented himself to Senator Martin with political intent, Virginia lacked a prohibition law. The Bishop had been careful to write one before invading the Martin offices and the Senator had the distinction to be among the first to read it. He did so without enthusiasm but the Bishop kindled that quality within him by showing him, briefly, the extent of the backing the bill would have if it were to be subjected to a public referendum. There, behind the Bishop and for the Senator to see in all their shining strength, stood the Baptist and Methodist churches of Virginia, to say nothing of some less haughty Presbyterians and virtually all of the Lutherans in the Shenandoah Valley district.

Senator Martin bowed like a gentleman. Immediately he made a deal with the Bishop whereby he was to support the Cannon dry program and the Bishop's votes were to uphold the Martin machine on all other matters. No friction. A nice alert confidence in each other. There was really nothing else for the Senator to do. The Bishop had fetched a broad moral issue into politics and the Senator understood that there is nothing so agitating to the general public as a broad moral issue with a long line of pulpits and pews radiating off.

Whereat liquor was outlawed in Virginia in 1916 in pursuance of a law adopted two years before. It wasn't a one-sided victory at all and no one concerned at that time could have pulled it through except the good Bishop. He did it by length and strength of arm, and he carefully jotted down the names of those Virginia statesmen whom he had detected at sabotage. A terrible thing about Bishop Cannon is his memory. No one needed to come to him sniveling that they would be good thereafter; the Bishop took good care that they should have no option in such matters. Instead of being triumphantly returned to office, such undependables stayed home watering their lawns with tears.

For there were reasons to believe that there were Martinites who had entertained and even encouraged the thought of double-crossing the Bishop, which was not only a show of bad faith but stout proof of utterly wretched judgment. As a former governor of Virginia assured me, Bishop Cannon is a person not to be laughed at. So thereafter, for several years, Bishop Cannon did the legislature's laughing and members thereof refrained from joining in except when it was clear to them that the Bishop wouldn't mind.

Wide World

William Moseley Brown, gubernatorial candidate on whom Cannon stakes his fight for prestige

Having rather well-founded suspicions that certain of the machine politicians had privately reserved the right to snicker at prohibition back home and let expediency rule observance, the Bishop took to dictating.

He selected as his spokesman the official father of his prohibition legislation, G. Walter Mapp, state senator from Virginia's salty Eastern Shore, and from Senator Mapp's desk ruled the state in a way that nobody since the fascinating and immoral General Bill Mahone had even approximated. Except that the Bishop proved it could be done without theft or corruption. His enemies call it coercion; his friends speak of moral suasion.

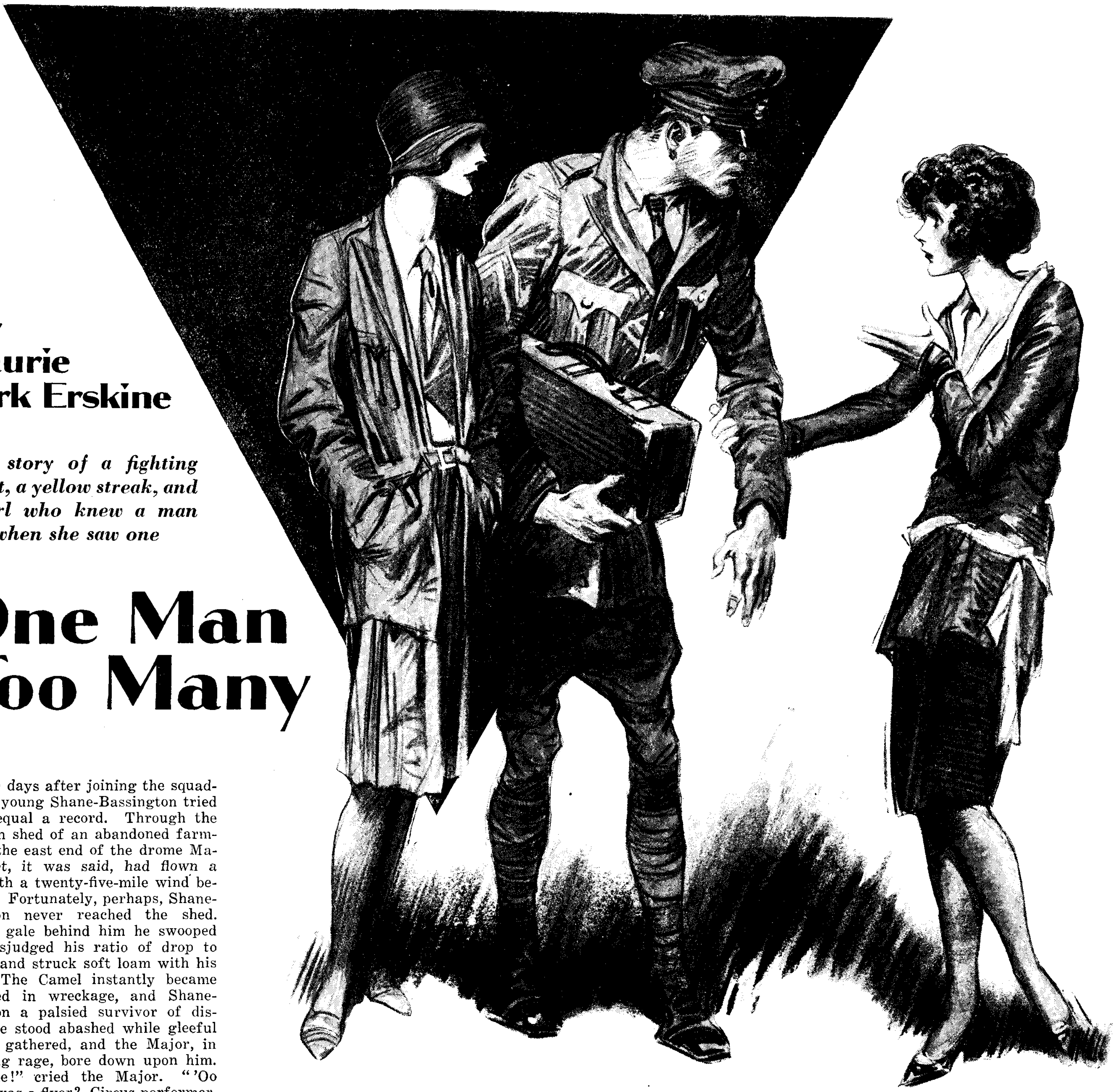
In any case proposed legislation which lacked the Bishop's nod was so many idle words. Judges were neither nominated nor approved until squeezed by Bishop Cannon seeking evidence of dryness. If they were utterly arid (and he looked them up at home, through their churches) they mounted the bench. If there was any doubt, the Bishop played safe.

It is said, with what truth I don't know, that such was the rule of Cannon that once a highly recommended bill to improve an important road was consigned to the wastebasket because that road meandered through three or four villages which had resisted all efforts to convert them to prohibition. To make it easier for weak human nature to visit these outposts of hell was not, you see, to be thought of.

No Sense of Humor

At any rate the Bishop sat in the state capitol telling Virginia what to do—and beholding Virginia doing it. Any legislative proposal which, by any twist of application, threatened directly or indirectly to make harder the path of prohibition was dropped forthwith. And the Bishop or his agents were quick to visit the author of such proposal and ask him whether he thought that was funny. There was, as you can readily see, very little humor in the situation.

The voters of Virginia—that is, a majority of them—put up with this sort of dictatorship because they liked it. That old singleness of purpose never weakened. His (*Continued on page 62*)



By
Laurie
York Erskine

The story of a fighting heart, a yellow streak, and a girl who knew a man when she saw one

One Man Too Many

"Ah, you make believe forget!" cried the bunch of fluff. "An' it was to be dees vary night. Peeg!"

TWO days after joining the squadron young Shane-Bassington tried to equal a record. Through the open shed of an abandoned farmstead at the east end of the drome Major Mellet, it was said, had flown a Camel with a twenty-five-mile wind behind him. Fortunately, perhaps, Shane-Bassington never reached the shed. With the gale behind him he swooped down, misjudged his ratio of drop to direction and struck soft loam with his wheels. The Camel instantly became undignified in wreckage, and Shane-Bassington a palsied survivor of disaster. He stood abashed while gleeful comrades gathered, and the Major, in a towering rage, bore down upon him.

"Lumme!" cried the Major. "'Oo said you was a flyer? Circus performer, more likely! And a dud one at that! Tyke that smile orf yer fyce and stand to attention!"

At that the Major became conscious of—something. A silence. A deep and invulnerable reserve which turned young Shane-Bassington to ice; which caused the attendant subalterns to turn fastidiously away. And he realized that he had done it again. Again in his excitement he had forgotten the careful instructions of Mrs. Mellet. Once more he had emphasized to his mess that he was a ranker, addressing his officers as a non-com might tell off a private. With a sinking heart Major Mellet realized that he had it all to do over again.

"Proceed to the sheds, Mr. Shane-Bassington," ordered the Major abruptly and carefully. "An' 'op to it—immediately."

Arriving at the sheds Mellet, ignoring his subaltern, ordered out his own machine, and, with six mechanics holding the little plane down against the increasing gale, he clambered into the cockpit. Then, giving the signal to release him, he took a standing take-off into the driving wind, and shot into the air at an angle of fifty degrees.

They stood, awe-stricken, and watched the tiny plane rise stiffly with little forward motion. Then, as the pilot turned it from its course it was snapped about in an exquisite vertical spiral, the pilot using the wind for his turn. With magnificent abandon and superb artistry, the Major then treated his observers to an exhibition of a prolonged flirtation with death.

AT a height of three hundred feet he put the Camel through every known evolution, and finished up with a stupendous dive with the wind which, seeming to aim at the roof of the open shed, took him through beneath it with inches to spare. He seemed to brush the field beyond with one wing tip of his plane as he turned in a vertical bank to come back into the aërodrome hedge hopping, and he brought the plane to a standstill by revving down his motor until its power scarcely countered the fury of the wind.

His mechanics had to dash out and hold the plane as though it were a restive horse before he could switch off the engine and dismount. Without a word he then walked through the subalterns of his squadron to the mess while they stood, humbled and worshiping, behind him.

It was, one might say, the technique of Major Mellet. Unfailingly, he found, such an exhibition wiped from the mind of the observer every petty prejudice which might be established upon the manifest fact of his origin in the ranks, and it was his simple custom to call upon such tactics whenever supercilious youth demanded it.

That technique had been taught him in a hard school by a hard and unfriendly teacher, although Flight Sergeant Breen would never have recognized himself in that capacity. Flight Sergeant Breen would, indeed, have ridiculed the whole idea.

"Difficult end," he would have mocked. "Achievin' of the impossible. . . . Not 'Enry. Not young Mellet. Puttin' 'isself forward, that's all 'e's good for! Walkin' aht! Walkin' aht! Dressin' up like a perishin' peacock, an' walkin' aht! That's young Mellet!"

FLIGHT SERGEANT BREEN felt very bitter about this business of walking out. Other accomplishments of Corporal Mellet he regarded with an even graver antipathy. Mellet was at that time Corporal Armorer attached to Squadron Seventeen, flying Camels. But Corporal Mellet could handle a machine gun as a magician conjures with coins. So Major Spurlock, commanding Squadron Thirty-three, which flew D. H. Fours from the same field, borrowed Corporal Mellet to man the gun in his rear cockpit.

This gave Mellet privileges. It freed him without warrant, but by tacit understanding, from his duties as a mechanic and permitted him to walk forth a free man after the day's flying was over. It permitted him to play the clarinet in the mechanic's band with a virtuosity unequaled among his comrades who had less time for practice. It permitted him, moreover, to establish extravagant dreams of future bliss upon constant meetings with Marjorie May, the bandmaster's daughter, who did service in the hospital on the hill above Balinville.

Because of all these considerations, Flight Sergeant Breen felt wronged. He too had offered the daughter of Bandmaster May the tribute of his devotion. But what chance had a noncombatant sergeant in the affections of such a spirited girl, against the opposition of an athletic youth, six years his junior, who fought aërial battles in a hail of machine-gun fire? Of what avail his manly caution and the bit put by, against Mellet's dashing youth and skillful daring? Of what avail his weak baritone against Mellet's clarinet?

To all these questions there occurred to Flight Sergeant Breen only one adequate answer: Young Mellet must be put in 'is plyce.

Flight Sergeant Breen sought out Captain Traynor, commanding Seventeen.

"It mykes us short'anded, sir," he respectfully pointed out. "Right's right, sir, an' we ort to 'ave Corporal Mellet mountin' the guns an' such, or tick 'im orf an' get another. As it is 'e ain't properly attached to Squadron Thirty-three, so we can't replyce 'im. Wot's the result? Yer guns don't get proper attention. All I say, sir, is that right's right."

Traynor grinned appreciatively.

"I'd cling to that, Sergeant," he advised. "Sounds like a good argument, to me."

"THEN," continued Flight Sergeant Breen, "there's discipline. Young Mellet, 'e flies with the Myjor. Well, I don't say as 'e shouldn't. But they say as 'ow the Myjor, 'e's taught Corporal Mellet to pilot 'is bus with the dual controls, and, if I may say so, sir, it ain't good for discipline. It puts 'im above 'isself, sir. I'd like to know 'ow I stand as to discipline, sir. Is Corporal Mellet to tyke orders from me or is 'e not to tyke orders from me? I only want wot's right."

"You shall have it, Sergeant," Captain Traynor assured him, smiling. "We all want what's right. While Corporal Mellet is rating in this squadron he is amenable to your orders. Do whatever you think fit."

"Right, sir," Breen saluted, and a greenish light of satisfaction flickered in his eyes. "I shall be 'appy to see that Corporal Mellet does 'is dooty."

He left the captain's presence, blissfully curling his mustaches. He had authority, now. His hands were free. Corporal Mellet would be properly put in his place.

The homing planes of Spurlock's flight swooped into the aërodrome with the sinister dignity of enormous moths. With muffled roars they waddled across the field toward their lairs, and so grotesquely sustained the illusion of dark monsters that the sight of men emerging from their bodies seemed a rank improbability.

Corporal Mellet concealed impatience beneath an outward calm as he stood in the cockpit awaiting Major Spurlock's dismissal. The Major relaxed in his seat and indulged in a cigarette.

"That was a pucka good landing you made, Mellet," he said lazily. "Soon have you piloting me about like a giddy potentate. Come through that ragging all right?"

"Right enough, sir," Mellet assured him. "Though they did come a bit close. 'Ad a proper wind up over that last one. 'E was like to tear me trahsis."

"Your what?" Major Spurlock was politely bewildered.

"Me trahsis, sir. Askin' your pardon, sir, I've got on me walkin'-out costume under me kit."

Amusement upon his features, Major Spurlock arose in his cockpit and pulled himself out.

"Ah," he winked, waggishly. "Walking out, eh? Sparking about a bit, eh? Gay dog, Mellet, what?"

PINKLY suffused with embarrassment, Corporal Mellet confessed his gayety with a deprecating grin and was dismissed. He then accompanied the Major's bus to its hangar, put it to bed for the night, and proceeded to his quarters. From these he emerged immaculately trim, tall and superb in the form-fitting tunic, breeches and neatly rolled puttees of his service. Under one arm was tucked the black case of his clarinet, and in his eye was a quiet satisfaction. After escorting Marjorie May to the garden square he would acquit himself musically by playing a clarinet solo in the evening's rendition of Pomp and Circumstance. This accomplished, with Marjorie May close seated under his watchful eye he would descend from the bandstand to rejoin her . . . and the evening would be well begun.

"Now then, young feller, orf with them trimmings, an' on with yer dungarees! Mountin' guns ain't no Palliss garding party!"

Corporal Mellet stopped short in his stride and regarded Flight Sergeant Breen in bewilderment and consternation.

"Dungarees?" he questioned incredulously.

"Yus! Dungarees! 'Lest you'd like to borrer the coronation robes or something!"

"But I'm orf dooty!" explained Corporal Mellet.

"Not by the dooty sheet, you ain't. Look there an' you'll find it down in black an' w'ite."

"Sergeant," said Corporal Mellet, in a strange, low voice, "I am orf dooty. If I am not orf dooty, there's someone 'as done me down."

"Steady on," scowled Flight Sergeant Breen. "It is like I say. Look at the dooty sheet."

For a moment Corporal Mellet impended over the Flight Sergeant, regarding him with a steel-bright light in his eyes.

"I will look at the dooty sheet," he finally announced with dignity, and with dignity he turned from the Flight Sergeant to vanish into his hangar. Ten minutes later the delighted sergeant saw Corporal Mellet report for mechanic's duty dressed in dungarees, and with this pleasant vision in his mind he arrayed his own burly form in his best and proceeded upon a purposeful walking out.

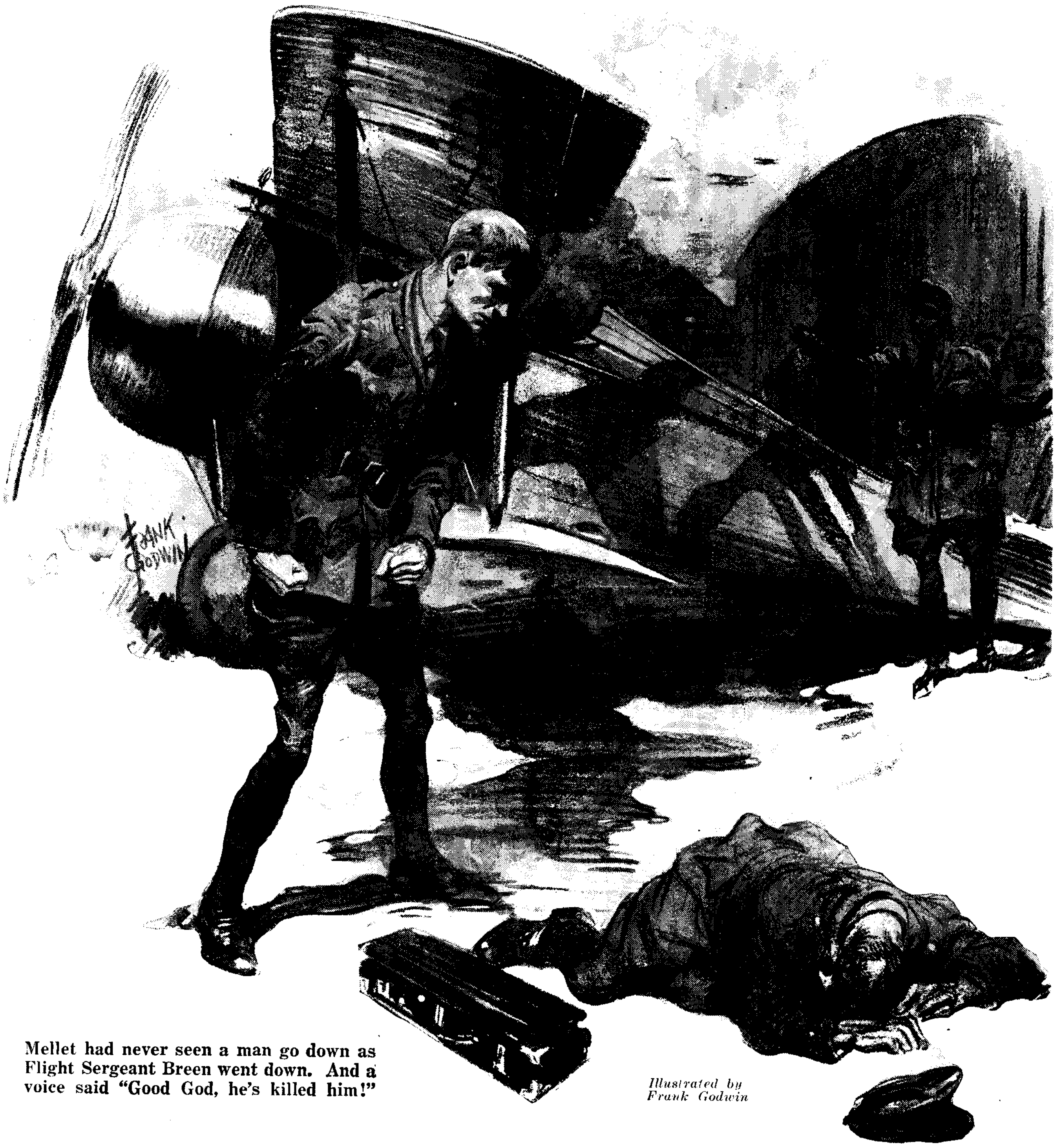
While, with deft fingers, a quick ear and shrewd eye, Corporal Mellet took down the synchronizing gear of Captain Traynor's Vickers, Flight Sergeant Breen sauntered toward the hospital on the hill, rehearsing as he went a carefully prepared imitation of a wolf in sheep's clothing. While Corporal Mellet toiled greasily with oil reservoirs, pipe lines, trigger-bar levers, plungers, pawls and Bowden controls, Flight Sergeant Breen gravely advanced himself histrionically by playing Iago to Marjorie's Othello in the hospital garden. And while Corporal Mellet finished the job in style by carefully testing his handiwork upon the machine-gun range, Flight Sergeant Breen escorted Marjorie May down to the public square so that he might prove whereof he spoke.

"IF I 'ad known, Miss May," the Flight Sergeant was saying, "if I 'ad known 'ow 'e 'ad led you on, wild 'orses would not 'ave dragged it from me."

"Wild horses," replied Miss May, thoughtfully, "would have wasted their time, I suppose."

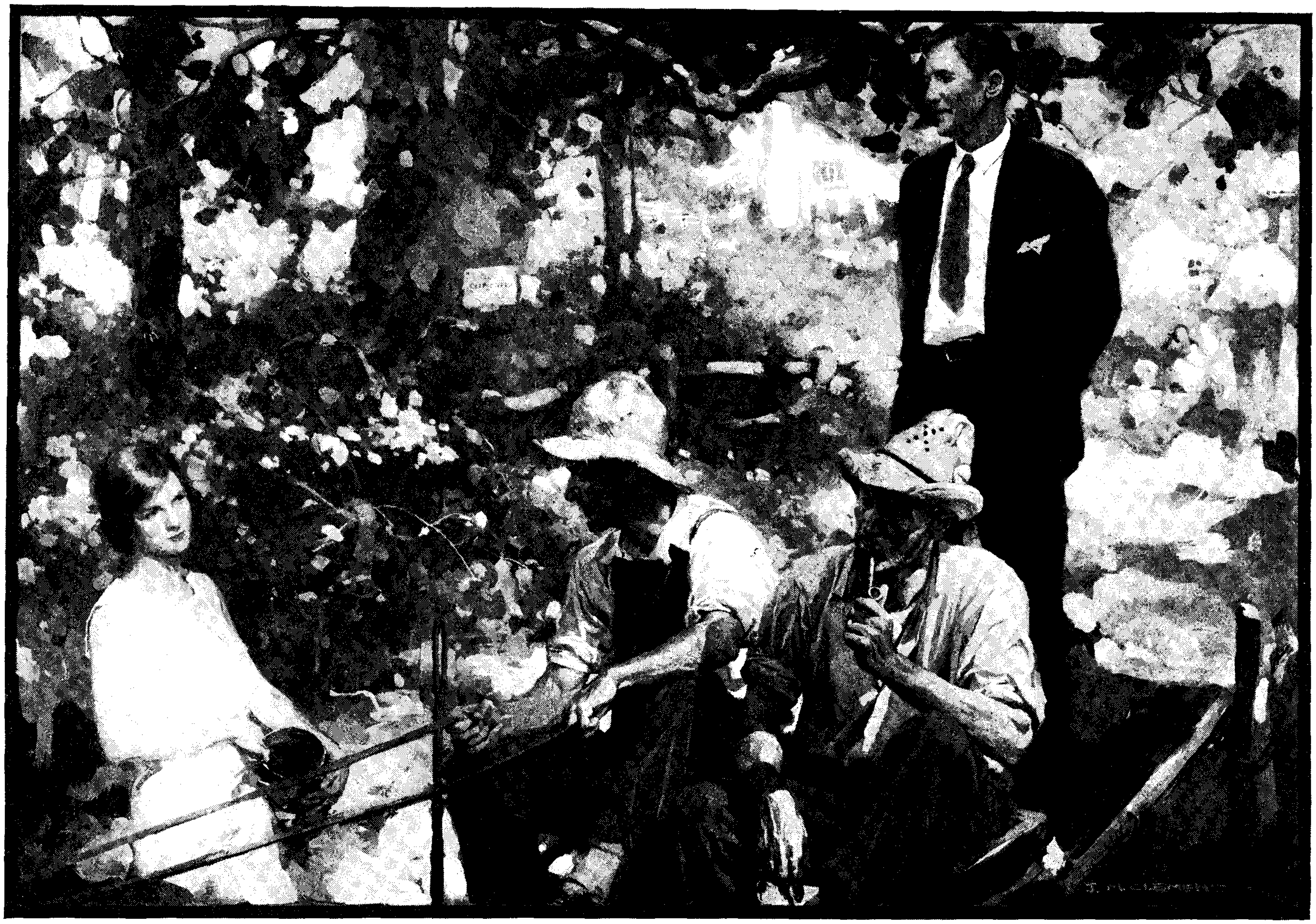
" 'Strewth!" declared the sergeant. " 'E came up to me like one man might come up to another. And 'e said, 'Do me a turn, sergeant,' 'e said. 'I'm in a narsty 'ole,' 'e said. Then 'e told me 'ow Linette wouldn't 'ave it any other way but what 'e must be with 'er for the evening, and 'ow 'e was down to play in the band and escort

(*Continued on page 50*)



Mellet had never seen a man go down as Flight Sergeant Breen went down. And a voice said "Good God, he's killed him!"

Illustrated by Frank Godwin



Belle Finlay saw a stranger standing rather jauntily in the Lebbeters' wagon, with his hands crossed behind him

Meddling Through

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

The point being that some kinds of business invite interference from any decent man

THE Lebbeter twins had drawn their lumber wagon to the side of the road just short of the bridge and were unloading planks and stringers when Ern Hubbard's buckboard clacked up from the opposite direction. The twins stopped work and straightened up to watch the buckboard's approach. Ern Hubbard drove across the bridge at a careful walk, but it swayed and sagged under the light rig. He reined in beside the wagon and his glance shifted deliberately from the pile of lumber to the awkward strength of the two men who watched him with a comically identical expression.

There was the effect of a duel in silence, in which, as usual, the Lebbeter twins won.

"Appointed yourselves pathmasters, have you?" Hubbard said.

Clem Lebbeter, as always, answered for them both.

"We waited as long's we could, Ern." He spoke with apology in voice and look. "But we've got to start hauling our hay down to the siding Monday. Railroad's going to spot a car for us."

Hubbard shrugged. "That's none of my business, but this bridge is. You boys haven't got a right to touch it without I tell you to."

"We figured you wouldn't mind," said Clem. "We figured it wouldn't matter, as long's we made a good job of it."

"Well, it does matter." Hubbard spoke severely. "I'm pathmaster and I'll decide when to mend this bridge and how it's going to be done."

"We waited—"

"Yes, and you'd better keep on waiting. I'll fix this bridge when I see fit and not before."

"It's liable to fall in any minute," Clem urged. "It shook real bad when you drove across it, Ern. It'd be a favor if you let Bert and me fix it so's we can start hauling." His face set itself stubbornly. "We've got to do it, anyhow, and we're going to."

HUBBARD spread his hands. "I can't stop you by force," he said. "But I'm giving you fair warning that the township won't pay you a cent and that you'll be liable if there's any damage on account of your doing it wrong."

Clem Lebbeter grinned. "Oh, we didn't figure on sending in a bill, Ern. And you don't need to worry about us doing it wrong, either. We use it more than anybody else and we don't want it busting down under us."

"All right," said Hubbard. "I've served notice on you. If you go ahead you do it at your own risk and you won't collect a cent off the township."

He chirruped to his mare and drove on. The Lebbeters, looking after him, could not see his grin or hear his chuckle, but Bert shook his head unhappily and spoke the truth:

"Ern's laughing at us, Clem. That's what he's been up to, right along. He figured that if he held off long enough we'd pitch in and do it, free and gratis."

"I wouldn't wonder," Clem admitted. "No help for it, though. We got to start hauling Monday."

"That's no reason for wasting good red-oak six-by-sixes on it," said Bert. "Four-by-fours would do, and two-inch planks instead of three-inch."

His brother shook his head.

"We're meddling, Bert, and you know what Pa used to say. Never milk a neighbor's cow if you can help it, Pa'd say, but if you can't help it, make sure you milk her drier'n he would."

"Yeah," said Bert. "And I bet you Ern Hubbard figured on us doing that, too. Held off on purpose so we'd give the township a free bridge and do it better than if we got paid." He frowned. "He figured us for suckers, Clem, and I guess he was pretty near right."

"No help for it, anyway," said Clem. "Let's get started."

They stooped to the nearest of the loose, worn planks with their old trick of perfect unison. In the same simultaneous movement they lifted it clear of the rotting stringers, and then paused, exactly at the same instant, to send down duplicate stares of blank astonishment through the narrow gap in the bridge floor.

It would have been enough of a mystery to find anybody hiding here, ankle-deep in the stream that ran between the stone abutments, but the man whose glance twisted up at the Lebbeter twins had complicated the riddle by half-squatting in an attitude even more unnatural than his choice of a refuge. He held his hands behind him, under the tail of his unbuttoned coat, and the cramped strain of the position was more mystifying to the eyes of the Lebbeters than his presence, than his alien clothes or the flat pallor of his drawn, sharp-featured face.

HE DID not move his head, but his eyes, twisted upward, flickered quickly from one twin to the other. Slowly, after a moment, he turned and waded out, splashing, to the end of the bridge; his hands were still at his back; his shoulders drooped wearily and his face, in the sunlight, looked whiter and more drawn. He stood facing the twins, but he did not speak. The Lebbeters continued to stare at him while they stooped to put back the plank.

"What'd you go under there for?" demanded Clem.

The man shook his head.

"I guess it was a fool play," he said. His voice was faint. "I guess you don't think straight when you're all in. I was down here getting a drink when I heard you coming and I just ducked out of sight. It would be my luck to do that."

"What'd you want to hide for?" said Bert. "Think we were gunmen or something?"

THE other shook his head again. He waded slowly to the weed-grown bank and tried, awkwardly, to scramble up its slope. His hands were still behind him; he did not move them when he lost his balance, nor even as he fell, sprawling, to strike heavily on face and shoulder. They were behind him when the twins approached, but a tall weed had twitched his coat aside and between inflamed, swollen wrists the sunlight glinted wickedly on bright metal.

"Handcuffs!"

The twins spoke together, in the same voice. The man on the ground lay still, face downward in the weeds.

"Behind him, too," said Bert. "Must have figured he was mighty dangerous, using him like that." His tongue clicked. "Look at his wrists, Clem!"

"I'm looking!" Clem's tone was deeper and soberly angered. "I'd like to lay my hands on the man that did that. It'd be a dirt-mean way to treat a hog."

He bent down. "How long you been fixed this way?"

"Since yesterday morning, that's all." The voice was faint. "I guess you've got to carry me if you want me. I'm all in. But go easy on my arms, will you? The way they feel they must be sawed clear through."

The twins stooped together. Very carefully, sliding their hands under him, they helped him to his feet. He swayed unsteadily. His head and shoulders sagged forward and his gray lips were drawn back flat and tight from sharp, wide-spaced teeth, but his eyes were bright, alert.

"SAY you've been like this since yesterday morning?" Clem asked. The man nodded. "Had anything to eat since then?"

"You don't eat when you're fixed this way."

The twins exchanged glances.

"Don't matter what he's done," said Bert, "we got a right to feed him."

Clem glanced at the gray face.

"I guess," he said, "you better tell us about it. What you did and who you are and all. We'll feed you, anyhow, of course, but—"

"Don't blame you for thinking I must be a bad actor." The lips tried to grin. "It ought to be a couple of murders, the way I'm hitched, but all they claimed I did was pass a bum check."

"Claimed? Mean you didn't do it?"

"Oh, no. I did it, all right. I didn't know it was no good, but I had a fat chance of proving that, and I guess it doesn't matter. I was a simple sucker and that's about as bad as being a crook. You can call me Lou Gorton. That's my right name. I gave 'em a phony one when they pinched me. They're looking for a bird named Garwood, so you better tell 'em that's who you've caught."

His narrowed eyes watched the twins alertly.

"And make it snappy, will you? I thought I wanted to make a get-away, but I don't. I thought I was afraid of doing three years down at Stillburn, but all I want right now is to get there as quick as I can. It's a great place, Stillburn. They take the bracelets off you when you get there."

Clem Lebbeter's face hardened to decision.

"We'll cut those irons off you soon's we get home," he declared. "Bert and me wouldn't stand back and let a man tie up a hog this way."

Bert was already loosing the halter-ropes. Very gently his brother helped Gorton up to the bed of the wagon. He took the lines and turned the team homeward at a lumbering trot. Balancing himself against the sway and jolt of the clattering wagon, Gorton allowed his lips to form a faint, down-curving grin.

His coat hid the handcuffs once more. Belle Finlay, looking up from the wild-blackberry bushes at the roadside, saw nothing more extraordinary than a well-dressed stranger riding with the Lebbeter twins, standing rather jauntily in their wagon, with his hands nonchalantly crossed behind him. She couldn't help observing that there was interest and approval in the direct stare of very black eyes that turned, as the wagon clacked by, to regard her. Whoever he might be, Belle thought, the stranger was pleased about something.

She put back a strand of corn-silk hair and discovered that she was smiling back at the bold, admiring grin.

There was no sign of that grin, though, when the twins led Gorton into the wide, low-ceiled kitchen of the farmhouse at the end of the honey-locust lane. Even when Bert fed him, Gorton accepted the milk and bread with a weary, beaten listlessness. When they took him out to the tool room in the barn, and, as gently as they could, attacked the handcuff bar with a hacksaw, Gorton set his teeth grimly and, now and then, cried out sharply between them.

They had cut nearly through the bar when Bert had one of his infrequent inspirations.

"Say, Clem! Remember how we used to take a hoe-handle in both hands and jump through without leaving go? Couldn't we get his legs through between his arms, the same way, so's his hands'd be in front of him? Be sight easier to saw if we could get more elbow-room."

Gorton's thin shoulders jerked and he held his breath.

"Le's try it, anyhow," said Clem. They were gently cruel about it, and the sweat stood out on Gorton's face before it was over, but he drew in a long sobbing sigh of relief as he stood up with his hands in front of him. Clem clicked his tongue.

"Too bad," he said, "that you didn't think of trying that yourself. Might have spared your wrists a whole lot."

"I guess I'm dumb, all right," said Gorton.

"Just as well you didn't think of it," said Bert. "Looked a sight more natural, with your hands crossed in the small of your back, that way, than if you'd been holding 'em together out front of you." He chuckled. "Served whoever put the irons on you just about right for doing it the meanest way he could. You'd have been caught mighty quick if he'd handcuffed you in front."

GORTON held his breath, but it did not occur to either of the twins that perhaps a quick-minded man might have deliberately worried his legs between handcuffed wrists in order to hide the irons under his coat behind him.

"I'm caught anyway," said Gorton. "Saved myself a whole lot of grief if I hadn't got away at all."

The twins exchanged a consulting glance, but neither spoke. Gorton studied their faces narrowly.

"But it's a good thing for you two," he said slowly. "It's worth fifty bucks to catch me and you'll get it. Wish it was more. You've been white to me."

Again the twins looked at each other and held their tongues. Gorton was silent, too. The hacksaw rasped away at the ring about his right wrist. Clem had wadded a piece of bagging under the metal to protect the flesh from the blade. "There! Prize it open, Bert, and he can pull his hand through."

Gorton sighed as he found his hand free. "You don't know how grand that feels! I wish that reward was five hundred, instead of fifty."

Clem frowned and set silently at work on the other wrist. It was Bert who spoke, after a little pause:

"I guess Clem and me don't need to get our money that way."

Gorton shook his head.

"You'd better take it," he said. "Not much sense doing the work if you don't want the pay."

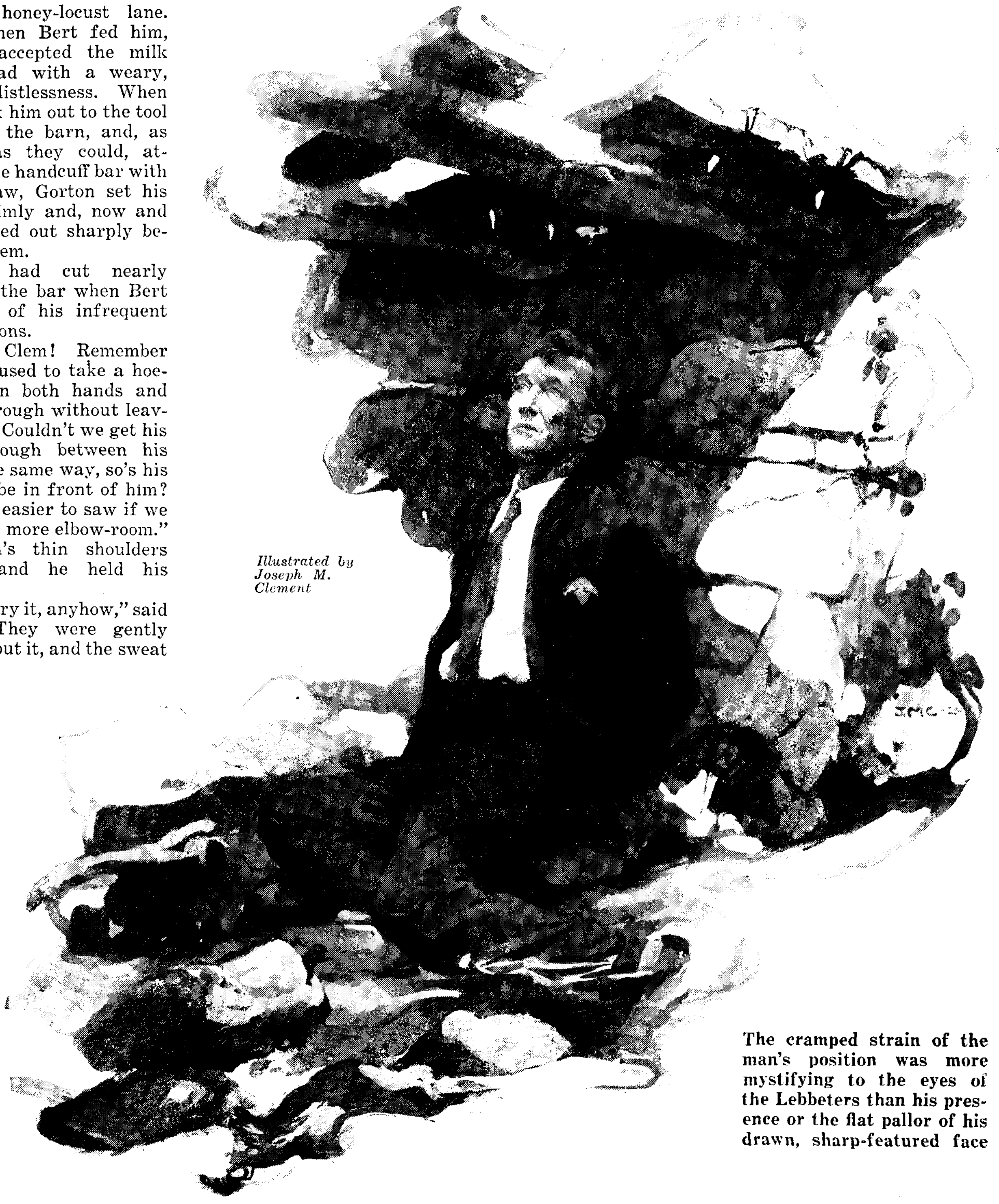
"We haven't done the work," said Clem briefly. "Not yet, anyhow."

Gorton did not answer. Presently, when his left wrist was free, he sagged down on the littered chips and shavings on the floor. "I'm—all—in," he said faintly. "Played out my string. All in."

The twins bent over him.

"Fainted," said Bert.

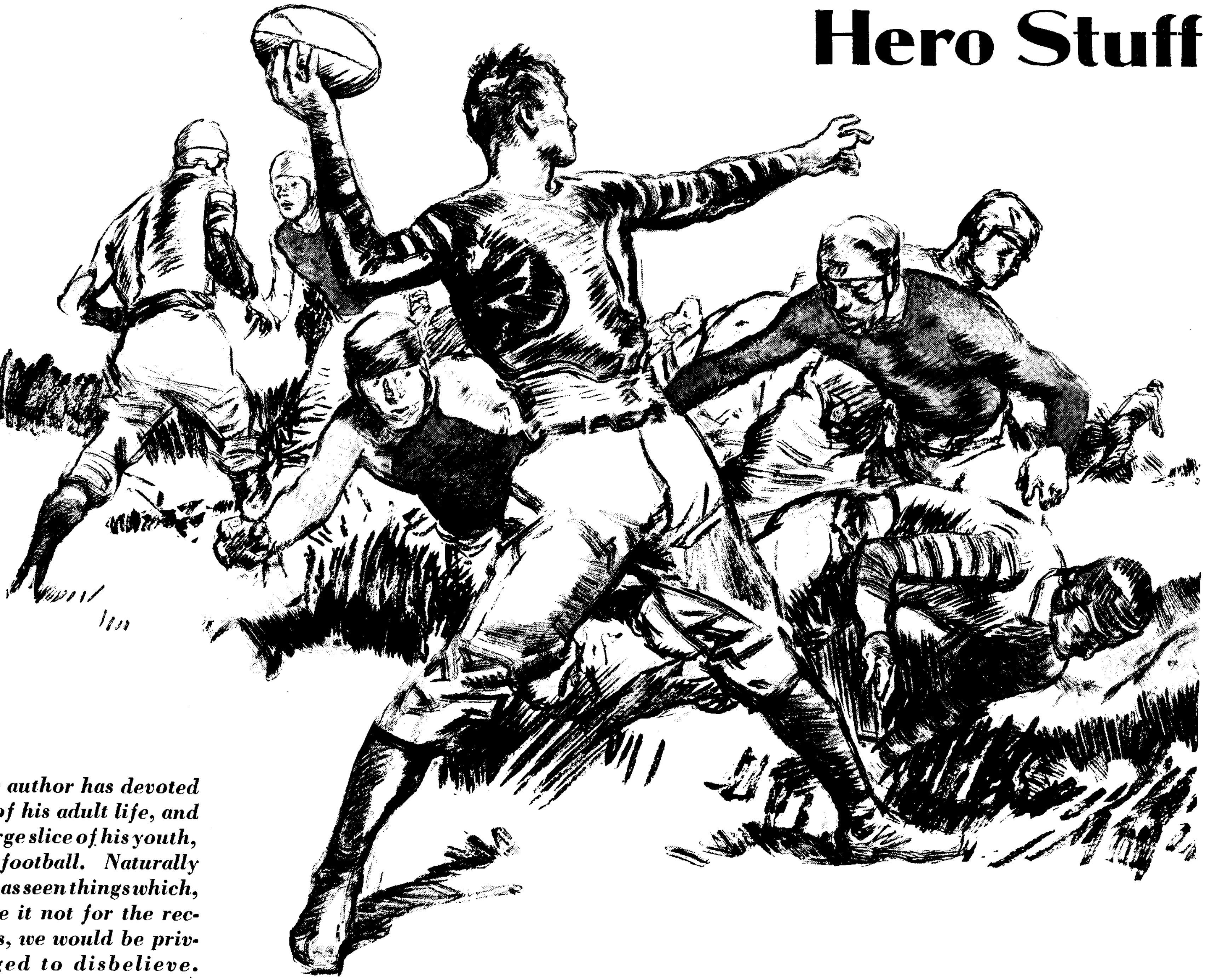
"Guess not. Asleep, that's all. Bushed out." (Continued on page 65)



Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

The cramped strain of the man's position was more mystifying to the eyes of the Lebbeters than his presence or the flat pallor of his drawn, sharp-featured face

Hero Stuff



The author has devoted all of his adult life, and a large slice of his youth, to football. Naturally he has seen things which, were it not for the records, we would be privileged to disbelieve. Here are a few of them—a selected few. Believe them or not, they're true

IT WAS a few years ago, after a Yale-Princeton game, that quite unintentionally I broke up a gathering of old-timers. What we had just beheld was not a football game that would go into the books as a struggle long to be remembered. The boys had done well but genius had not appeared. Secretly we who had seen a decade and more of football were a trifle pleased thereat, too, because it gave us a wide-open chance to hold forth about football that was football, about the heroes of our youth. Old-timers are like that and there is nothing much you can do about it.

But brave tales were told of Heffelfingers and Cowans, of Terrys and Newells, of Hestons and Weekses, and all of them true too. One has to be very careful while engaging old-timers in football talk because one is pretty sure to find in the group men who saw the same run, punt, tackle or pass that you describe. The true football fan pays no attention to time, mileage and so on when there is a big game to see.

The talk had turned to punting, perhaps the most important single play-element of football. My opportunity had arrived.

"The longest punt I ever saw, gentlemen," said I with elaborate unconcern, "traveled just 109 yards. As punts go it was quite a pretty boot. The name of the boy who—"

Several of my companions arose, pointedly looked at their watches and marched off eloquently silent. Others simply arose and, protesting that they had entered this discussion in good faith, left me to draw my own conclusions. A few remained but made it plain that there was a liar in their midst.

But I was telling a beautiful truth. The boy who made this 109-yard punt was Toots Douglas, half-back at the University of Tennessee and, in 1907, captain of the Navy team.

My Clemson College team was playing Tennessee. The year was 1902, the day a hideous one. A blizzard, driven directly down the field by a gale, made reasonable football impossible. Somehow we held our feet better than Tennessee and what rushing honors there were were ours. Teams did not then change goals by quarters so we bucked the storm and Tennessee all of the first half.

Believe It or Not

Clemson was mighty that day. In spite of the gale, increasing in fury and speed by the minute, we carried the ball toward Tennessee's goal—plunging, leaping, sliding—until presently we were within ten yards of that desirable station. There we lost the ball.

Toots, standing rigidly on his own goal line, braced against the thick blast at his back, punted. Perhaps on a still day, under ideal conditions, that ball would have traveled sixty yards. Toots was a great natural punter to begin with. But on this memorable day his powerful kicking foot gave the ball to the winds and the combination broke all records.

Johnny Maxwell, Clemson's safety man, was fifty yards behind our line. His face filled with amazement and snow, Johnny watched the ball fly high and wide above his head. And then he joined the chase. It fell to earth I know not where but presently it halted on our one-yard line, where Johnny fell on it and on him twenty-one of his playmates. Clemson won with two touchdowns but the talk that night was all of Toots Douglas' 109-yard wallop.

And now, gentlemen, it's your turn.

I call Toot's magnificent kick a record-creator because I hear of none longer, nor do the record books produce a single punt of greater yardage. Yet, being a veteran and having watched and coached football for over thirty years, I balk at the use of "greatest" in describing football prodigies. Herein I qualify that designation by saying that what I shall write of are plays and men who in themselves were the greatest I have ever seen, even though most of them are accepted in the books as record-makers and records.

One may not properly nominate as greatest those freaks of football performance which come of fumbles or flukes. I do not know whether Toots Douglas' kick would have carried forty yards or seventy without that hurricane to assist it but I do know that in normal circumstances it would not have flown 109. I have seen men carry the ball for heaven knows how many yards, scampering hither and yon in panic, chased back and forth, up and down, before being fetched to earth accomplishing next to nothing by way of gained ground. I have seen lads run ten and twenty yards toward their opponents' goal and then, confusion possessing them, turn and gallop toward their own goal, covering awe-inspiring distances before reason was restored. I shall have a word or two to say about such phenomena in another article.

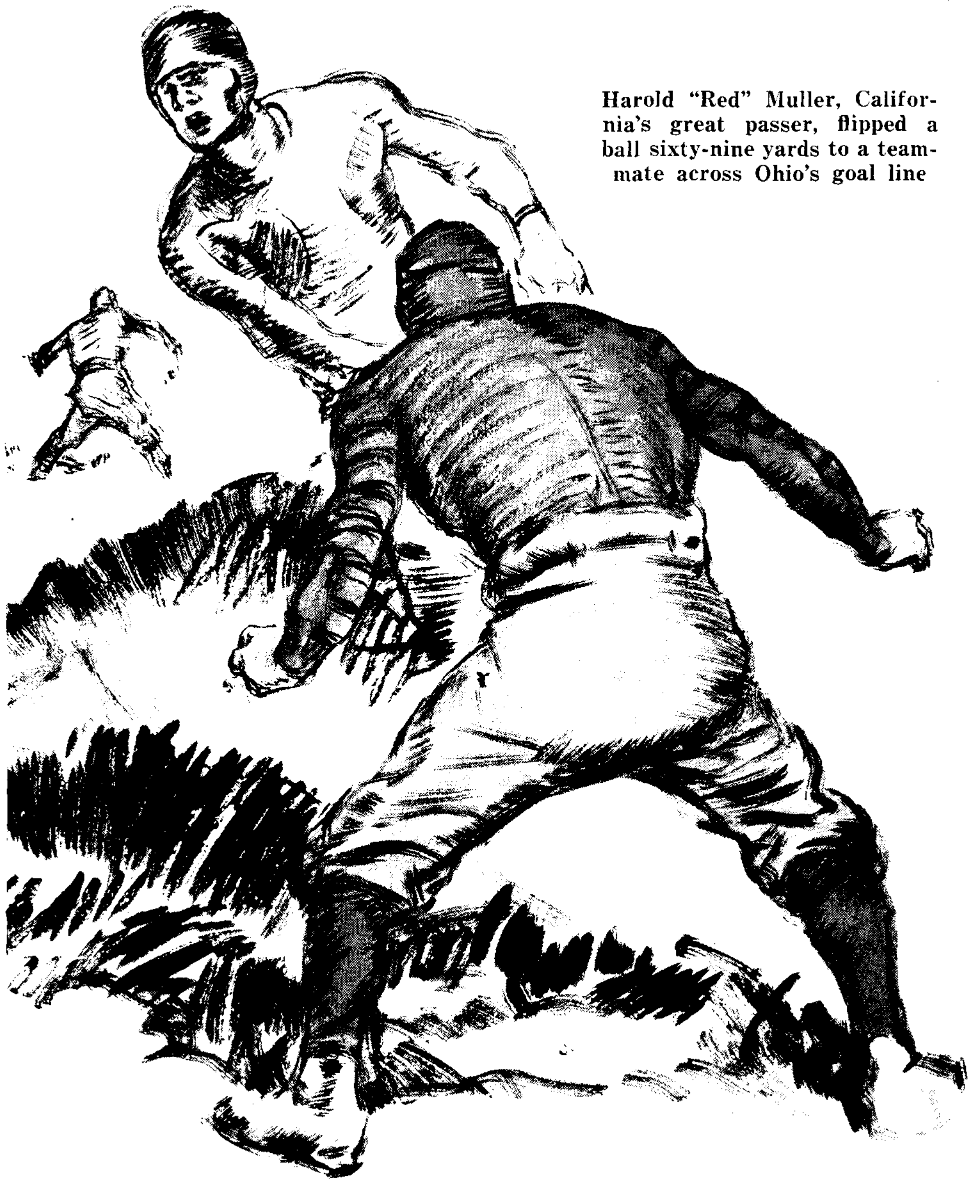
Mr. Terry Enjoys Himself

Here I shall stick to bona fide performances such, for example, as the able Wyllis Terry's magnificent contribution to Yale on November 4, 1884. It would be difficult to convince me that football has produced more artistic trampling than Mr. Terry's.

When Terry launched himself upon this historic voyage that afternoon he was standing five yards behind his own goal line. Somehow weaker Wesleyan had carried the ball to within a few inches of Yale's goal when Yale took it away from them. And Terry dropped back.

Now, according to all precedent, Terry should have punted; and trusting Wesleyan deployed itself to receive a kick. The game, until that moment, had been a nice orderly affair with no unconventionalities to disconcert partici-

By John W. Heisman



Harold "Red" Muller, California's great passer, flipped a ball sixty-nine yards to a teammate across Ohio's goal line

pant or beholder. Besides, Terry was known to be very fond of punting.

But Yale had a comfortable lead and Wyllis Terry was in a circus mood. And like all good football players his idea of a thoroughly good time was to run with the ball.

Before Wesleyan fully understood what was happening he had blurted through her depopulated line and had bunted a couple of secondary defense men out of his way. He ran over another with the vigor and artistry adopted twenty years later by one Willie Heston of Michigan. A fourth Wesleyan player dove into him, got a clutch upon his shoulder and was amazed to discover, a moment later, that his face was buried in the mud and that Terry was missing.

On his own twenty-five yard line, Terry received and disposed of a Wesleyan reception committee. His process was simple. Instead of rushing into its midst he stopped dead for a fraction of a second and cut at right angles toward the side line. Here his pursuers and tormentors were upon him again, so he executed a swift about-face, basely betraying Wesleyan into the belief that he was going to run back toward his own goal. This was sheer fraud. Mr. Terry had merely drawn his opponents into following him instead of cluttering up the foreground. Then he spun about again.

Now following Wyllis Terry was one of that era's ways of wasting time. He had speed. He ran with a high knee action and a leg thrust which not only carried him far with great swiftness but which made it a major risk to tackle him.

With the pack at his back Terry devoted himself to velocity. At midfield he was losing them. Ten yards more and they were lost. He touched the ball down behind Wesleyan's goal after having run 115 yards. The field in those days was 110 yards long instead of the current 100. I am not counting the yardage he added in his shunting, dodging and reversing. And all this without the assistance of interference.

George McCaa, of whom Lafayette College still rings, ran 110 spectacular yards for a touchdown against Swarthmore back in 1909 and, like Terry's, George's run involved cerebral as well as leg speed. He too set forth from behind his own goal line.

Goal-Post Peek-a-boo

Now George's best work was usually done around his own right end and in this instance there were two obstacles to overcome before he could accomplish his customary damage. First there was the goal post. It stood between Swarthmore's left tackle and left end. Then there was Swarthmore's left end, an alert, enterprising chap who had been making life difficult for George all afternoon.

So George became more than ordinarily artful. Making as if to try Swarthmore's left tackle, he drew the end in. Then executing a side step to the right behind the goal post he compelled the Swarthmore youth to counter to the left. For the following few seconds George and Swarthmore's left end played peek-a-boo, the goal post between them. And then George tired of this light diversion and turned himself loose—to the right of the post. The Swarthmore lad, thrown off balance, bumped into the post and George was gone.

Of course George encountered other adventures on his way from the field but what with this and that he came through neatly. It was quite a sight. Even Swarthmore thought so.

Generally speaking, it is the specialist who establishes what we call records in football. The longest this and the most spectacular that may very well be the work of men who are not remembered with the Hares, the Shevlins, the Mullers, the Granges, Thorpes, Hestons, Eckersalls and Thorns. I take it that the name of John Triplett Haxall of Princeton—Princeton who has had her Ameses, Moffats, Edwardses, Poes, De Witts and Slagles—means nothing in football except to a relative few.

John Haxall was a specialist. In his day the specialist shone brighter than now, when teamwork is more sought after than the development of an individual. He played guard at Princeton and did it capably but without lasting brilliance. His forte was place-kicking and nature had bestowed upon John (amongst other things of course) that something which makes a man a bit better than his brother at place-kicking. Sometimes this little extra thrown in by nature manifests itself in drop-kicking, or punting, or broken field running, or forward passing. I confine myself to football.

The Record Place-Kick

There was never any doubt in John's mind about his ability to place-kick a goal from whatever distance or angle the circumstances provided. He had his failures, to be sure, but they didn't convince John that he couldn't do it. Thus armed with confidence and a gift, he established what appears to be the record. It happened on November 30, 1882.

Baker, his teammate, made a fair catch of a Yale punt on Princeton's 45-yard line. Under the existing rules Princeton could put the ball in play either by scrimmage or a free kick.

"Why not let John take his foot to it?" suggested Baker to Peace, Princeton's captain.

"You mean a field goal?"

"Why not? He can place-kick farther than anybody on the team can punt."

Feeling that secrecy had no value in this situation, Peace addressed John in loud tones.

"John," he cried, "doing anything special?"

"Nope."

"Want to kick a field goal for us?"

"Ye-ah," drawled John. "I'll put her over if you say so."

And while both teams smiled indulgently John calmly kicked the ball sixty-five yards for an alarming field goal whereat Yale ceased to smile. In that the kick was made from an angle the distance was really sixty-six yards. And not since that day has anyone matched John's supreme place-kick effort. J. P. Davis of Dickinson College produced one of fifty-eight yards in 1905 but that appears to be the only real rival to the Haxall masterpiece.

Some Famous Drop-Kicks

Of the record-establishing drop-kick of Pat O'Dea of Wisconsin in 1898 you have probably heard echoes. Pat was not an all-round star and seldom carried the ball although he was a beautiful sprinter and hurdler. Wisconsin preferred to save him for drop-kicking, not a bad idea either.

It was in the rain at Evanston, Illinois, on November 15, 1898, that Pat kicked himself a niche in the hall of fame. Northwestern University was the victim and it is interesting to know that fewer than 700 persons witnessed the marvel. If every old-timer who boasts of having seen Pat work that day had been present the attendance would have been not less than 7,000.

The important thing is, however, that with fine nonchalance Pat drop-kicked the wet, muddy ball sixty-two yards for a stylish goal. But when you are informed that his feat has never been duplicated you are at liberty to deny it vigorously.

Many years after Pat—in 1916 in fact—a slim schoolboy playing on the freshman team at Notre Dame kicked a drop just sixty-two yards across the goal bar. This youth had never played football before. But he played a lot of it thereafter to become one of the greatest individual stars the game has known. He rose to the front ranks of the triple-threat men. There was nothing in football he couldn't do just a little better than the next. George Gipp was his name. Ever see him perform? Yes? (*Continued on page 72*)

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

Now come all you good People

By Hugh Leamy

Earthquakes, shipwrecks and railroad collisions are useful in other ways than as material for newspaper headlines. Almost before the echoes die away tearful ballads are dashed off, and in short order phonograph records of the catastrophe are on sale. Millions of people find diversion and edification in these rhymed and bemoraled chronicles of doom

White Studio

Plain folks have a hankering for these lugubrious tales of death and disaster set to simple music

Carson J. Robison discovered a gold mine in melancholy. His business is the compilation of mournful melodies for the folks back home

HER name was Naomi Wise. She has little enough to do with this story, but so soon and, alas, so sadly will she be out of it that you will doubtless not begrudge her a moment or two. She had a lover and he was called Young Lewis, though whether Young was a description or a given name I have not been able to determine. At all events, she had learned to love and trust him and she believed his every word. He told her she was soon to be his bride.

One evening this Young Lewis called upon Naomi and, after a few conventional words of chit-chat with her beaming parents, suggested a ride. Some way or another she got the impression that he was there and then going to take her before a minister. If she was surprised when the buggy wound up at Old Deep River, she was not alarmed. It had happened before. But this time was different. Young Lewis turned to her.

"You've met your doom," he said, though it can hardly have been quite as casual as that.

Besides, he was a little premature. Not very, however, for next day they found her body a-floating down the stream and young folks all around for miles did cry. Young Lewis left the country. They brought him back again, but could not prove that he had caused Naomi's death.

It was all very upsetting and confusing. They say that years later, on his deathbed, Lewis confessed that he had drowned the girl, but meanwhile—and since then for that matter—her spirit has been hanging round the scene to save young girls from some villain's lies.

The Antique Flavor Lasts

The moral of all this has been set down so forcefully by the author of the ballad that I am reluctant to try to improve upon it:

Young people, oh take warning and listen while I say
You must take care before it is too late.
Don't listen to the story some villain's tongue may tell
Or you are sure to meet Naomi's fate.

But perhaps you have heard the whole ballad. If so, you are not unique. It sold on phonograph records to the extent of I don't know how many thousands of copies. The amazing thing about it and others like it is that it is a contemporary song-tale. It was born quite recently and lived to win and hold its place in a jazzed-up world of Mean to Mes and Do Do Do Somethings.

There are available today, on more than threescore disks, such records. The songs have to do with old legends or recent occurrences. But the form is that of ancient ballads, the singing of which for years was restricted to the remote mountain-folk. The music is simple and reminiscent of old-time tunes; accompaniments easily fabricated on the fiddle or guitar. They tell such tales as that of the tragic death of Floyd Collins in his mountain cave, the sinking of the great Titanic, the Scopes trial in Tennessee, the death of Floyd Bennett and innumerable railroad wrecks.

You will hear them played nightly in homes situated in what it is now considered swanky to refer to as the provinces, or before more sophisticated if less reverent audiences at parties in the cities.

A New and Profitable Market

The demand for them is almost incredible. They sell by the hundreds of thousands. One of them, The Death of Floyd Collins, has gone past the million mark. Most of them have been recorded by more than one company—by the leaders and by obscure little corporations which you've probably never heard of and which buy up the master records from the big companies and make their own copies.

Twenty-five companies made The Wreck of the Shenandoah and one company alone sold more than 150,000 copies of The Santa Barbara Earthquake.

It all started when one firm at the repeated urging of scattered dealers took a chance and recorded a ballad relating The Wreck of Old Southern Ninety-seven. The origin of this song is obscure. Since it leaped into popularity, several persons have arisen to claim it, but no one has been convicted. Anyway, it deals with an old story and was probably an old song. Save for the part it played in launching them, it doesn't belong with the others.

With this ballad, the phonograph companies found they had opened a new market, one they had not dreamed existed; a wide market among the folk of the mountains, of the mining districts and the timberlands. Plain folk to whom the story is the important part of any song; who like the accompaniment simple and the words understandable.

So they began to cast about for other ballads and when the supply was not available they had to find someone to turn them out to order. The new supply dealt with old or recent events but adhered to the old ballad form.

It is not as easy as you might think to produce a ballad that will touch the hearts and the pocketbooks of the simple folk. You mustn't be sophisticated and you mustn't sound insincere. To find the author of such songs you'd expect at least to have to make a muleback journey over mountain trails to the cabin of a whiskered patriarch.

But I located (*Continued on page 58*)

The Prince's Darling

By George R. Preedy

The Story Thus Far:

MADELON VON NEITSCHÜTZ loves Delphicus de Haverbeck, but, prompted by her impoverished father and her two dissolute brothers, she rejects his suit and agrees to marry Johann Georg, the young Elector of Saxony, who, however, learns that she does not care for him—and avenges himself by marrying another woman and forcing Madelon to become his mistress.

De Haverbeck leaves the country, and Madelon accompanies Johann Georg to Dresden, where, as the "Countess de Rocklitz," she soon becomes a power. She hears of De Haverbeck's military exploits. He has been made a marshal. Still loving him, she contrives to have him sent to the Elector's court on an important mission.

Thrice she tricks the soldier into meeting her, declares her love, begs to be taken away. De Haverbeck repulses her—the third time in her own home, to reach which she has found it necessary to drug her royal lover.

Count Stürm, Minister of State for Saxony, hates the von Neitschützes and plots to destroy them. As De Haverbeck leaves Madelon's house, he is arrested—on Stürm's orders—and thrown into the Königsberg, an ancient prison. The Count goes to the Elector and tells him much of the story, including an account of the torture of two women—Fani von Ilten and Madame de Rosny—who, he says, have confessed to witchcraft and to selling Madelon drugs.

Enraged, Johann Georg visits De Haverbeck in prison, tells him that Madelon has confessed everything, and that it is she who has caused the arrest. He leaves, and a jailer and a Lutheran pastor enter the cell. De Haverbeck is mystified. They cannot—they *dare* not murder him! . . . The jailer walks to the wall and, acting on orders, writes: "Delphicus de Haverbeck . . . in this room met his fate, the seventh of April, 1693."

X

THE young pastor looked up at the gentleman with whom he was imprisoned, then at the rude writing which the jailer had just chalked on the wall.

"Are those your names and titles, sir?" he asked, in great agitation.

"They are," replied Marshal de Haverbeck, "mine."

"The great soldier—the Imperial envoy," murmured the pastor. "I have read, sir, of your exploits in the Gazette, and the other day watched you pass through the streets with much pomp and magnificence."

"And you have been sent," smiled De Haverbeck, "to soften another passing, to see a dying man, you said?"

"Yes, sir," answered the pastor, much troubled.

"Have you been sworn to secrecy?"

"Why, yes, sir, I was." The pastor was in a deeper amazement and distress.

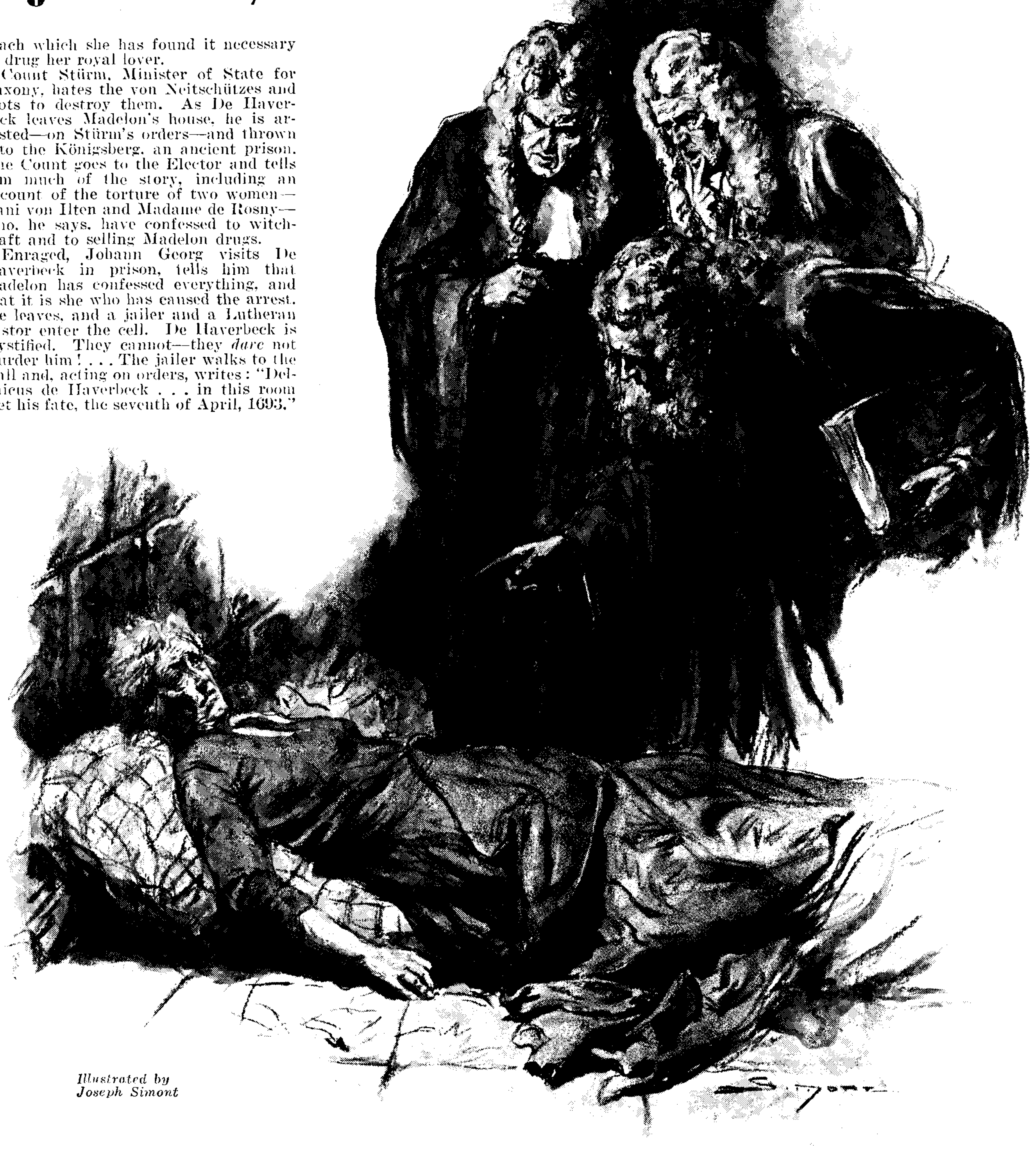
"On my visits to the Königsberg it is usual, and tonight I made nothing of it. I allowed myself to be sworn, both as to the identity of the prisoner and anything that might pass between me and him."

"And the governor," questioned De Haverbeck, sternly, "told you that you were to administer to a dying man?"

"God help me, sir, that is what he said."

De Haverbeck took a turn up and down the room. Could it be possible that her malice was stretched so far? It might be. Outraged in her last pride, had she brought herself to do this?

"Oh, sir," cried the pastor, standing at the table in the deepest confusion and distress. "What is this? Surely this cannot be? They cannot venture a violence on the person of one like Your Excellency—so well-known, so high-placed?"


Illustrated by Joseph Simont

"How do you know that the Rocklitz bewitched His Highness with a draft in a green bottle?"

DE HAVERBECK interrupted him: "This will not be the first or last mystery of the Königsberg. No doubt they will find a way to put a gloss on it. Look you," he added, fixing his dark and generous glance on the pastor. "This is a matter entirely political, and there is nothing else in it but that. I have come here on matters of state and walked, it seems, into a trap. Believe that always."

He took out his watch.

"Half an hour, did the man say? Well, I suppose five minutes of it have gone. I beg your silence, sir, while I think how I may best employ what time remains."

A murder! It was intended to murder him! That seemed incredibly horrid and stupid. But he knew such deeds were done. General von Schulenberg, taking the waters at Badheim, had been arrested on suspicion of dealing with the French, and disappeared. Neumann, the Brandenburg resident in Berlin, had been found strangled in the Spree. Kniphausen, the young Dutch soldier, suspected of being the lover of the Duchess of Hesse, had gone from his lodgings in Cassel never to be seen again. A secret, violent end had come to other men as young and lusty as himself. Yes, it must be faced! What threatened, De Haverbeck realized, was very possible.

The soldier sat down at the table, on which he clasped his fine hands, and stared in front of him. Forgetful of his frightened companion, of his somber surroundings, he communed with the man he had been, the man he might have been. He had achieved success with such brilliant ease, been without effort or difficulty ahead of his companions in everything, from scholarship and accomplishments, from turning a Latin verse or riding the great horse, to the intricacies of tactics and military science, that only a naïve sweetness had saved him from feeling contempt for his fellows.

Despite his easy preëminence and his rapid advancement, his generous good humor had made him hosts of friends. Admiration and affection had always smoothed his path. There had never been any difficulty in his life save this long deep, idealistic love for Madelon von Neitschütz—and that had brought him to this dreadful conclusion of all his activities, his hopes, his expectations, his pleasures.

Ah, this was a galling conclusion—he, trained to command, used to authority, masterful and passionate beneath his amiable courtesy, found it hard to face so mean a death.

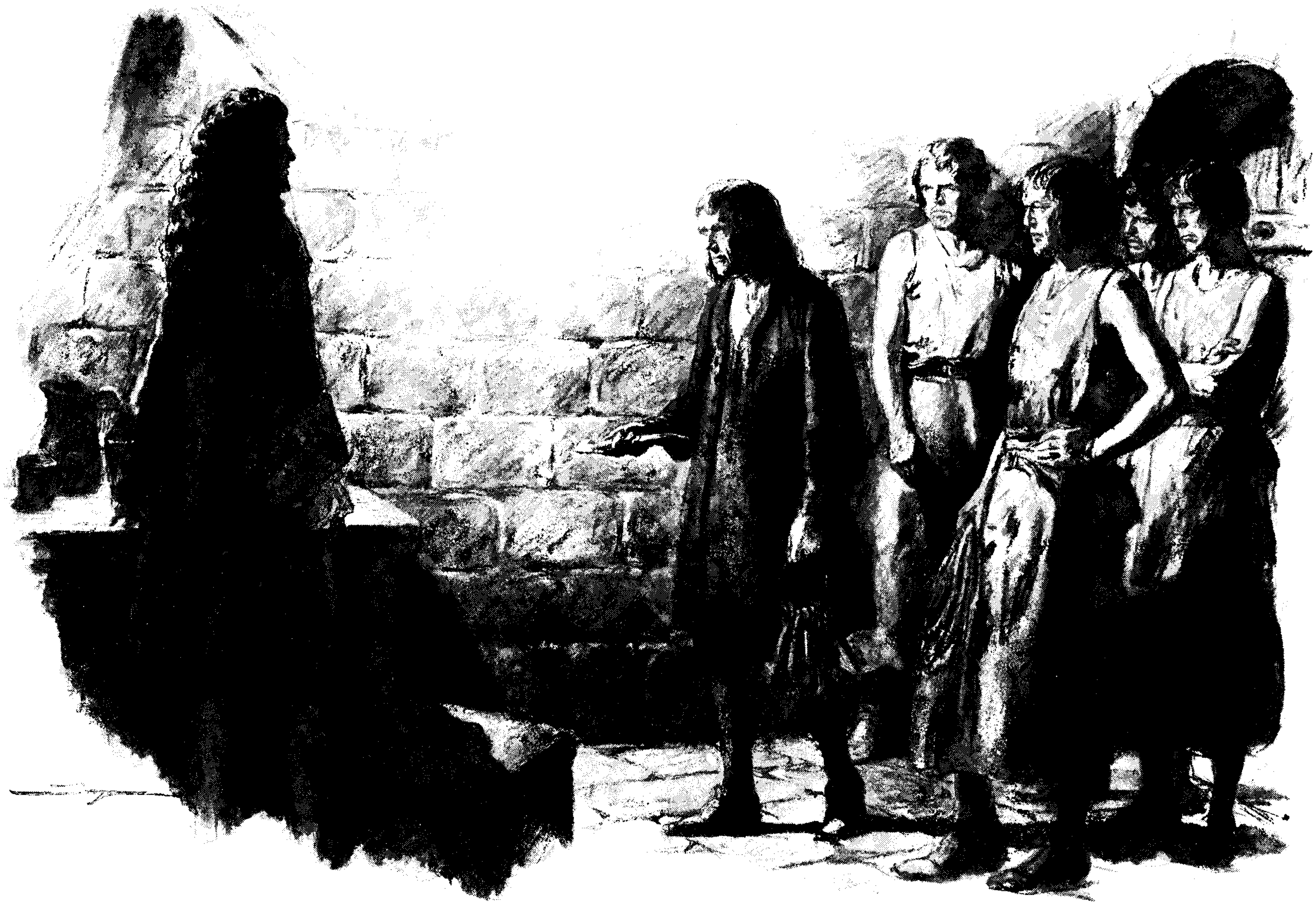
Unable to endure De Haverbeck's silence, the distracted divine drew near the prisoner.

"It cannot be," he whispered, "that a murder or an execution is intended."

But he spoke without hope, for he knew that he dealt in matters too deep for him, and he was aware that that very day they had been torturing witches in the Königsberg, and extracting from them deadly evidence. His own oath of secrecy lay heavily upon him. He gazed upon De Haverbeck with awe and terror, yet could not find himself able to pity one who was so grand and serene.

THE soldier, whose magnanimous mind was clear, was reasoning calmly with himself.

She would have to do it quickly. It would be very perilous for her to wait. By the morning she would have repented. Perhaps she had intended to do it in her house. "I thought it was



"I am to give you, sir, five minutes alone—there is the surgeon outside who will be in immediate attendance"

but some poor silly love-charm she had in that bottle, but maybe it was another matter."

The pastor spoke with dry lips and throat:

"Oh, sir, the time passes on, and if you think this be more than a menace or a jest, let me know how I can help you."

DE HAVERBECK'S dark eyes scrutinized him curiously. He had not taken much notice of the poor young man; now he considered this perhaps was his last chance to send some message to the outer world, and he answered:

"Well, there is a letter or two I might write, if you could deliver it, without abuse to yourself and without incurring especial danger or giving your conscience food for reproach. Those are my tablets and I might write on those."

"I will do," replied the pastor, eagerly, "anything that Your Excellency may command."

"It will be very little," smiled De Haverbeck.

He took out his tablets, pulled off a sheet and wrote in cipher—to Maestro Steffani, Master of the Chapel of the Duke of Luneburg-Brunswick—a post that he, De Haverbeck, had contrived for the old Italian. The letter read:

> I believe I have come, my dear Maestro, on my death tonight, and purely through my own fault on a political matter. You will understand that I always took this hazard and do not regret the cast I made. My attorneys have my affairs in hand and they and my bankers between them will set out my fortune according to my directions.
>
> My will is sealed up and witnessed. I have not much to leave, but I believe it is fairly distributed. His Serene Highness the Duke of Luneburg-Brunswick has promised to be a guardian to my boy, and I do beg you to give an eye to him, and make him, if you can, a scholar and a soldier. If you could come at any of my personal affairs such as the ring given to me by the Emperor, my sword, armor and horses, and set of diamond buttons, I wish that the boy may have them—some of these are at my lodging at Dresden, but I believe it may be difficult that you get them.
>
> The gentleman who delivers you this letter may have been put to some great inconvenience in the so doing, and I beg you to reward him with some trifle befitting his rank and profession. Adieu, my dear Maestro. Believe me, that in these last minutes, some of my pleasantest recollections are of you and your music.
>
> DELPHICUS SECUNDUS HYACINTHUS
> LUNEBURG DE HAVERBECK

He had no means of sealing this letter, and the pastor saw him look round in a momentary embarrassment, and assured him, eagerly:

"I can swear, sir, not to read what you have written."

"It is no matter," said De Haverbeck, with a smile, "and it is in cipher."

He folded the paper across and gave it to the pastor.

THERE was another letter to write—and this far more difficult. It could not be in cipher or shorthand—he did not believe she knew either. A difficult letter to write and very little time in which to write it. He reflected. Madelon? Madame? Fräulein von Neitschütz? Nay, give her the title for which she had paid so high—Madame the Countess of Rocklitz. He wrote steadily in his beautiful, clear handwriting.

> Madame the Countess of Rocklitz:
>
> I have never written to you before, but may I do so now, since you have put it out of my power ever to write to anyone again? We do not shape events by talking of them, and the means by which you and I have come to this have been, perhaps, beyond mortal control. It is in your power to take my life, and in mine to die and smile at you, so at last we stand equal.
>
> Were your happiness within my wish you should have it, but I believe you lost this chance with other things last summer. I may write now what I never could have written or said in any other way. I came to Dresden solely to see you again; easily could I have avoided the embassy, but this was my motive—I loved you, and always have. I would, my dear, that this had been enough for you, but you have pulled our fortunes all awry, and so we are neither of us what we might have been.
>
> The pastor to whom I give this is one, perhaps, sent by you to ease my soul, but I do not fear, my dear, but that God will deal generously with a lover and a sinner. Madelon, do you remember the fountain at Arnsdorf?
>
> Madame, the Countess of Rocklitz, I give you farewell, and believe that I have always been your sincere lover.
>
> DELPHICUS SECUNDUS HYACINTHUS
> LUNEBURG DE HAVERBECK

He folded up his letter several times, frowning. Here was a difficulty—how to get it delivered without betraying her? He could not even seal it. He untied one of the narrow black ribbons that held the ruffles at his wrist and knotted it several times round the folded paper. Then he gave it to the clergyman. There was no other way.

"Will you deliver this to Madame the Countess of Rocklitz?" he said quietly. "She has some affairs of mine in hand; but this must be done secretly, so as to involve her in no scandal or curiosity. Do you understand?"

"I understand very well, sir," replied the pastor, putting away the second letter with trembling fingers. "And I will do exactly as you bid me and observe the utmost secrecy. So I swear! But, oh, sir, it is a fearful moment, and can it be that what you think is true—that they will come here? Oh, sir, by what means will it be?"

"I AM unarmed," replied De Haverbeck, "and it might be by any means."

"Can you face it?" shuddered the pastor, trying in vain for self-control equal to that of the soldier. "You are a very brave man, sir, but is this not a frightful test?"

"I've seen men die," replied De Haverbeck, "often enough, and have not thought much of it, and have been prepared to die myself, often enough, and have not thought much of that either—a ball or a bullet in the trenches, a sword or pistol in the charge—I've taken that hazard often enough, sir."

On the third page of his tablets he was tracing a few bars of music—*Rondo alla Turca*—that he had written on the night of the thunderstorm when he had ridden away from Arnsdorf.

"Sir, I have been sent to minister to you," said the trembling pastor, bracing himself to (*Continued on page 68*)

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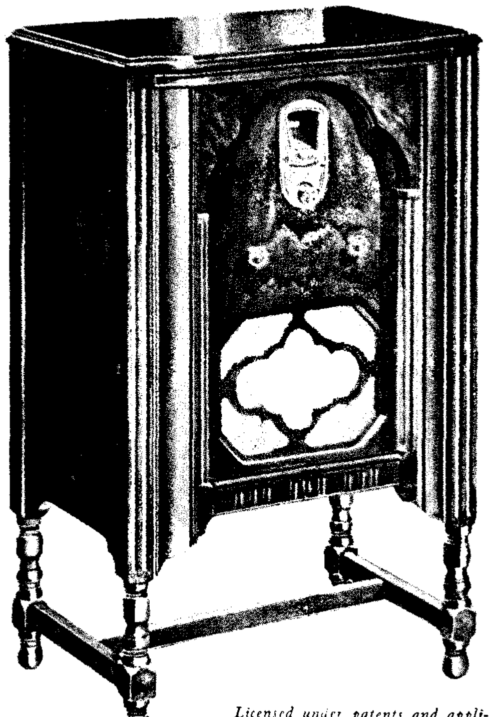

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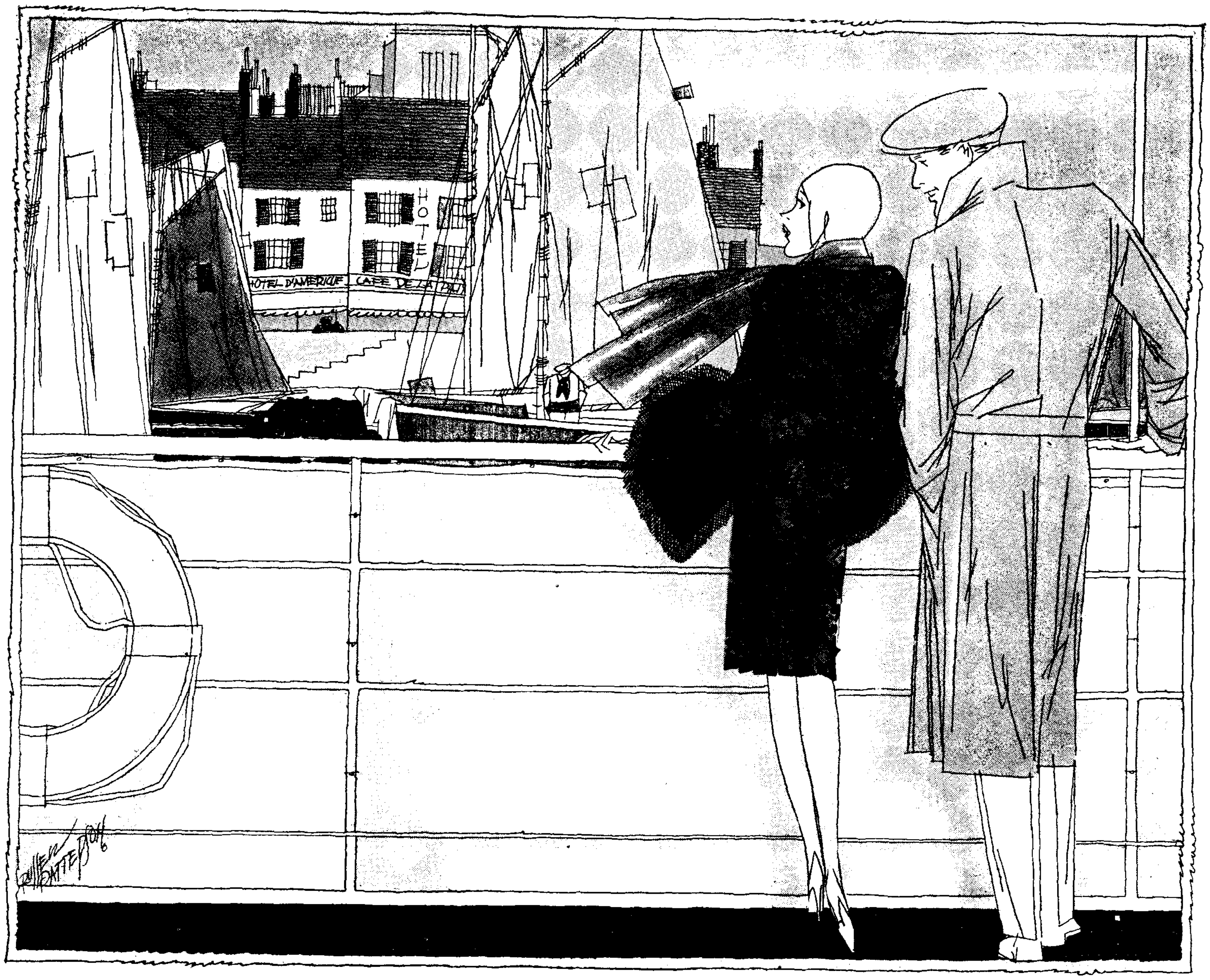


France!—the low, intimate, cloud-spotted sky over the peaked roofs of a harbor town! They leaned together at the rail

Leave it to the Ladies

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

It was very, very dangerous, and she never should have done it. But Linda was young, eager—and romantic

IF PERFUME were paint, Linda Wren would have been an artist. As it was she was only one of the girls at Lord and Taylor's Fifth Avenue side perfume counter. She wasn't even the blond girl. She was the one with the dark hair, black as a crow's breast, and the shell-white skin, and the wide, calm eyes, like gray mornings. Many people went there just to look at her, and bought perfume, or just to buy perfume, and stood gazing.

Surely, it was the fault of the men if they mistook for feminine guile Linda's little whispered confidences as she put sample dabs on their handkerchiefs or coat lapels. "I know what I'd do if a boy gave me this Mignon." The truth was that she was guileless as Maytime and took everybody, landlady, iceman, floorwalker, elevator boy, equally into her confidence. It was surprising how pleasant people were to you if you only trusted them and took them into your confidence.

"May I suggest this Muquet for you, madam? Its delicacy seems just to express you. It's my very own perfume, you know. Night before last—" And if that lady bought l'Or— "I said l'Or and I want l'Or, young woman. I prefer to be expressed by l'Or"—Linda carried a little pain somewhere all the rest of the afternoon; for the fine art of suiting the perfume to the person was, in her innocence and earnestness, her conception of her job, the sweet job which Messrs. Lord and Taylor had given her.

And so it was at the perfume counter that life found Linda that winter's afternoon and whisked her away, as the wind takes a feather, upon an adventure which began in East Seventy-fourth Street and ended amid the orange blossoms of Nice. She first noticed the two smartly dressed and mannered ladies while she was sadly and busily wrapping up some Black Narcissus for a girl who was born for Quelques Fleurs. "Chanel," she murmured meditatively. They must have Chanel. "Cinq for the taller and Vingt-deux for the young dark one." That one was almost as dark and gray-eyed as Linda herself.

SHE could not avoid hearing the young woman's bright chatter, a sort of teasing. "But it's all so simple, Janet darling. That's what French divorces are for. Everybody knows Gerald Pratt and I are mad for each other. Why should Phil stand in our way? He's had his chance to make me happy. Three long years—the ungrateful wretch! The clever part of it, Janet, was my going to Nice. Trust your little Olivia for originality. Paris and Geneva are a bit too public."

The word "residence" rose out of the other woman's brief, low-voiced reply and then there was laughter and more of that clear, gay talk.

"Residence! What does residence amount to, my dear? I go to Nice to my marvelous Monsieur La Farge, my lawyer. We rent a cheap room in my name. We appear before a tottering, half-blind old graybeard of a judge. Then I go on my way to Cannes, Monte Carlo, Paris, back here to New York. That's what residence amounts to.

"It's a trifle irregular and if Phil suspected my grounds and contested—well, he won't. The real bore is my having to drag all the way back there for the final formality just when my darling Gerald wants me to hop down to Florida in his precious flying boat. What? Oh yes, of course, Chanel Vingt-deux. The two-ounce bottle if you please."

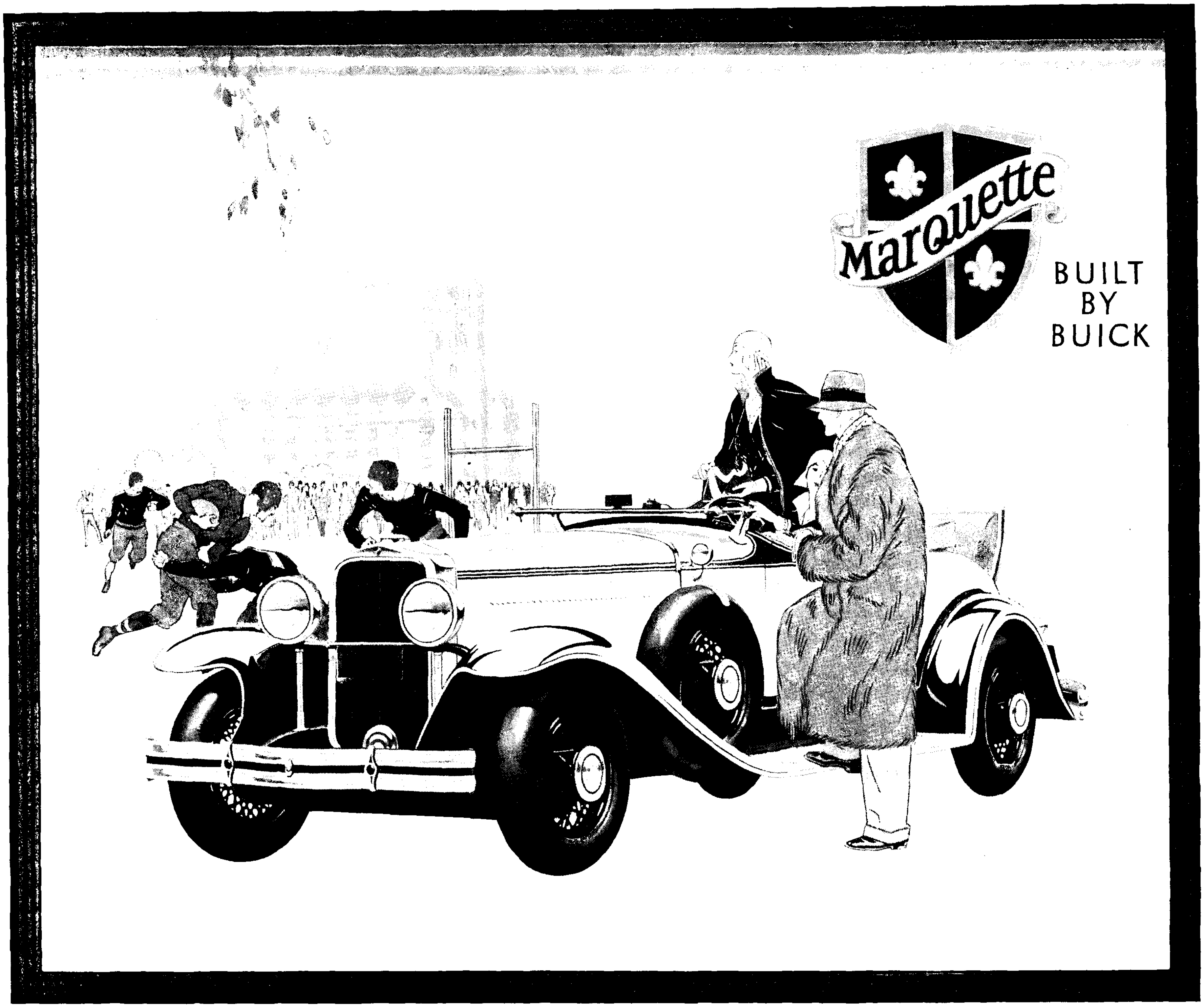
Returning with the change from a fifty-dollar note, Linda met their impersonally curious staring. "Yes, she does resemble me rather." They made no effort to guard either curiosity or comment. "The same hair and eyes about. I wish I had her skin, Janet! Why couldn't she! What do you think? Isn't it a perfectly brilliant—why, Janet, it's the most perfectly brilliant idea I ever—"

Between three and five-thirty closing Linda read many times the hurried line which young Mrs. Philip De Witt Dana had written on a card and left with her: "If you would enjoy a trip to the Riviera on a mission of mercy, my dear, come and have luncheon at my apartment tomorrow at one."

A FORTNIGHT later, cloak-bundled and promenading after dinner the dark wet deck of the Minnewaska as that worthy liner broke a path through the waste of wintry sea, Linda remembered that first luncheon with poor, dear Mrs. Dana. Except that in ante-perfume-counter days she had lived in an apartment so like it, she might have been impressed. Chiefly she remembered now only a lamp in Mrs. Dana's living-room, a very beautiful lamp with a real jade base, a sort of Aladdin's lamp with power, at a rub, to take a girl from the perfume counter to the deck of a liner.

That lamp had rested just behind poor dear Mrs. Dana's head all the while she was explaining her three years of suffering with that brute, her courage in starting the divorce in Nice, how a great love had finally come to heal her wounds, and how happiness was hers at last if only, while she herself was flying to her lover in Florida, some kind girl

(*Continued on second page following*)



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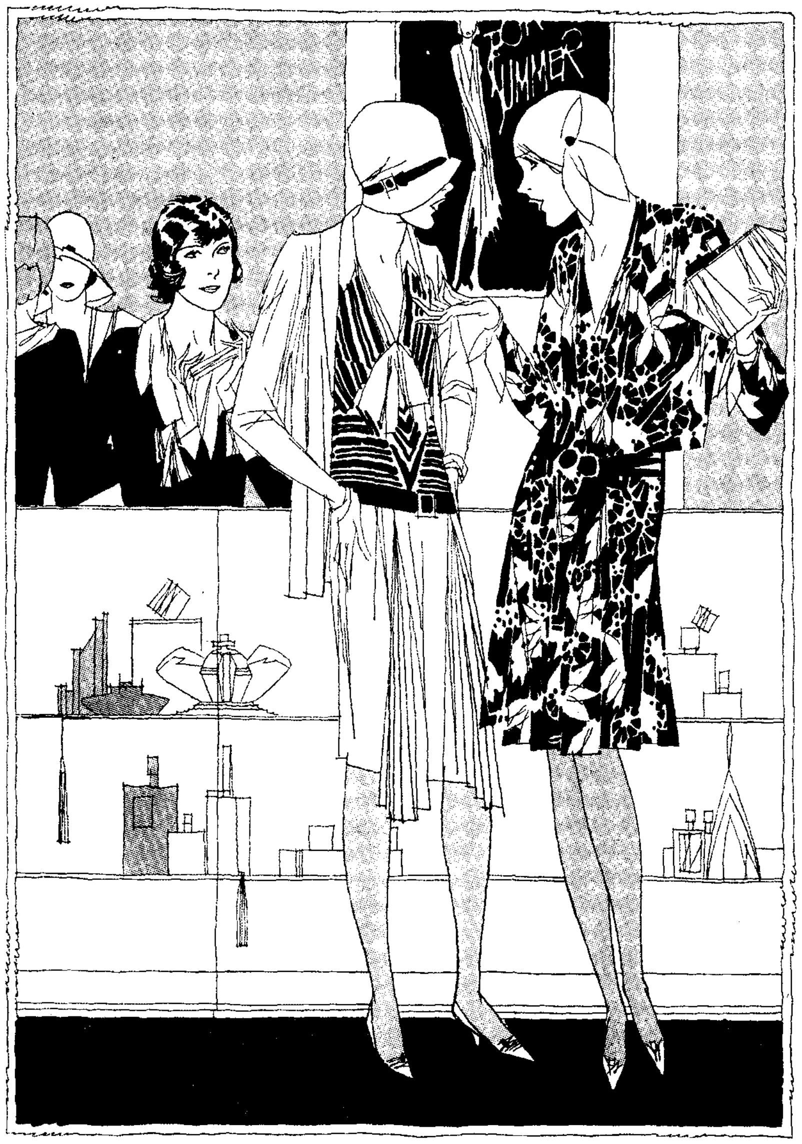
who resembled her were willing to go over to France and get the silly papers.

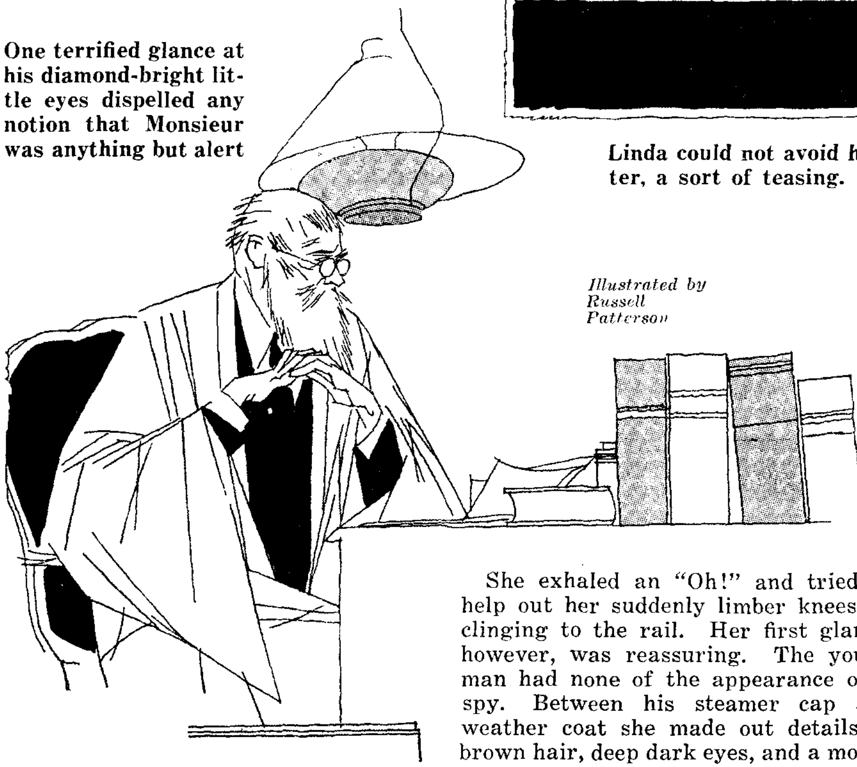
Linda had wept a few gray tears of sympathy. In fact, she and poor, dear Olivia wept gray tears together beside the magic jade lamp while everything was arranged. It was quite simple. Linda had only to travel to Nice as Mrs. Philip De Witt Dana, get hold of La Farge, who would demur, perhaps, until he received the equivalent in francs of an additional five hundred dollars, and finally appear before the ancient judge of the tribunal for the reconciliation formality which, in the absence of the villain, Philip De Witt Dana, would be over in a jiffy. With the final decree in her hand, Linda was to cable the glad news to darling Olivia who, safe in her lover's arms at the Everglades Club, would not be able to wait another minute.

NOW, actually two full days at sea, Linda moved along the rail smiling happily at the thought of her choice cabin, her two passports, her letter to La Farge, her ample supply of money, her lovely new clothes, mostly Olivia's, and her mission of mercy. She thought of good deeds to be well done. She thought of that cruel Philip De Witt Dana to be vanquished—no matter, as Olivia had warned, no matter how many spies he set to obstruct her. She thought of all poor Olivia had suffered.

Incidentally, in listening to these details and going over the grounds for divorce, in which young Mr. Dana, under a mask of good nature and forbearance, was clearly guilty of infidelity, inebriety, cruelty, non-support, desertion, selfishness, lack of sense of humor and complete incompatibility, Linda had learned of the evil which may and probably does lie behind a pair of apparently honest masculine eyes and beneath a well-tailored bosom.



Linda could not avoid hearing the young woman's bright chatter, a sort of teasing. "But it's all so simple, Janet darling"



One terrified glance at his diamond-bright little eyes dispelled any notion that Monsieur was anything but alert

Illustrated by Russell Patterson

"Never trust a humble man, Linda, my dear," Olivia had advised. "He will beat you when you're his—as Philip Dana beat me—with a bedroom slipper. I never fully recovered from the injury—" she paused to dry a tear and added, "to my pride. As if it were my fault that other men fell in love with me too."

This newly acquired distrust made Linda all the more startled when, as she paused near the forward end of the deck watching the big black waves come crashing down, a very obviously male voice sounded close behind her left ear: "Hope you don't mind my coming along too, my dear."

She exhaled an "Oh!" and tried to help out her suddenly limber knees by clinging to the rail. Her first glance, however, was reassuring. The young man had none of the appearance of a spy. Between his steamer cap and weather coat she made out details of brown hair, deep dark eyes, and a mouth marked with both gentleness and force—just the type of young man one would ordinarily feel like confiding in. She was on the point of replying: "I shall be very glad to have you come along too, sir," when she remembered Olivia's warnings. So she said instead: "How dare you try to engage me in conversation when I'm on a perfectly honest and honorable mission?"

The effect on the young man would have been about the same anyway. His quite pleasant face assumed a look of utter bewilderment. He peered down at her intently, started to speak, and then retreated a step as if she'd pushed him. "I—I really beg your pardon," he stammered. "I mistook you for someone else, someone quite like you but different, someone who, I understood, was to be on this boat." He hesitated unconvincingly, apparently waiting for her to spare his confusion. Then he turned and tramped angrily aft without another word.

Passing the radio bureau on the way down to her cabin Linda recalled Olivia's instruction to spare no expense to report complications or ask advice by radio and cable. She stopped and wrote out a message: "Mrs. Philip De Witt Dana, Villa Casita, Palm Beach, Fla. Have met and routed the first spy without difficulty. Linda."

Her pleasure and the greater confidence acquired from the encounter, however, diminished as two more gray days went by and she saw the subdued spy occasionally about the ship, listening with an almost innocent appreciation to the evening concert, watching the drawings for the ship's pool in the smoking-room, chatting with other guests at the captain's gala dinner table.

FINALLY she began to wonder if she shouldn't try to make amends for her unintentional rudeness and she seized an opportunity to do so, which occurred within the hour. They met face to face in the narrow B deck port corridor. Linda waited only for his tentative nod and said, with warmth and even enthusiasm: "I hope you are well this evening. Pleasant voyage, isn't it?—although how should I know when it's only my first? I'm Mrs. Philip De Witt Dana, you know."

He leaned against the corridor wall, as if weak, stared at her suspiciously an instant, and then smiled. "Yes, it is pleasant. But I find it also rather lonesome. Don't you—Mrs. Philip De Witt Dana? My name is—er—Taylor—George Taylor."

"Really? I wonder if you are related to Mr. Taylor of Lord and Taylor." Linda decided against this and tried something else: "Yes, one is apt to be lonely when she has so much on her mind." And just to prove that fate is in league with good impulses, a shift of places in the dining-room that evening brought him exactly opposite her at her own little table. Even the waiter seemed pleased, being already somewhat in her confidence. She said to Mr. Taylor: "Well, this is luck isn't it?"

"I hope you think so, Mrs. Dana," he replied solemnly.

LATER, when they discovered dancing in the music-room, they did three fox trots and a Viennese waltz. He asked her what was the subtle perfume she used and she told him more about perfume in ten minutes than could be gathered from the advertisements. She was having a heavenly time and near the end she asked him: "Don't you think all this is romantic, Mr. Taylor? I mean, our just happening to meet like this on a ship?"

"I think it is not only romantic but bizarre," he said. "It is plenty mysterious too and we'll get to that. In the meantime I'm content that you are rather a dear—although a pair of gray eyes like yours, only less so, gave me enough unhappiness to warn me against looking into any more of them."

"You poor, poor boy!" Her sympathy was ready and generous. "Why don't you just tell me all about it and let me help you? Then tomorrow I can confide in you. Or, shall I confide in you first?"

Linda confided in him first. It came about the next morning when the deck steward in some fortunate confusion had placed Mr. Taylor next to her own chair. Until she read "Mrs. Dana" on the card tacked to the headpiece of her chair she thought she herself had come to the wrong side of the boat. On the other hand, she expected good fortune—since all you had to do to get it was to trust people—and she said, "Good morning, Mr. Taylor," very brightly and allowed him to disentangle himself from his own steamer blankets so that he could pull out her footrest and tuck her up in hers. "I hope you slept well after all our gayety."

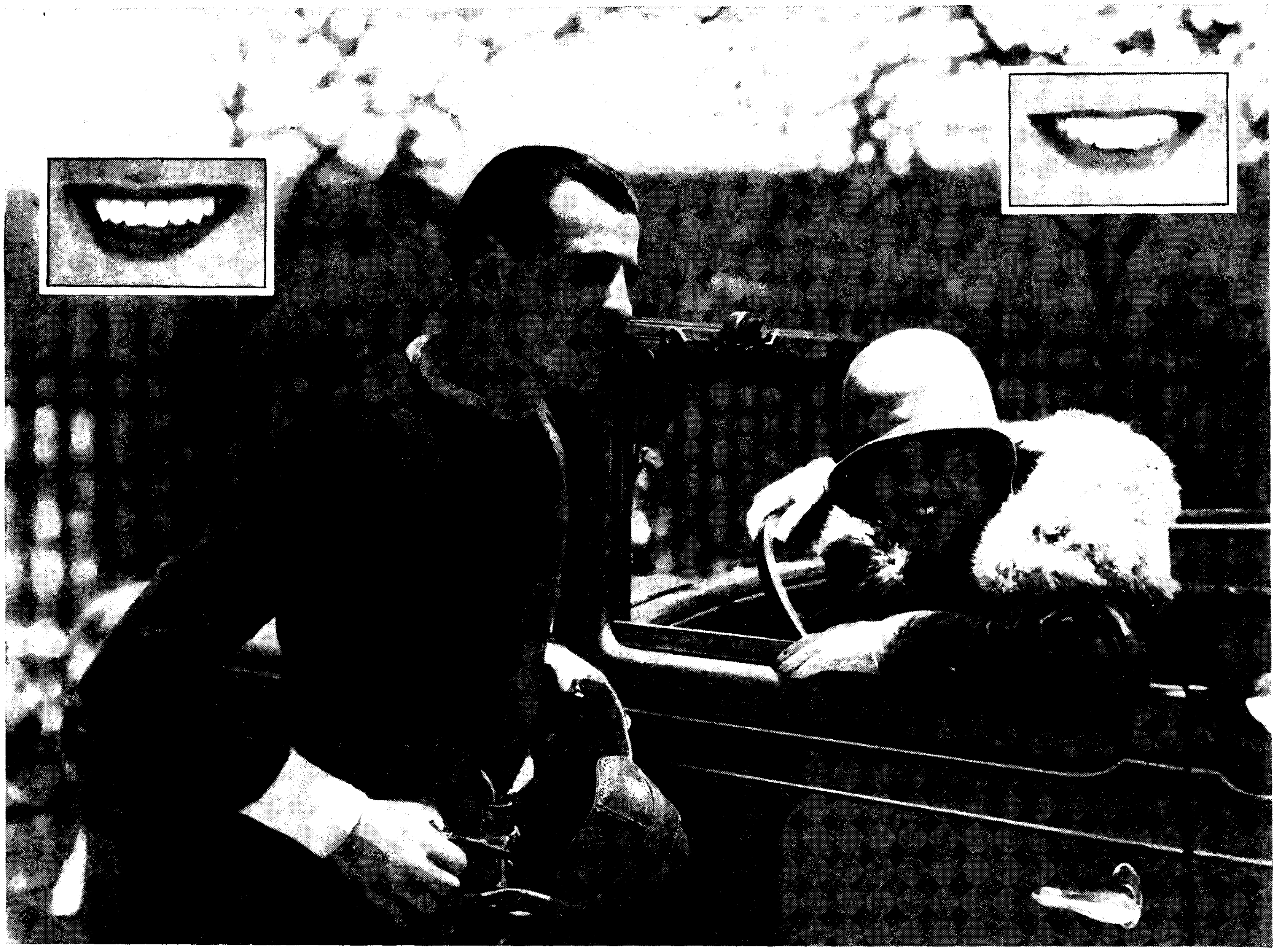
The fact was that she herself had not slept so well. She had been disturbed. Before going to bed she'd felt she ought to reassure poor dear Olivia and had dispatched another radio: "Don't worry about spy stop turned out to be perfect gentleman stop name is Taylor." The stewardess who, along with everybody else on B deck, had been more or less confided in brought a reply to her cabin at the absurd hour of six A. M. It read: "Smell a rat stop suspect Taylor stop am investigating and will instruct you—Olivia."

So naturally, having been disturbed at six and having all these worries, she felt more than ever the need of a confidant. Being an adept, she did not force the situation. She allowed Mr. Taylor to talk along about ships and Blue Trains and a bit about gray eyes. He talked also about her. He said: "My dear, you are either the most innocent girl I ever met or the most sinister. I haven't decided which."

"I THINK you're very nice too," said Linda. "In fact, I think it only fair that I tell you a little about myself. You shouldn't mind my being Mrs. Philip De Witt Dana because I'm really not, you know." She paused to enjoy his rather disappointing surprise. "No, I'm really only a—a sort of perfume girl. My name is Miss Linda Wren. I'm only being Mrs. Philip De Witt Dana so that she can be with her lover in Florida while I go to Nice and get her divorce—"

Mr. Taylor interrupted her. Regarding her with what looked like amazement, he sat up and said: "Well, I'll be beautifully damned! If that doesn't cap the climax of a life of crime, I'll—you mean to say she expects you to appear—? But, (Continued on page 36)

Dare you smile like this?



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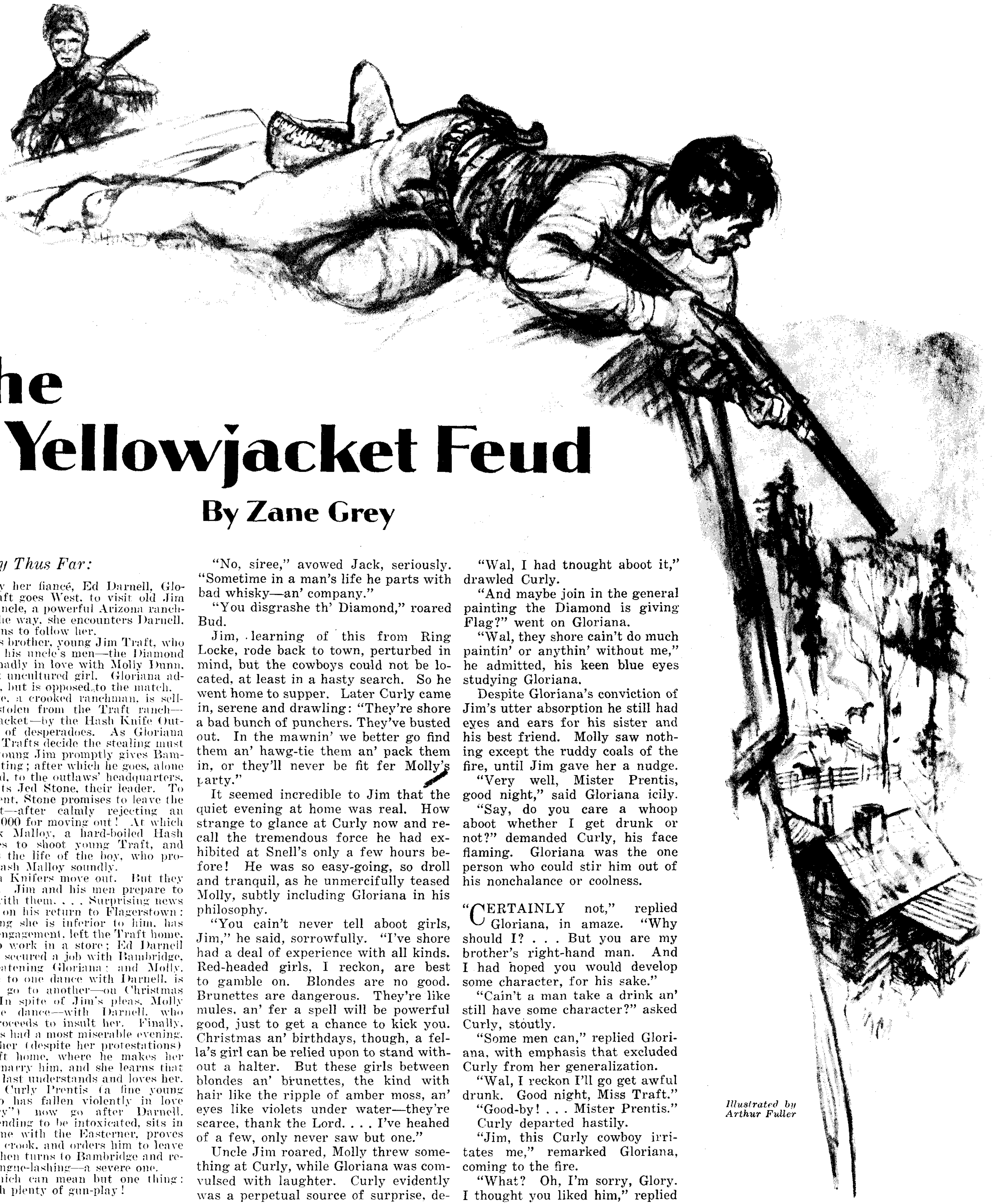

The Yellowjacket Feud

By Zane Grey

Illustrated by Arthur Fuller

"He was lyin' flat, gettin' a bead on Jim. I reckon it was time I got there"

The Story Thus Far:

JILTED by her fiancé, Ed Darnell, Gloriana Traft goes West, to visit old Jim Traft, her uncle, a powerful Arizona ranchman. On the way, she encounters Darnell, who threatens to follow her.

Gloriana's brother, young Jim Traft, who is leader of his uncle's men—the Diamond Outfit—is madly in love with Molly Dunn, a lovely but uncultured girl. Gloriana admires Molly, but is opposed to the match.

Bambridge, a crooked ranchman, is selling cattle stolen from the Traft ranch—the Yellowjacket—by the Hash Knife Outfit, a band of desperadoes. As Gloriana arrives, the Trafts decide the stealing must cease, and young Jim promptly gives Bambridge a beating; after which he goes, alone and unarmed, to the outlaws' headquarters, and confronts Jed Stone, their leader. To his amazement, Stone promises to leave the Yellowjacket—after calmly rejecting an offer of $10,000 for moving out! At which point Croak Malloy, a hard-boiled Hash Knifer, tries to shoot young Traft, and Stone saves the life of the boy, who proceeds to thrash Malloy soundly.

The Hash Knifers move out. But they may return. Jim and his men prepare to go to war with them. . . . Surprising news awaits Jim on his return to Flagerstown: Molly, feeling she is inferior to him, has broken her engagement, left the Traft home, and gone to work in a store; Ed Darnell has arrived, secured a job with Bambridge, and is threatening Gloriana; and Molly, having gone to one dance with Darnell, is planning to go to another—on Christmas Eve! . . . In spite of Jim's pleas, Molly goes to the dance—with Darnell, who promptly proceeds to insult her. Finally, after she has had a most miserable evening, Jim brings her (despite her protestations) to the Traft home, where he makes her promise to marry him, and she learns that Gloriana at last understands and loves her.

Jim and Curly Prentis (a fine young cowboy who has fallen violently in love with "Glory") now go after Darnell. Curly, pretending to be intoxicated, sits in a poker game with the Easterner, proves him to be a crook, and orders him to leave town. He then turns to Bambridge and repeats the tongue-lashing—a severe one.

All of which can mean but one thing: trouble, with plenty of gun-play!

VII

IT WAS Jim, and not Curly, who told the rest of the Diamond what had happened at Snell's late on Christmas Day.

Bud and Cherry, who had already been surreptitiously looking upon red liquor, promptly went on the rampage, eventually getting Lonestar and Uphill with them. Jackson Way, owing to his new girl, manfully refused to drink more than one glass with his comrades.

"No, siree," avowed Jack, seriously. "Sometime in a man's life he parts with bad whisky—an' company."

"You disgrashe th' Diamond," roared Bud.

Jim, learning of this from Ring Locke, rode back to town, perturbed in mind, but the cowboys could not be located, at least in a hasty search. So he went home to supper. Later Curly came in, serene and drawling: "They're shore a bad bunch of punchers. They've busted out. In the mawnin' we better go find them an' hawg-tie them an' pack them in, or they'll never be fit fer Molly's party."

It seemed incredible to Jim that the quiet evening at home was real. How strange to glance at Curly now and recall the tremendous force he had exhibited at Snell's only a few hours before! He was so easy-going, so droll and tranquil, as he unmercifully teased Molly, subtly including Gloriana in his philosophy.

"You cain't never tell aboot girls, Jim," he said, sorrowfully. "I've shore had a deal of experience with all kinds. Red-headed girls, I reckon, are best to gamble on. Blondes are no good. Brunettes are dangerous. They're like mules, an' fer a spell will be powerful good, just to get a chance to kick you. Christmas an' birthdays, though, a fella's girl can be relied upon to stand without a halter. But these girls between blondes an' brunettes, the kind with hair like the ripple of amber moss, an' eyes like violets under water—they're scarce, thank the Lord. . . . I've heahed of a few, only never saw but one."

Uncle Jim roared, Molly threw something at Curly, while Gloriana was convulsed with laughter. Curly evidently was a perpetual source of surprise, delight and mystery to Gloriana. There dawned in Jim a hope that she would grow to find more.

They had a pleasant hour in the bright living-room, then the rancher left the young folk to themselves. Curly stayed a while longer.

"Wal," he said, presently, "I'll say good night, Miss Glory."

"What's your hurry?" queried Gloriana, in surprise. "Don't be so outlandishly thoughtful of my brother. He and Molly don't know we exist. . . . Oh, maybe you want to go to town."

"Wal, I had tnought aboot it," drawled Curly.

"And maybe join in the general painting the Diamond is giving Flag?" went on Gloriana.

"Wal, they shore cain't do much paintin' or anythin' without me," he admitted, his keen blue eyes studying Gloriana.

Despite Gloriana's conviction of Jim's utter absorption he still had eyes and ears for his sister and his best friend. Molly saw nothing except the ruddy coals of the fire, until Jim gave her a nudge.

"Very well, Mister Prentis, good night," said Gloriana icily.

"Say, do you care a whoop aboot whether I get drunk or not?" demanded Curly, his face flaming. Gloriana was the one person who could stir him out of his nonchalance or coolness.

"CERTAINLY not," replied Gloriana, in amaze. "Why should I? . . . But you are my brother's right-hand man. And I had hoped you would develop some character, for his sake."

"Cain't a man take a drink an' still have some character?" asked Curly, stoutly.

"Some men can," replied Gloriana, with emphasis that excluded Curly from her generalization.

"Wal, I reckon I'll go get awful drunk. Good night, Miss Traft."

"Good-by! . . . Mister Prentis."

Curly departed hastily.

"Jim, this Curly cowboy irritates me," remarked Gloriana, coming to the fire.

"What? Oh, I'm sorry, Glory. I thought you liked him," replied Jim innocently.

"By the way, he threw a gun on Darnell today. Cussed him! Whew! I never heard such language. He cast our cook, Jeff Davis, in the shade. And he drove Darnell out of Flag!"

"My—heavens! . . . Jim!" cried Gloriana, and Jim could find no suggestion of indifference now. "Tell us about it, Jim. What happened? How did Curly do it?"

Whereupon Jim, warning the girls not to tell Uncle Jim just yet, related the experience of the afternoon, punctuating the story with mention of his own thrills and fears. He wanted to do justice to Curly's nerve—to that side of his character which seemed so incomprehensible to Gloriana. She was as horrified and fascinated as she was relieved.

"This was no trick for Curly Prentis," went on Jim. "He had Darnell sized up. Knew he was

(Continued on page 30)

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a bluff, as well as a cheat. That there was not the slightest chance of a fight. And never will be so far as Darnell's risking an even break."

"What's that?" asked Gloriana, her eyes still large and full of wondering awe.

"An even break is where two men go out, with intention to fight, and each has his chance to draw."

"Draw! Draw what?" queried Gloriana, bewildered.

"Gosh, how dumb you are, Glory. Do you think I mean to draw pictures on the side of a barn? The draw means to pull, throw, jerk a gun."

"Oh, I see. . . . Then you don't think Curly will have one of those draws—even breaks with Darnell?"

"Not a chance in the world. Curly says Darnell will come to the end of his rope pretty pronto—and that will be swinging from a cottonwood tree."

"Hanged!"

"I reckon that was what Curly was driving at. Glory, it shocks you terribly, I see. But please realize that Darnell has come to Arizona, first hounding a girl who happens to be my sister. Then he affiliates himself with a crooked cattleman—Bambridge. In Arizona, mind you! . . . Try to steel yourself to facts. The West is still raw, hard, sudden, bloody. It sickened me for months and even now I get a jar occasionally. But it's grand with all its stings. You'll find that out."

"I'm afraid I'm finding out a good deal already," murmured Gloriana, still with that fixed look in her beautiful eyes. "And some of it is—maybe I'm not big enough for this West. . . . Well, I'll go to bed and leave you to yourselves. . . . Good night, Molly, little western sister. This Christmas Day has been a happy one, after all. 'Quien sabe?' as Curly says. Forget all the rest, Molly. . . . Good night, brother Jim. After all, you're smiled upon by the gods."

After Gloriana had gone Molly whispered dreamily: "She called me sister! . . . O, I adore her. . . . Jim, shore as beans she's fallin' in love with Curly. Only she doesn't even dream of it. An' Curly is ravin' crazy aboot her. He'll get drunk, Jim. Jest you wait an' see. I know these heah cowboys. . . . An' Bud—he's as bad. An' poor Slinger! Lordy, what's to become of us?"

"Love is indeed a very destructive agent, my dear," replied Jim, dreamily.

"It darn near destroyed me, Mizzouri," she said, plaintively. "Oh, Jim, it'll shore do it yet—if you make me love you more an' more."

"Well, sweetheart, if you want to know, I'm quite satisfied and happy now. And I'd rather not risk another of your demonstrations—if it were to take the form of another Ed Darnell."

"You're makin' fun of me now," returned Molly, reproachfully, and then she slipped back into his arms. "I'm heah—for good."

NEXT morning the bunk-house was incredibly quiet, when Jim knocked and stamped in. Jeff was cooking a lonely breakfast. "Outfit's stampeded, Boss. I seen it comin'."

"Dog-gone their hides!" complained Jim. "Now I'm afraid to go downtown."

Before he started, however, he consulted his uncle and advised a postponement of Molly's party until New Year's eve.

"Fine idee," agreed the rancher. "But don't be hard on the boys, Jim. Remember that Diamond is the toughest outfit in Arizona. Lovable punchers, if I ever knew any, but sure blue hell on holidays. Better go downtown an' drag them out. Reckon thet four-flush sheriff Bray had his chance at us last night. Don't tell the girls."

Jim had no intention of that, though so far as Molly was concerned she would know. He had a talk with Ring Locke and told him about the affair at Snell's. The foreman seemed both vastly concerned and pleased. "Son-of-a-gun, thet Prentis boy. . . . Jim, thet'll settle Bambridge. He'll have to shoot or git out. An' he ain't the shootin' kind. All the same I wish the Diamond was out of town."

Some of the cowboys might as well have been out of town, for all Jim could find of them. Jackson Way, of course, had gone to Winslow with his girl. Hump, Cherry and Uphill had disappeared, after a bloodless and funny fight with some rival cowboys over a pool game. Lonestar Holliday was discovered lurching out of a cheap Mexican lodging-house, almost speechless, and certainly lost to a sense of direction. Jim bundled him into the buckboard. "Sit on him, Charley," ordered Jim, "and take him home. Then hurry back."

Bud was in jail, and all Jim could find out, in the nature of offense, was a charge of disorderly conduct, including unusual profanity. Bray, the sheriff, was not to be found at the moment, and probably that was a good thing for all concerned. Bud was locked up with a tramp, two Mexicans, and a Navajo; and a madder cowboy Jim never had seen. "Boss, I'm gonna shoot thet coyote of a sheriff!" he asserted. Jim paid his fine and got him out, greatly relieved that it had been no worse.

"Where's Curly?" demanded Jim.

"Shore haven't the slightest idee. I reckoned *he'd* stay home on Christmas—considerin'."

"When'd you see him last?"

"Yestidd'y sometime, I think it was, but I ain't shore. The last time I seen him was when he was helpin' Miss Glory in the sleigh, after the dance. My Gawd, you'd took him for the Prince of Wales."

"Then you went an' got drunk?"

"Must have, Boss, or suthin' like. My haid feels sorta queer."

Jim went back to the ranch, considerably concerned over Curly's disappearance. Lonestar and Bud were back, and late that night Uphill came, so Ring Locke informed Jim. The next day and the next passed. On the third Hump and Cherry rolled in, more or less dilapidated. But no Curly! Jim discovered that he was not the only one who missed the drawling-voiced cowboy. Gloriana passed from coldness to disdain and then to pique, and from that to a curiosity which involved her own state of mind as well as interest in Curly's whereabouts.

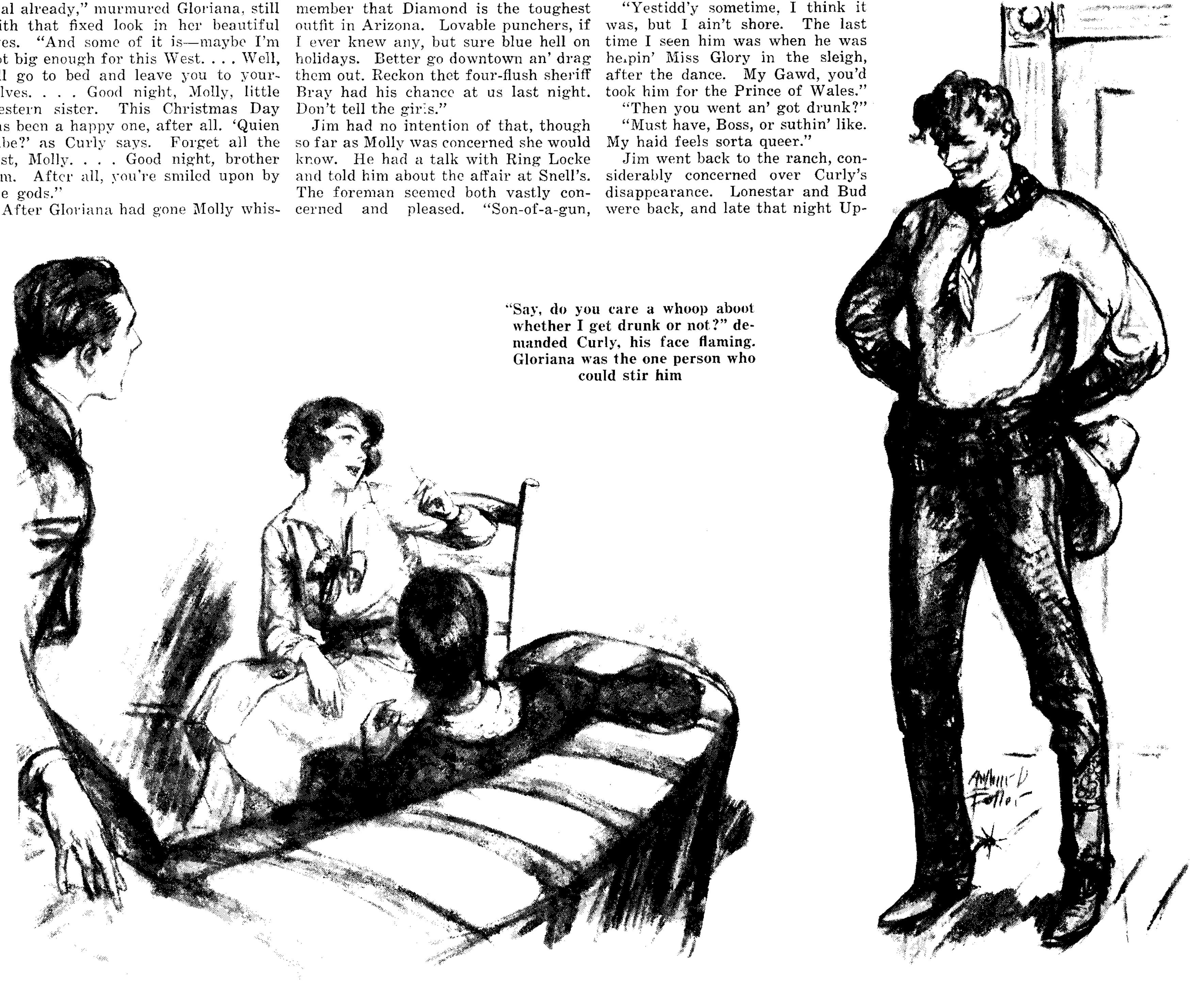
"CURLY is a proud fellow," observed Jim, for Gloriana's benefit, though he directed the remark to his uncle. "Belongs to a fine old Southern family. Rich before the war. He has taken offense at something or other. Or else he's just gone to the bad. I don't know what the Diamond will do without him."

Later, Gloriana, with one of those rare flashes of her eyes, said to Jim: "Brother mine, your remarks were directed at me. Very well. The point is not what the Diamond will do without Curly, but what *I* will."

"Glory! What are you saying?" expostulated Jim, both thrilled and shocked. "It's just pique. You don't care a rap for Curly. But because he bucked against your imperious will your vanity is hurt."

"Some of your deductions are amazingly correct," retorted Gloriana, satirically. "But

(*Continued on page 42*)



"Say, do you care a whoop about whether I get drunk or not?" demanded Curly, his face flaming. Gloriana was the one person who could stir him

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THE biting winds of winter contract your skin, make it rough—hard to shave. Your razor then has a far more difficult job to do than it has in summer.

Yet you can always get a comfortable shave, no matter what the weather does to your face. Why?

Because your smooth, sure Gillette Blade never changes, under *any* conditions. It can't. Machines, accurate to one ten-thousandth of an inch, ensure its even precision.

Four out of every nine employees in the Gillette blade department are skilled inspectors who actually receive a bonus for every blade they discard.

You may not wear the same face in November that you do in May, but count on Gillette Blades to shave you smoothly, swiftly, surely. They keep your face feeling young, and looking it. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

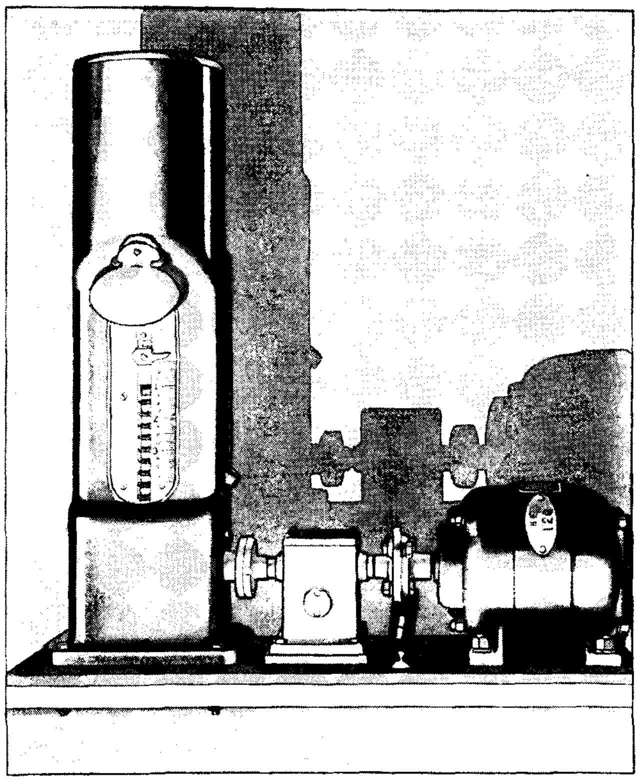
★ Gillette ★

There's a lot of difference between the cold, wind-stiffened skin of late autumn and the tanned, freely perspiring face of July—and it makes a lot of difference in shaving. Yet it's easy to enjoy shaving comfort all year round. Simply take ample time to soften your beard. And use a *fresh* Gillette Blade frequently.

THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

King C Gillette

That the Finest Thought of Great Minds Shall Benefit the Most People



The tensile strength of rubber is affected by temperature. In the Chrysler Motors engineering laboratories only the highest grades of rubber are selected after heat and cold treatments from 158° F to 60° below Zero F.

CHRYSLER MOTORS STANDARDIZED QUALITY

All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

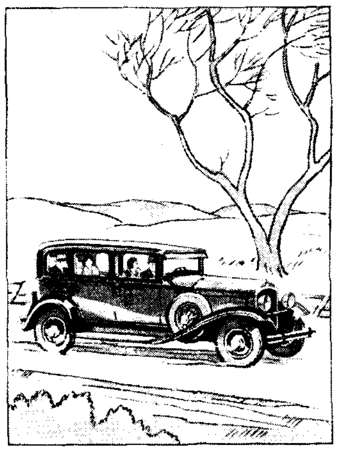
CHRYSLER IMPERIAL
CHRYSLER "77"
CHRYSLER "70"
CHRYSLER "66"
DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR
DODGE BROTHERS SIX
DE SOTO SIX
PLYMOUTH
DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES
FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS
CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

All Products of Chrysler Motors

AN INSPIRED Chrysler Motors engineer conceives a new mechanical principle; a noted scientist develops a new metallurgical treatment—and instantly the efficient minds that guide the group efforts of Chrysler Motors plan ways and means of applying the discovery to each of Chrysler Motors products.

In this way, advancements of practical value to the world are made available in many products at many price levels so that the greatest possible number of persons may enjoy them.

Thus it is that even the lowest-priced cars built by Chrysler Motors embody such features as the unequaled Chrysler weather-proof internal-expanding 4-wheel hydraulic brakes, the characteristic Chrysler-designed high-compression L-head motors, the high-turbulence offset combustion chambers, the rubber engine mountings, the subtle perfection of Chrysler styling and coachcraft, and many other typical Chrysler contributions to motoring progress.



Every day, every week, every month, the tireless quest for quality goes forward in the great Chrysler Motors Engineering Laboratory in Detroit—to the end that higher quality may be expressed in terms of greater value for all the world that motors.

CHRYSLER MOTORS

FOR BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE

Taking a hint from . . . *people of means*

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

FULL PLYMOUTH SIZE

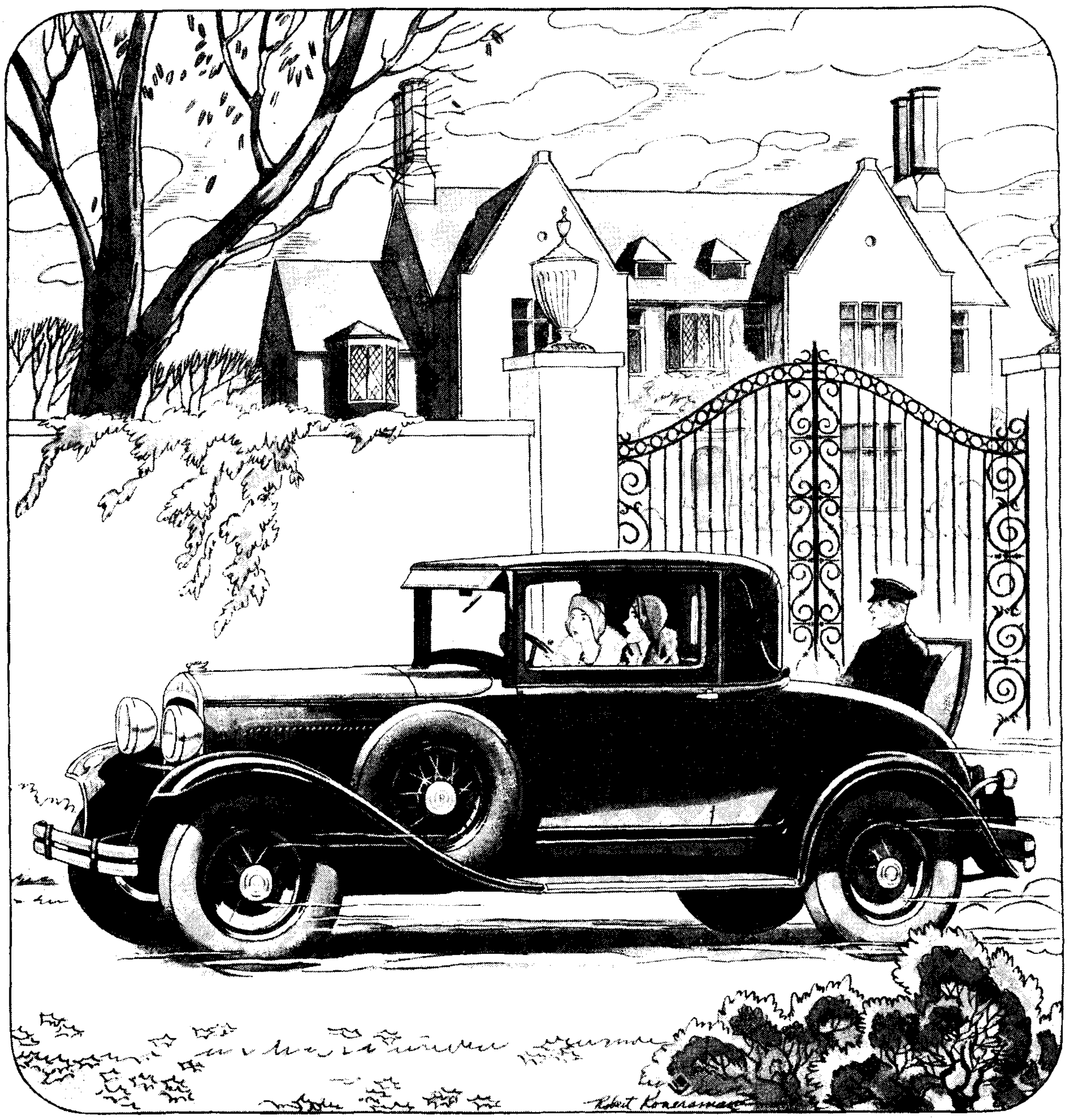
$655

. . and upwards F.O.B. Factory

PEOPLE of means started it. They bought Plymouths because they liked them . . . with the assurance that nobody could suspect price of being a consideration.

Next came people who just didn't care to invest a lot of money in an automobile. They found that the *full-size* Plymouth, with its Chrysler-built distinction, made it possible to own a low-priced automobile without apology for its appearance.

They learned that in addition to good looks Plymouth gives a sparkling performance that's exceptional . . . solid comfort and room for relaxation attained through the introduction of *full-size* bodies into the low-priced field . . . 4-wheel hydraulic brakes, noiseless, self-equalizing and safe, second to none in the world . . . and quality so thoroughgoing that it banishes all the little annoyances that people used to think inevitable in low-priced cars.



THE FULL-SIZE PLYMOUTH DE LUXE COUPE, $695 (*Special Equipment Extra*)

The result was a swing to low-cost motoring that absorbed 127,768 Plymouths last year—the first year of Plymouth history. Well-informed people are buying the Plymouth because it is the first *full-size luxury* car ever offered at so low a price.

PRICES: *Coupe, $655; Roadster (with rumble seat), $675; 2-Door Sedan, $675; Touring, $695; De Luxe Coupe (with rumble seat), $695; 4-Door Sedan, $695; De Luxe Sedan, $745. All prices f. o. b. factory. Plymouth dealers extend the convenience of time payments.*

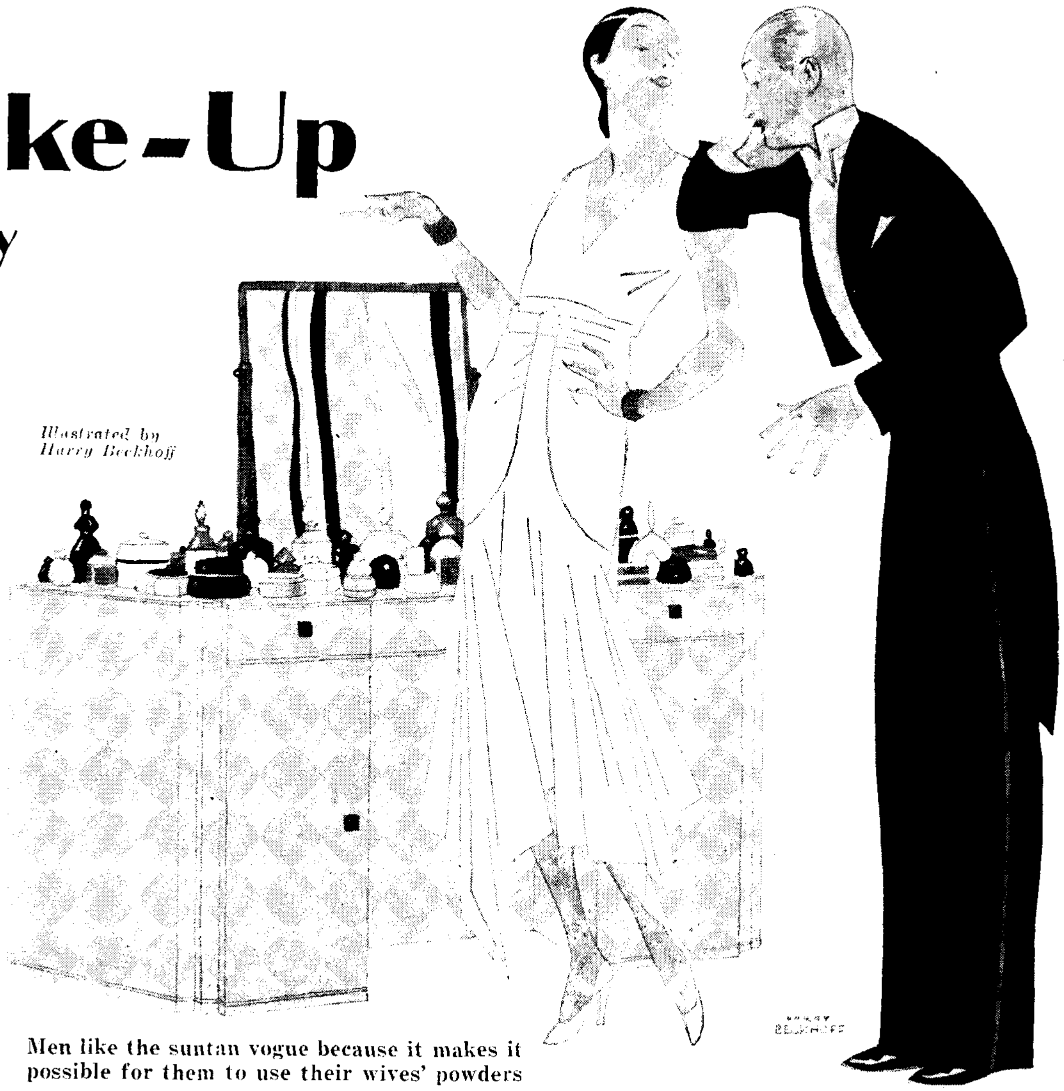
PLYMOUTH

AMERICA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR

Miss and Make-Up

By Betty Thornley

The South uses the most rouge, New England the least. New York, Dallas and San Francisco women make up best. We could enlighten you with many more startling facts like these gleaned from the cosmetic industry, a new and important member of the Big Business club



Men like the suntan vogue because it makes it possible for them to use their wives' powders

"YES," said the Department of Commerce, looking at us out of a stern and rockbound eye, "you women of America spent one billion, eight hundred and twenty-five million dollars for artificial aids to beauty during 1928, and this year the biggest face powder manufacturer in the world is going to advertise intensively in the farm papers to round out his market. Did you know that America's total export trade is only five billions? Talk about tariff reprisals—talk about the need for farm relief—"

We didn't wait to hear him finish; we scuttled for the elevator, feeling as guilty as a bootlegger in a Methodist prayer meeting. We knew what he probably didn't—that the 1929 beauty bill was sure to be a whole lot larger, considering how the suntan rage had given us toasted blondes overnight, to say nothing of brunettes who looked as though they'd gone native. Half the soda clerks in the country must have been pressed into service selling powder and rouge and lotions and lipstick to ladies with boxes and bottles at home that were suddenly no good because they were shades too light.

But nobody should lie down under a blow. We raised the family chin, took out our flat red compact, powdered our nose with our favorite gypsy tan and felt better. With such accusations hurled at us, perhaps the clock had struck for us to investigate this make-up business in a really serious way. Men who read Collier's would want to know where the billion went. Women were dying to hear how to spend the next billion.

We need a battery of cosmetics for the wide color-gamut in fall clothes

Personal preferences as well as national reputation leading, the first source we consulted was the lovely and exotic lady who was responsible for our own pet powder. We'd like to throw up her name in large caps right here, but the editor is adamant about advertising, so we'll just call her Poland's gift to America in the interests of beauty. She was the first in the world to invent an artificial tan make-up, so she really ought to be carried to the Hall of Fame on a float swathed in the flags of all nations, but if the consciousness of having held out a helping hand to her fellow sisters is a reward in itself, she's got hers already.

New Color Schemes

Today, we're all tanned—out in the sun, or out of a bottle. Which leads right up to Madame's prediction that a few women will begin to bleach this winter. You've only got to remember what happened to the bob to realize the likelihood of this. When every last head in the world had gone under the shears, long hair began to come back. It came slowly—but it's still coming. And the younger girls were the first to have it because they were tired of seeing themselves caricatured by grandmother.

But, for the present, we're in the suntan era with no reaction perceptible, and most of us will stay as we are at least through the autumn. To acquire our new skins, we used sunburn oils before going outdoors, in quantities that the Department of Commerce can't tabulate until next year. Whether we went in for the old white foundation creams or the 1929 lotions with coloring in them, we put them on parts of ourselves where they'd never gone before—which accounted for another pile of money.

Madame gives it as her opinion that we did economize at one point, for her clients at least used much less rouge than usual. But she prophesies a future for rouges of standard tone this winter, to which will be added a revival of those with an orange cast.

As to powder—it was sold in white, but only to the Cuban and the South American trade. Unmodified pink, once the national standby, simply didn't exist. But the variations on the sunburn theme kept the market busy, the more so as all really serious tanners found their middle-of-the-season shade quite too light long before Labor Day.

Facing the wide color-gamut in autumn clothes, Madame has evolved the theory that we all need a perfect battery of cosmetics, because some of the new costume shades look better when the skin color is blended to the costume, others when costume and skin contrast as vividly as possible, while with still others attention needn't be centered so much on the skin itself as on the business of playing up the lips, the hair and the eyes.

In wearing blue, for example, all types should work for contrast, especially those brunettes with yellow in their skins; these should avoid yellowish powders and choose instead powders with warm tones to emphasize the pink or the red contrasting tints.

Black will demand as sharp a contrast as can be managed—an ivory skin, if you have it, or the most exotic suntan you can achieve. Rouge will be required with either make-up; lips and eyes must be strongly emphasized.

When you're wearing red, it doesn't matter so much what powder you use, though one with a pinkish rather than a yellowish cast is generally better, except when suntan make-up is worn. Rouge and lipstick, however, must be just right, or your whole face will be nothing but a painstaking mistake.

With the bright, clear reds, up to and including vermilion, be sure to choose lipstick and rouge without the slightest hint of purple, and vice versa when you go in for clothes in the wine tones. With orange, russet and copper browns, powder, rouge and lipstick must be used to blend with the costume, never to contrast—and here's where our old friend tangerine rouge bobs up again. With red or pinkish browns, including the popular chocolate, avoid anything that suggests the make-up you've just donned for the orange browns. Green, the last of the new colors and one of great importance, leaves the road open either for contrast or blend in make-up. Contrast, if the unmodified, the gray or the blue greens are worn that call for warm powder tones and clear reds in rouge and lipstick—blend, if the yellow greens are chosen that look much better with yellowish or brownish powders, rouges and lipsticks of vermilion or even slightly more orange tint. . . .

Shady Business

In the evening, the smart women who patronize Madame's modernistic salon go in for those exotic powders used so much abroad—mauve for the blonde, to whom it gives ethereal transparency, green for the fair woman who has a trifle too much red in her skin. The brunette and the very tanned of other types should use a cream shade. In every case, powder for the evening should be lighter than the same woman's daytime standby, just as lipstick should be brighter and rouge, too, if she uses any.

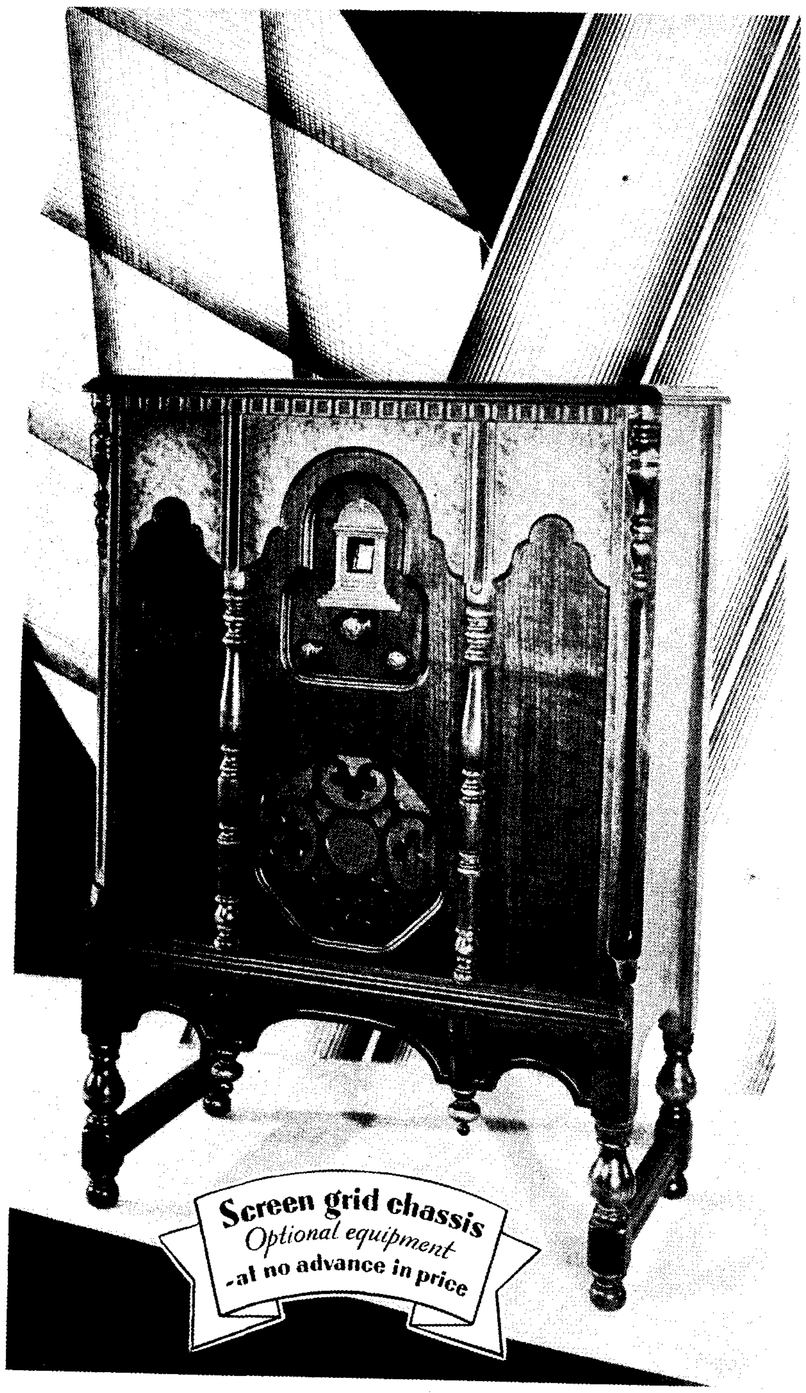
It wasn't so long ago that most of us knew of no shades in eye shadow but black and brown; and we thought that even these were reserved for the stage. Later, we learned that blue eyes could be bluer, and even gray eyes blue if we used blue eye shadow, with blue mascara after dark.

The New Decree

But the gentle art of eye-beautifying has taken great strides in the last few months. According to the latest dicta, brown eyes mustn't add their usual brown shadow when their owner intends to wear blue; she must try blue, gray, black or

(*Continued on page 61*)

Built for those who have waited for music



THE NET RESULT of most radio improvements has been to produce regimented thousands of instruments . . . . good . . . . dependable . . . . but all fruits of the same vine, mechanical excellence.

Temple has gone on from where the others thought improvement ended. Temple has added two priceless contributions of acoustical engineers. As a consequence, Temple reception is an aesthetic treat . . . . superb tone, set in beauty by an artist. • • • •

To the millions who have deferred buying until radio development should resolve itself into stabilized perfection, this Templetone will be a revelation. It must be heard.

Thousands of Temple dealers are eager to prove that radio has no precedent for the flawless beauty of Temple's tone miracle.

• • •

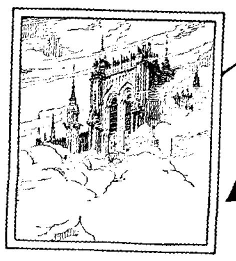
Temple is all-electric, standard chassis six 227 tubes—push pull amplification in last audio stage, using two new 245 power tubes—full-wave rectification. A power supply oversized in every respect in combination with the Temple electro-dynamic Speaker assures matchless tone for Temple Receivers. Consoled ready for use. The Temple 8-60 Console . . . $149; The Temple 8-80 Grand Console . . . $169; the Temple Combination . . . $269; all prices less tubes. Temple Receivers are licensed by R.C.A. and associated companies.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

TEMPLE CORPORATION
CHICAGO U. S. A.

TEMPLE

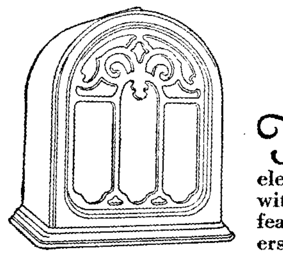
TEMPLETONE



Radio

"A" © 1929 T. C.

"THE SWITCHBOARD OF A NATION"



Housed in beauty, the Temple electro-dynamic is the only speaker with the adjustable hum eliminator feature. Separate table type speakers are available for those who do not own a Temple Receiver.

$39.00 *for the Temple electro-dynamic Speaker*
$20.00 *for the Magnetic Speaker*

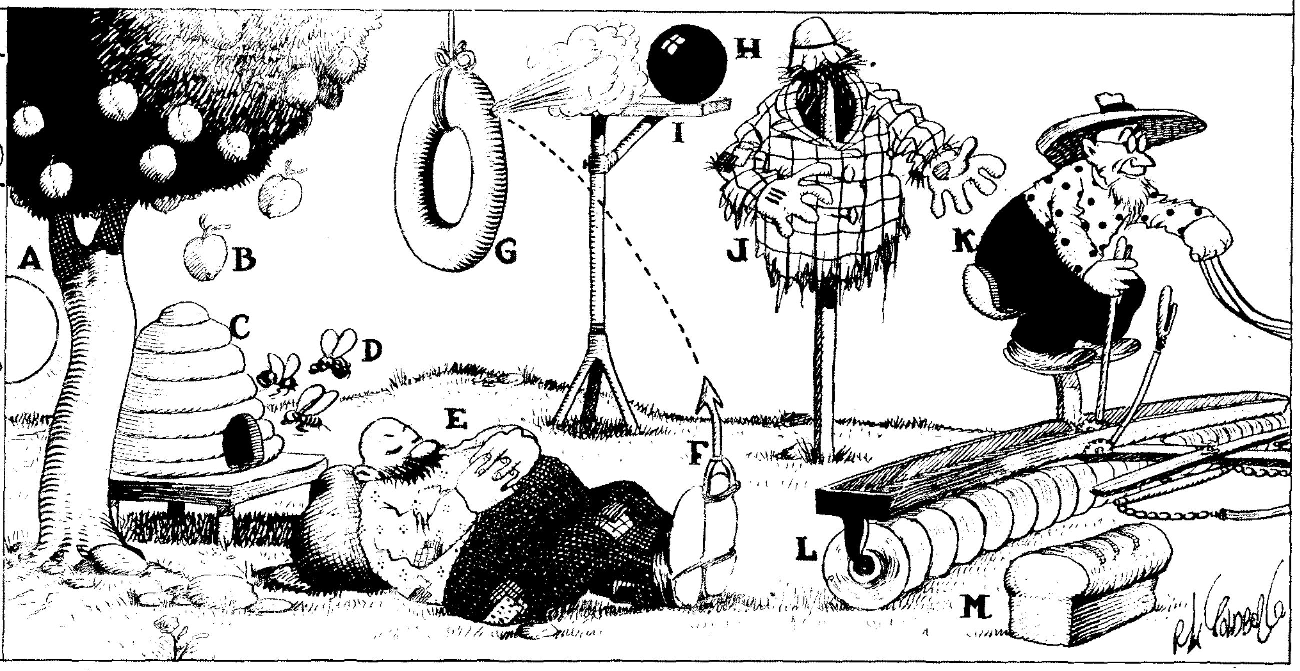
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

TEMPLE NIGHTS
Every Thursday Night at 10—Eastern Time—
Over Columbia Network.

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS TRIPS OVER A RUG AND, WHILE LOOKING AT THE STARS, DISCOVERS AN IDEA FOR SLICING BREAD FOR THE PICNIC SANDWICH.
RISING SUN (A) RIPENS PEACHES (B) WHICH FALL ON BEEHIVE (C) SCARING OUT BEES (D) WHICH STING SLEEPING INDIVIDUAL (E). SUDDEN PAIN CAUSES HIM TO DOUBLE UP AND KICK LEGS. SPEAR (F) PUNCTURES INNER TUBE (G). PRESSURE OF ESCAPING AIR PUSHES CANNON BALL (H) OFF SHELF (I), KNOCKING OVER SCARECROW (J), WHICH CLUTCHES FARMER (K) FROM THE REAR. FARMER, BELIEVING HE IS BEING ATTACKED BY A BANDIT, STARTS DRIVING HOME LIKE MAD CAUSING DISCS (L) ON DISC-HARROW TO SLICE BREAD (M) IN EVEN PIECES.
THIS INVENTION ISN'T REALLY VERY IMPORTANT BECAUSE SOMEBODY USUALLY GETS BITTEN BY A SNAKE EARLY IN THE DAY AND THE PICNIC BUSTS UP BEFORE YOU GET A CHANCE TO EAT ANY LUNCH.



Leave it to the Ladies

Continued from page 26

my dear girl, there isn't a chance. No one but Olivia could conceive a scheme at once so illegal and so ridiculous—"

"Olivia?" Linda sat up straight also. "Do you know her?"

"No," said Taylor quickly. "No, I don't know her at all, not in the least. I've seen her name in the papers occasionally. But of course, my dear Miss Wren—Miss Wren, wasn't it?—of course I can't let you go ahead with any such absurd plan. Do you realize the penalties for conspiracy—with forgery probably thrown in? Not to mention the mere detail of traveling on a false passport? Do you realize you have an excellent chance of landing in a French jail?"

LINDA, who realized nothing of the sort and whose ideas of French jails were picked up from Manon, Jean Valjean, and a motion picture Bastille, was properly terrified. Little pale spots appeared at the corners of her mouth. But she was determined nevertheless, and she was particularly determined to let Mr. Taylor know it. "I must do my duty, Mr. Taylor," she said. "When I think of poor, dear Olivia, happy at last after three years of agony with a cruel inebriate, incompatible non-supporter—"

"What a man!"

"Yes," she explained sadly, "that's what it says on the papers which I have in my trunk about her horrible husband—"

He laughed. "So you think Phil Dana must be pretty terrible, do you? And you've taken poor, dear Olivia's word for it—or no, the papers'. I forgot the papers. Now I think it's time I did a little confiding in you, Miss Wren."

"I shall be only too happy if I can help you, dear Mr. Taylor."

His beginning was very satisfactory. "You may think it a coincidence, dear Miss Wren, but I also am going to France on a matter connected with divorce. I, too, have a poor, dear wife just like Olivia. All I say, if anything, about her is that our parents shouldn't have married us, that we are almost perfectly suited to make each other miserable, and that the sooner we are freed by law the better. I might, if in a rage, add that she would present a more dignified figure in the meantime if she didn't fancy herself in love with every rotter she meets who owns a flying boat. On the other hand, she says of me, and she has papers too, that I am, as you say, an inebriate, and a—well, all those things your papers say poor old Phil Dana is."

"But you aren't, dear Mr. Taylor." Linda was indignant. "We shan't allow it," she said. "I'll testify for you at the same time I'm getting the final decree for poor, darling Olivia."

"What!" It was sad, thought Linda, how hopeless he was. He just spread out his hands and said: "What's the use? But I'll tell you, Linda—see there now, I've called you Linda—if I were you, instead of giving me all the sympathy, I'd save a little of it for poor Philip De Witt Dana. Maybe the divorce papers are wrong about him too."

She had no opportunity to point out the absurdity of this, for, with some remark about having business correspondence to attend to, he kicked out of his steamer blanket and rose to go. They were running into rougher waters and she watched his tall figure lean against the roll as he strode away.

The steward, arranging the chair, picked up an envelope from the folds of the blanket. "Mr. Dana dropped a letter. Will you take it for him, Madam?"

"Who? That was Mr. Taylor sitting here." She stared at the envelope. What was Mr. Taylor doing with a letter addressed to Philip De Witt Dana, Esq.? Her eyes caught upon the white card attached to the headpiece of his deck chair—"P. D. Dana—317."

She flew down the deck, like an infuriated ladybird, to the attack. Tears stood in her eyes, not soft gray ones but gleaming rage tears. She was sputtering even before she caught up with Philip De Witt Dana in the writing-room corridor. "You cruel! You deceitful!" She stamped her foot, very close to his toe.

"Linda! Linda, my dear child—"

"Philip De Witt Dana, I shall get that divorce if I'm guillotined for it."

A RATHER noticeable pitch made her progress to her cabin a series of full stops and little runs. A radiogram from Olivia had just come for her: "Learn from New York Phil on Minnewaska. Must be your Taylor and know all. Better abandon plan and return. Shall sail on first available boat myself."

Linda replied heroically: "Never stop remain and be happy stop shall elude and outwit him stop Linda."

That done she felt better. No, she felt worse, unaccountably worse. While the Minnewaska rode into a fairly heavy, storm-driven sea, Linda lay down on her unsteady bed and felt worse than she had ever felt in her life. The stewardess found her all in a heap and undressed her and put her to bed. "You'll be all right, my dear, once we run through this storm."

Vaguely Linda seemed aware of that sentence repeated over and over again for the next forty-eight hours. She didn't care. She was past caring about anything. Four or five times the stewardess told her there was a gentleman to see her and she mustered up enough strength to say no.

On top of it all it seemed unfair for that man to keep coming back and making her say no. Perhaps she was in utter despair this time. Perhaps the seas were leveling out. Anyway, instead of saying just no this time, she said, "Oh, very well, let him see me then. Put my kimono on me, will you, Stewardess. Better take down those stockings. They're dry, aren't they? He probably never saw a girl's stocking with a darned heel before."

Receiving no reply, she rolled over just in time to see Philip De Witt Dana, Esq., taking down her stockings from the towel rack and making them into a neat little ball. "Linda!—you poor forlorn baby. Don't you see you shouldn't go traveling off like this with no one to watch out for you?"

He put some ice in a towel and bathed her brow with it and it felt all right. "Don't worry about anything," he said. "You're going to Paris and have a fling. I'm going to see that you do."

"My dear Mr. Dana—" Linda sat up. "I shall have nothing to do with a man who, under an alias, beguiles an honest girl's confidences out of her. I suppose you intend to dog my footsteps until I appear at Nice before the judge and say, 'Your Honor, this woman is not my real wife—' "

A smile turned up the corner of his mouth but was quickly disciplined. "Well, you know, dear Linda, that the French court insists upon a reconciliation scene if both parties are present. And I shall be present. My motive in coming was not to prevent this divorce, Heaven forbid, but to delay it until Olivia selected less ridiculous grounds and until she has time to get over an infatuation for a certain jackass named Gerald Pratt. She'll marry the minute she's free and she ought to get a better break than Pratt. Now I have the additional motive of keeping you out of trouble—"

For an instant a swelling gratitude almost betrayed her into the enemy's hands. He had such nice firm hands. Then she remembered her mission and the deceitfulness of men. "You cannot deceive me," she said. "I give you fair warning. I have a mission—and I'm going to carry it out."

FRANCE!—the low, intimate, cloud-spotted sky over the peaked roofs of a harbor town! They leaned together at the rail watching the harbor boats and fishing craft.

Linda sighed and her fingers trembled on his arm. But she didn't mind that. It was all part of her clever woman's plan, she decided, to put him off guard. He would think she had forgotten all about dear Olivia and then she would slip away from him, dart down to Nice, and it would all be a—she paused in her thought to consult her French-English phrase book—a *fait accompli* before he knew it.

But it was not so easy to slip away from him as she'd thought. She tried it on the boat train by trading reservation numbers with an obliging old gentleman, but her enemy was waiting for her in the station in Paris. In fact, he had all their luggage in the same taxicab and assumed entire authority as to what hotel she would stop at. "I'm taking you to the Lincoln on the rue Bayard, a block from the Rond Point. I'll go to the Plaza Athénée. It's within a hundred and fifty yards of you. Tomorrow we will begin on Paris."

Tomorrow, at eight A. M., however, Linda checked out of the Lincoln and went to the Ritz. That would be the last place he would expect a girl with darned heels to go. That same morning she discovered seven new perfumes on the rue de la Paix alone and returned to the Ritz to have luncheon in a garden full of gay people and sunlight. But they wouldn't give her a table. The maître d'hôtel said, "All are reserved," twenty times until, suddenly changing, he bowed her to the most pleasant little table in the garden, right next the fountain. Glancing about for an explanation of this, as the phrase book said, *volte-face*, she saw Philip De Witt Dana hovering at her shoulder.

(*Continued on page 40*)

The GREATEST ANNOUNCEMENT EVER MADE ABOUT MOTOR OIL

For Your Car—A Paraffin-Base Oil Without Wax

Wax Turns
Candle-Hard
Under Cold
Wax Turns
Water-Thin
Under Heat

In presenting the new Waxfree Havoline Oil it seems fitting to pay tribute to the genius of Dr. F. X. Govers, originator of the process which makes this remarkable new lubricant possible. Dr. Govers' wide experience in general commercial chemistry, and his unusual skill in mechanical design, have made a contribution of tremendous importance to the refining industry, and to the public at large.

J. H. Graham

President, Indian Refining Company

This is the first announcement of the new Waxfree Havoline Oil to the motorists of America.

For years the oil industry has sought to produce such an oil—a paraffin-base oil from which all wax has been removed.

SPECIFICATIONS

The New Waxfree Havoline #30

*VISCOSITY STANDARD ESTABLISHED BY
the Society of Automotive Engineers

FLASH POINT		450° F.
FIRE POINT		520° F.
VISCOSITY	at 130° F.	*220
	at 210° F.	58
COLD TEST		5 below zero F.

Specification figures for Havoline #30 are shown here because it is a popular grade of lubricant for a number of cars. Havoline dealers have the correct grade for every car

Impartial oil experts can tell you these specifications show that the new Waxfree Havoline surpasses all previous standards of quality in oil

For months, chemists, engineers, automobile makers have awaited details of the Indian Refining Company's accomplishment.

Now, here are the facts.

These facts are based upon definite figures—the specifications by which engineers now judge oil. These specifications are indicated in the first column.

What do these specifications prove?

They prove that the new Waxfree Havoline (*Govers Process*) has heat resisting quality superior to any other oil of the same viscosity at 210° F. and above

—has best cold weather lubricating values

—remains "oily" at any temperature

—is the oil that meets *all* specifications for ideal lubrication.

Without a doubt, this is the greatest advance in oil refining since the automobile was invented.

A refinery covering 400 acres was made into a huge laboratory, embracing on a large scale of operation all the technical features commonly found only in a small laboratory. After years of studious research, of pioneer mechanical design, and of painstaking construction the new *Govers Process* is now brought to perfection.

What does this announcement mean to you and to your motor car?

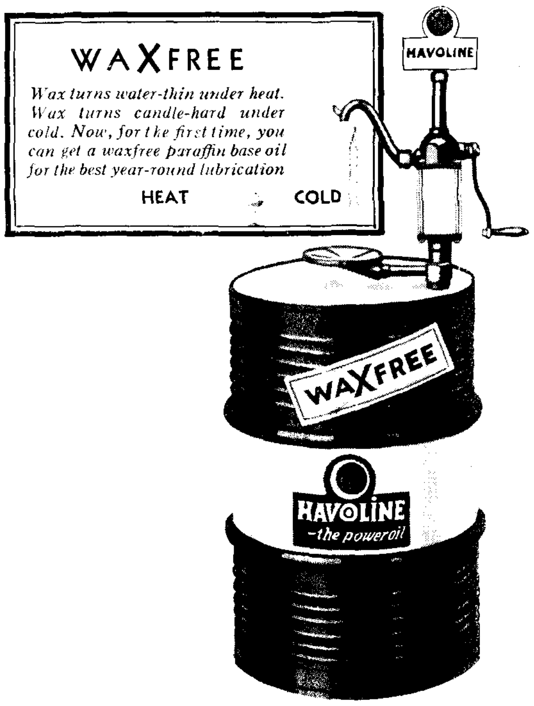
It means protection for your engine, from searing heat, a better defense against power loss—better hill climbing ability—more miles per gallon of gas.

In cold weather—remember this fact—it will mean easier starting. No engine stiffness at zero—because this oil flows at temperatures below zero.

Now you can put in your crankcase a pure lubricant—the new Waxfree Havoline is not a blended oil.

Get the new Waxfree Havoline (*Govers Process*)—wherever Havoline Oils are sold. It retails at 35c a quart—it is worth far more in engine protection.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
Lawrenceville, Illinois



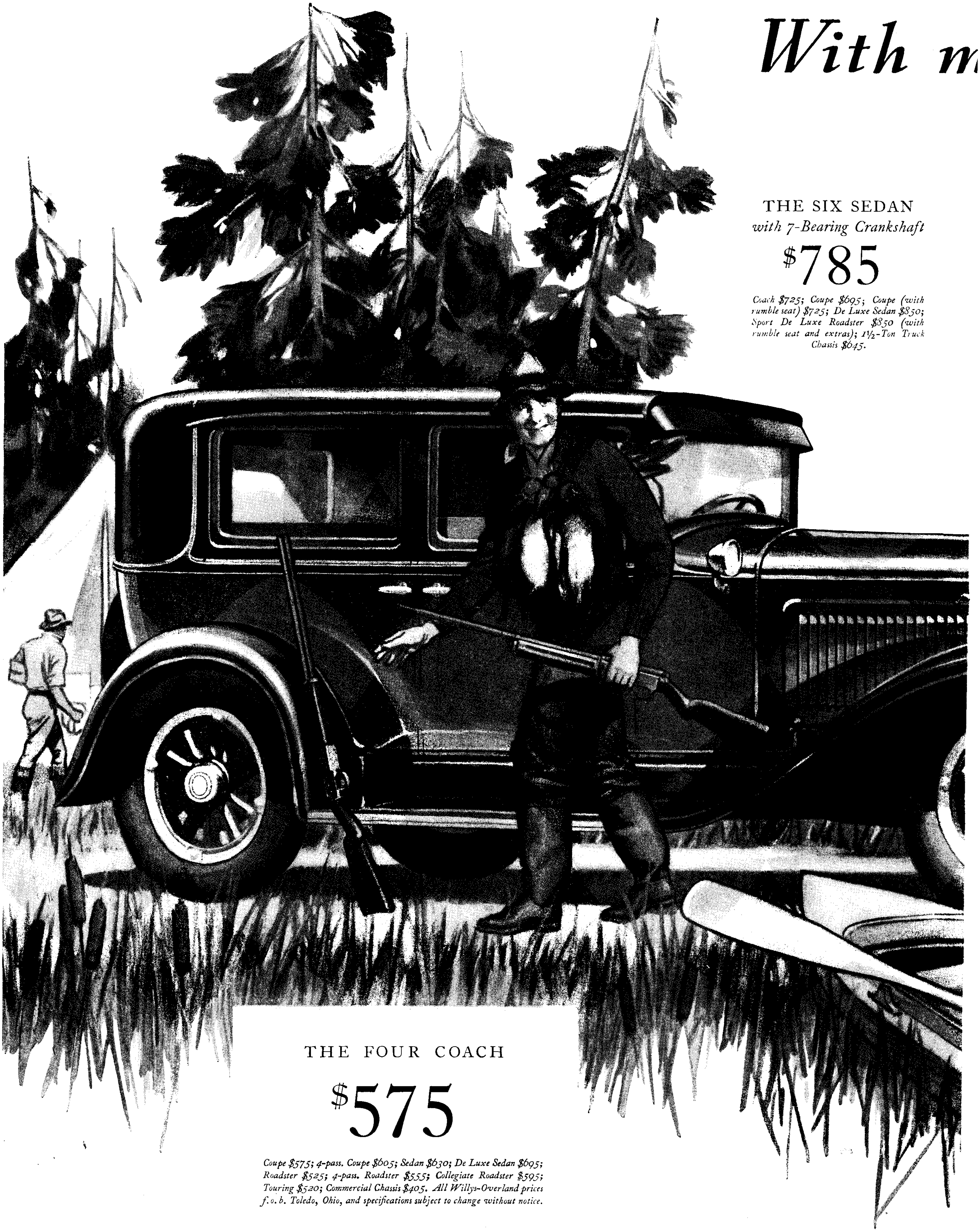
Wax turns water-thin under heat. Wax turns candle-hard under cold. Now, for the first time, you can get a waxfree paraffin base oil for the best year-round lubrication

The New WAXFREE HAVOLINE

35¢ a QUART

Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada

With m



THE SIX SEDAN

with 7-Bearing Crankshaft

$785

Coach $725; Coupe $695; Coupe (with rumble seat) $725; De Luxe Sedan $850; Sport De Luxe Roadster $850 (with rumble seat and extras); 1½-Ton Truck Chassis $645.

THE FOUR COACH

$575

Coupe $575; 4-pass. Coupe $605; Sedan $630; De Luxe Sedan $695; Roadster $525; 4-pass. Roadster $555; Collegiate Roadster $595; Touring $520; Commercial Chassis $405. All Willys-Overland prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

st advantages of cars at triple its price

FORCE-FEED LUBRICATION
SILENT TIMING CHAIN
SEMI-ELLIPTIC SPRINGS
TIMKEN BEARINGS
BIG 4-WHEEL BRAKES
EXTRA LONG WHEELBASE
OVERSIZE BALLOON TIRES
INVAR-STRUT PISTONS

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TOWER'S
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Leave it to the Ladies

Continued from page 36

So the French were in league with *him* too, were they? Well, a clever woman was a match for all the maîtres d'hôtel in France—no small boast if Linda had but known it. That night, bag and baggage, she slipped out of the hotel and took a train for a place called Biarritz, which the thoroughly confided-in concierge of the Ritz said was very *gentil* for a lonely little girl.

Her pursuer arrived at Biarritz just in time to rescue her from an Argentine gentleman who was going to show her how to double her capital at baccara, just in time to dry her tears, scold her, and dance, dine and be gay with her for two days. Finally, remembering her mission again and confident that her enemy's suspicions had been lost in gayety, she ran away to St. Jean de Luz.

But Phil Dana found her in St. Jean. In the course of the following month and three days he found her in San Sebastian, Pau, Carcassonne, Tours, Montreuil, Lausanne, and at Villa d'Este at Como. She gave up there.

POOR, dear Olivia's continued happiness in Florida all this time was Linda's only solace. That is, it was her only solace from the standpoint of duty. That cruel, deceitful Philip, to be sure, provided little temporary solaces such as moonlight boat rides to Bellagio, et cetera, et cetera. They only emphasized the extreme need for a swift decisive stroke if victory were to be won at all.

She came to this decision as she sat with her enemy on the Villa d'Este boat landing after their return from Bellagio. She had on the dress which Olivia always chose for her sweeter, simpler moods, white and floating. She had on the long flowing scarf which Olivia always counted upon to entangle and ensnare people with flying boats. The moonlight was sliding down the mountain slopes and silver-plating the smooth waters and there was a mystery in Linda's gray eyes which Olivia's never more could know. "Linda darling, why do you keep running away from me like this?"

"Like how?" What did he mean? "I'm not running away. I'm just sitting here."

"I mean this jumping from Biarritz to Como trying to lose me. Don't you realize that you are doing more for me than you ever can do for Olivia? I'm the one who needs the help. I'm the one who must be taught again that when gray eyes say 'I love you' they mean for always, through everything, in complete trust. It is not wise for a girl to trust too well, Linda, but it is infinitely endearing if she does."

It was what happened after that, her impetuous little moment. He had no right to take advantage of her sympathies and make her want to pull his head down close and not care what happened to Olivia's sweet white dress. She broke away from him and jumped up and away inside just in time to save herself from forgetting her entire mission. So she must not linger at Villa d'Este. It was time for a decisive stroke.

Linda's stroke was a secret motor trip to Milan and the six-hour express train direct to Nice. At four o'clock the following afternoon, comfortably established at the Nigresco and with no sign of pursuit in evidence, she descended from a taxicab in the rue St. Jacques and went searching through an apparently uninhabited courtyard for a door marked Monsieur La Farge.

She found it finally, although the name was dim and the official designation of "avocat" and cabalistic descriptive letters rather overshadowed it. A pale, learned-looking young man admitted her. Monsieur La Farge was not in. In fact, he had gone to Grenoble and would not return for three days. "Perhaps I may be of assistance to Madame. I am Monsieur La Farge's assistant. I have been away in Paris. I speak very excellent English also, as you see, Madame. I am Monsieur Pecot."

Monsieur Pecot could find no papers relating to Madame Dana, however, and he lost interest in Linda's explanation that all was arranged except her appearance before the judge of the tribunal and receiving the final decree. He lost interest in everything but the five hundred dollars in greenbacks with which Madame so nonchalantly toyed. On second thought Monsieur Pecot decided that, if all was as Madame said, they might appear before the tribunal and see what happened. Of course such irregularity was quite naturally, as one might say, expensive.

At quarter of eleven the next morning Monsieur Pecot appeared at the Nigresco, and Linda, dressed in the almost pathetically simple black costume with white frills at neck and sleeve which Olivia had advised for the occasion, was ready and waiting in the lobby. They walked the considerable distance to a central place and faced an ominously solid, stern-looking building which Monsieur said rather proudly was "it." They did not see the young but evil Philip De Witt Dana also regarding "it" from across the place.

They went inside, upstairs, and down an echoing corridor. Monsieur Pecot paused to don a long black robe and rabbi's skull cap which he'd carried in a brown paper bundle. He seemed terrifyingly legal, an aspect which he evidently thoroughly enjoyed. "Madame is fortunate that Monsieur the Judge speaks English. Not so well as I, perhaps, but enough. We arrive, Madame."

Linda found herself in a large room in which the strangest collection of humanity she had ever seen sat on long wooden benches and muttered. Up front a black-robed graybeard appeared to rouse himself from slumber occasionally and make some swift comment in staccato French which would be greeted with wails and gesticulation or laughter and embraces. Linda felt sure the wailing ones were to be guillotined and the laughing ones were to get their divorces. She made up her mind that, guillotine or divorce, she would not wail. She had dear Olivia's honor to protect. She did not see her enemy, an expression of alarm upon his face, sitting anxiously in the back of the room.

Monsieur Pecot, who had deserted her for the moment, appeared, like a ghoul in a rite, behind Monsieur the Judge's ear. He returned to her presently. "We are again fortunate, Madame. The Judge will hear Madame at once in his private office. This way, Madame."

MONSIEUR the Judge's private office was a dingy ten-by-twelve room filled chiefly by a large cluttered desk and many dusty file cases. A green-shaded lamp hung above Monsieur's hoary head and one terrified glance at his diamond-bright little eyes dispelled any notion that he was anything but awake and alert. He glanced at her and again at her passport, Olivia's passport. Apparently satisfied, he gave his entire attention to her, his tiny eyes alight with a gleam which might have been keen insight, vindictive pleasure, or sympathetic humor. She really ought to have been warned about that judge.

Linda, trembling before him, was aware of the door opening and closing behind her. She wished Monsieur Pecot would remain. She felt one instant the ice of terror and the next the thrill of victory. After all, she had done it. There was no end to what a clever woman with a noble mission might accomplish. She did not know her pursuer stood even now behind her shoulder.

Monsieur the Judge finally relieved the tension: "While Monsieur Pecot goes to bring the papers relating to Madame, we may proceed with the effort to reconcile as provided by the law. I have a list of Madame's charges and if she and her husband will step forward—"

Linda had to be carried forward. A rather firm, insistent arm carried her forward. She knew that arm. She knew the very gray sleeve. She was not quite so sure of the grim set of Philip De Witt Dana's chin as he commanded her without words to stand fast. How could he have known she was going to Nice? How had he come here? All was lost and the guillotine stared her in the white little face. She scarce heard Monsieur's so strangely softened voice as in desperation she clung to that gray sleeve.

"We have here first the charge of infidelity, Madame. Does Madame still think her husband guilty of that?"

"Oh, yes indeed, Your Honor. I mean, perhaps not so very but—"

"Then if we strike that charge off, Madame, there is cruelty—an incident with a slipper?"

"But it didn't hurt, Your Honor—"

Monsieur paused to consider. "Will Madame and Monsieur please to take each other by the hand? Ah, now! Do you not think, after all, that Madame in her youth and beauty might be very happy with this tall handsome young man?"

"Yes, I think she would, Your Honor. I mean she would be if—"

SHE couldn't say any more because that evil, deceitful, cruel Philip Dana picked her right up and squeezed the breath out of her. He whispered something in her ear which had nothing to do with the situation. He kissed her ear and the top of her head. He said in a voice that sounded booming and unlike his: "If Monsieur will dismiss this silly matter, I promise to make her happy—always."

Linda had her inspiration then. Why hadn't she thought of it before? Everything turned out right if you only confided in people. She would confide in Monsieur Judge.

Monsieur Pecot, bursting in upon them some minutes later, waving a sheaf of papers and wild of eye, found her sitting happily on the edge of the desk.

The guillotine was a vanished shadow. Phil Dana held one of her hands and Monsieur the Judge held the other. "So that, dear, dear Your Honor, was the way the whole thing started—"

"I do not care!" shouted Monsieur Pecot. "I do not care how it start. It is the finish. Madame has deceived me. She is an—an impostor. Madame Dana has been here and had her decree two weeks ago. She is get married and give a banquet at the Nigresco the same day."

"She married her darling Gerald Pratt!" said Linda, leaping down and clapping her hands.

Monsieur Pecot glanced at his papers. "Ah, no! She married a monsieur named Brown—and they sail away over the sea for Morocco in a boat that flies."

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DURANT

A GOOD CAR

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 30

you're off on this one. And I'm afraid your prediction about my bucking up the Diamond must be reversed. If you were not blind you'd see that."

"Glory, hang on to this strange new sweet loving character you've developed, won't you?"

"I'll hang on for dear life," laughed Gloriana, finally won over.

The last day of the old year dawned—the day of Molly's party. The cowboys, excepting Bud, had given up ever expecting to see Curly Prentis again, who, they claimed, had eloped. Jim's small family were all in the living-room early that morning, planning games for the party, when there came a familiar slow step outside, and a knock on the door. Jim opened it.

There stood Curly, rosy-cheeked as any girl, smiling and cool as ever.

"Mawnin', Boss," he drawled.

"How do, Curly. . . . Come in," replied Jim, soberly. It was too sudden for him to be delighted.

Curly sauntered in. He wore a new colored blouse, new blue jeans, and new high top boots, adorned with new spurs. He did not have on a coat or vest, the absence of which brought his worn gun-belt and gun into startling prominence.

"Mawnin', folks. I dropped in to wish you-all a happy New Year," he drawled.

UNCLE JIM, Molly and Gloriana all replied in unison. The old rancher's face wreathed itself into smiles; Molly looked delighted; and Gloriana tranquil, aloof, with darkening eyes.

"Where you been, old-timer?" queried Jim, coolly.

"Wal, I took a little holiday trip to Albuquerque—to see a sweetheart of mine," replied Curly. "Shore had fun. wanted particular to brush up on dancin'. An' my girl Nancy shore is a high stepper. I got some new steps now thet'll make Bud green."

"Albuquerque!" exclaimed Jim, beginning to realize this was Curly Prentis.

"Curly, I never heahed of no Albuquerque girl before," said Molly, bluntly.

"Molly, this was one I forgot to tell you aboot."

"Did you fetch her down for my party?"

"No. I couldn't very well. Nancy's married an' her husband's a jealous old geezer."

It was the expression in Molly's big dark eyes that gave Jim his clue. The cowboy did not live who could deceive Molly Dunn. Curly's story was a monstrous fabrication to conceal his drunken spree. Yet how impossible to believe this clear-faced, clear-eyed cowboy had ever been drunk. Not the slightest trace of dissipation showed in Curly's handsome, fair face. He looked so innocent that it was an insult to suspect such a degrading thing. Suddenly Molly shrieked with mirth, which had the effect of almost startling the others.

"Say, anythin' funny aboot me?" queried Curly, mildly.

"Oh, Curly Prentis!—You're so funny I—I could kiss you."

"Wal, come on. I've shore been in a particular kissable spell lately."

Gloriana was the quiet, wondering one of the group. She had been gullible enough to believe Curly's story, and had no inkling from Molly's mirth. Moreover the growing light in her beautiful eyes gave the lie to cool indifference to Curly's presence. She was too cool. Gloriana could never wholly hide her true feelings. That was part of the price she had to pay for those magnificent orbs of violet.

If ever a cowboy outfit needed to get out of town and back to hard food and hard work the Diamond was surely it—so said Ring Locke. By New Year's they were a spoiled bunch. Bud went round looking for somebody to fight; Jackson Way got married on the sly and broke the outfit in more ways than one; Lonestar grew lonesome and sad, and swore he was pining for Texas; Uphill and Hump developed acute hysteria over some trick or joke which only they seemed to share; Cherry scoured the town for a girl; and Curly, according to united verdict, became a star-gazing idiot. Nevertheless they had daily uproars in the bunk-house, drove Jim and Molly nearly crazy with their pranks, and Gloriana to her wits' end; and at the last, as if to make amends, they made Molly's party a huge success.

The day after New Year's they rode forty miles ahead of the chuck wagon, down out of the snow and cold, to the sunny cedared and piñoned forest. Back to saddle and chaps, to sour-dough biscuits and flapjacks, to chopping wood and smoky camp-fires; in a word, back to the range! And as if by magic they were all in a day the same old Diamond. Jim felt that he could burst with pride and affection. Where was there to be found another group like this? Jim gloried in the fact that he was one of them.

Next camp they were in the pines, and the fourth day they rode along their blazed trail, down into wild and beautiful Yellowjacket. All the long way down that zigzag trail Jim whistled or stopped his horse at the turns to gaze down. Once he heard Bud remark laconically: "My Gawd, it must be great to be in love like the boss. Just soarin'. He'll come down with a hell of a thump pronto."

Jim laughed at Bud, but a couple of hours later, when he gazed at a huge, blackened, charred mass, all that remained of the wonderful peeled pine logs which had been cut to build his ranch-house, he did come down with a sickening thump.

"Haw! Haw! Reckon the Hash Knife has had a party, too," yelled Bud, shrilly.

"Croak Malloy's compliments, Boss. See the latest cut in the aspen there," added Curly, grimly pointing to the largest of the beautiful white-barked quaking-asps near at hand.

CURLY had sharp eyes. Jim dismounted and walked over to the tree. The crude, yet well-fashioned outline of a hash knife had been cut in the bark, and inside the blade was the letter M. Jim had seen enough of these hash knife symbols to be familiar with it, but not before had he noticed the single letter. That was significant. It seemed to eliminate Jed Stone. In a sudden violent burst of temper Jim wheeled to his men and cursed as never before in his life.

"Boys," he said presently, "throw the packs. And three of you go back to the wagon for another load. The rest of us will pitch camp."

According to Slinger the tracks around the cabin site and pile of charred logs were old, and probably had been made the day after the Diamond rode home to Flagerstown before Christmas.

"Which means the Hash Knife had a scout watching us," asserted Jim, quickly.

"Boss, you shore hit it on the haid," remarked Curly, admiringly.

"Dog-gone if he ain't gettin' bright," agreed Bud.

"Speaks kinda bad fer me, but I shore do think jest thet," went on Slinger.

"Slinger, all you could hope to do heah is to watch the trails down in the canyon," said Curly. "Thet greaser of Jed Stone's, the sheep herder Sonora, has been keepin' tab on us from the rim."

"Shore. I was afeered of jest thet. Wal, I hate to kill a man when he ain't out in the open. But he's spyin' on my pardner."

"Slinger, don't be so sorrowful an' apologetic aboot it," replied Curly. "He's a greaser. He's a low-down skunk, a murderer. Next trick he'll shoot one of us in the back. Don't forget he's Croak Malloy's pard, an' not Jed Stone's."

"Smoke him up, Slinger," added Bud, with a sting in his flippant speech. "We've had all our parties an' dances an' spoonin' bees—leastways *I* have, an' thet's no joke. This hyar Sonora better keep out of my sight, for I'll take him for a deer or a turkey or a bobcat."

Jim drew a deep hard breath that actually hurt his lungs. "God, it *is* hell—to wake up to this! . . . Boys, my softy days are past. We'll start this long job slow, and watch as much as we work. Slinger, your job is the same as before, only it's more. Bud, you hunt meat for camp, and I don't need to tell you what else."

"Now you're shore talkin', Boss," drawled Curly, with fire in his eye. "We'll fall down on this job if we don't forget home, an' mother an' sweetheart."

IN SPITE of these convictions and misgivings the weeks went on without any untoward happenings at Yellowjacket. And while vigilance did not relax there was a lulling of apprehension. March came and with it the vanguard of Mexican laborers to blast out and grade the road down into Yellowjacket. Already the road was cut and leveled through the forest to the rim. And at the nearest ranch lumber and framework, cement and pipe, bricks and hardware, had begun to arrive.

Coincident with this arrived also more food supplies, and mail and news, all of which were avidly devoured by the cowboys. Curly had received a letter which rendered him oblivious to his surroundings, even to Bud's sly intrusions into his dream. Jim's uncle had taken Gloriana to California, while Molly went to stay with Mrs. Locke and diligently pursued her studies.

"Jim, lemme see thet letter from Miss Glory," asked Bud, casually. "I jest want to admire thet lovely handwritin'."

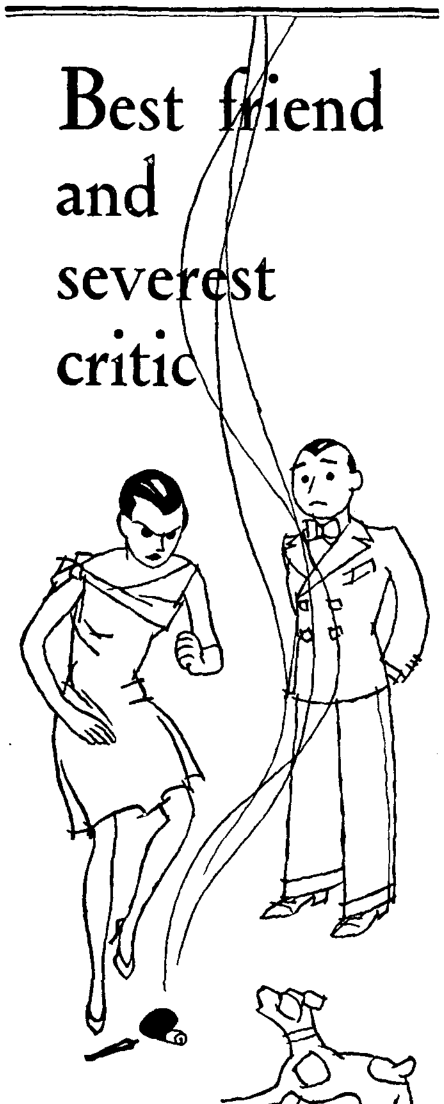
And the innocent Jim handed over the letter.

"I knowed it," declared Bud, after a quick glance, but on the moment he did not explain what it was he knew. Jim guessed readily enough that Bud had seen the handwriting on Curly's letter, and now he was in possession of the secret of Curly's trance-like abstraction.

News from Uncle Jim and Ring Locke, from friends of the cowboys, from the weekly newspaper recently started in Flagerstown, furnished debate, not to mention endless conversation, for many a campfire.

Bambridge had sent his family away from Flagerstown, no one knew where, and had moved to Winslow to conduct his cattle business. Darnell had not been seen in town since Christmas, when

(*Continued on page 44*)



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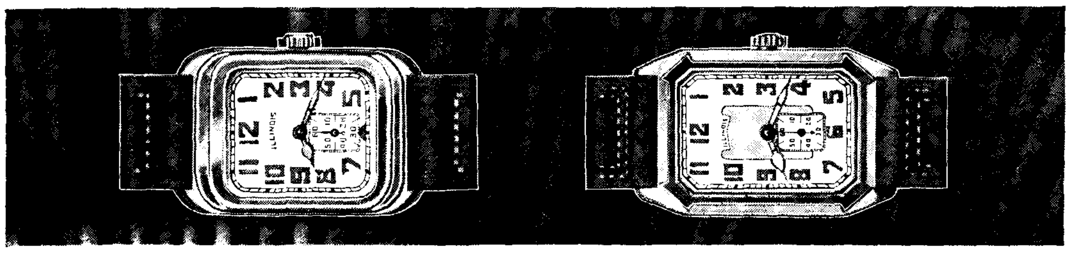
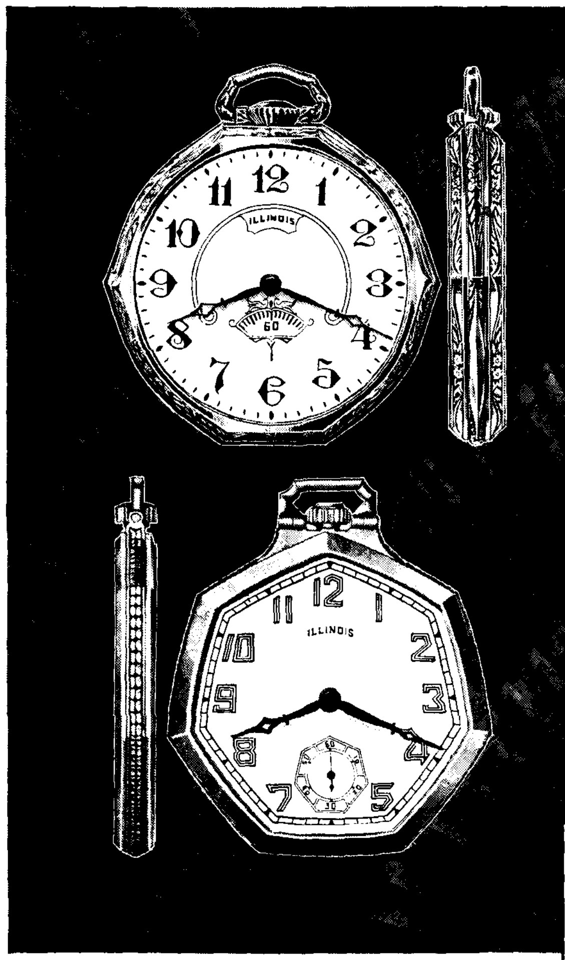
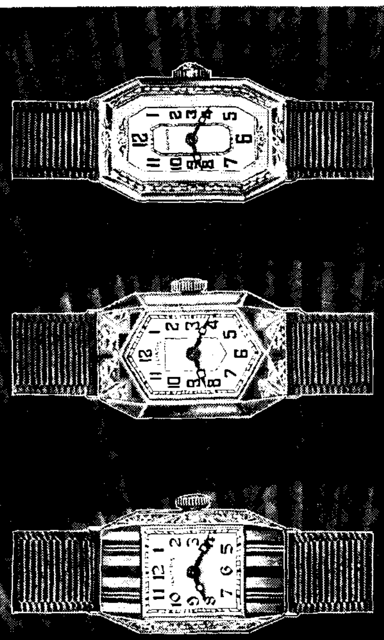
MORE THAN A FINE WATCH

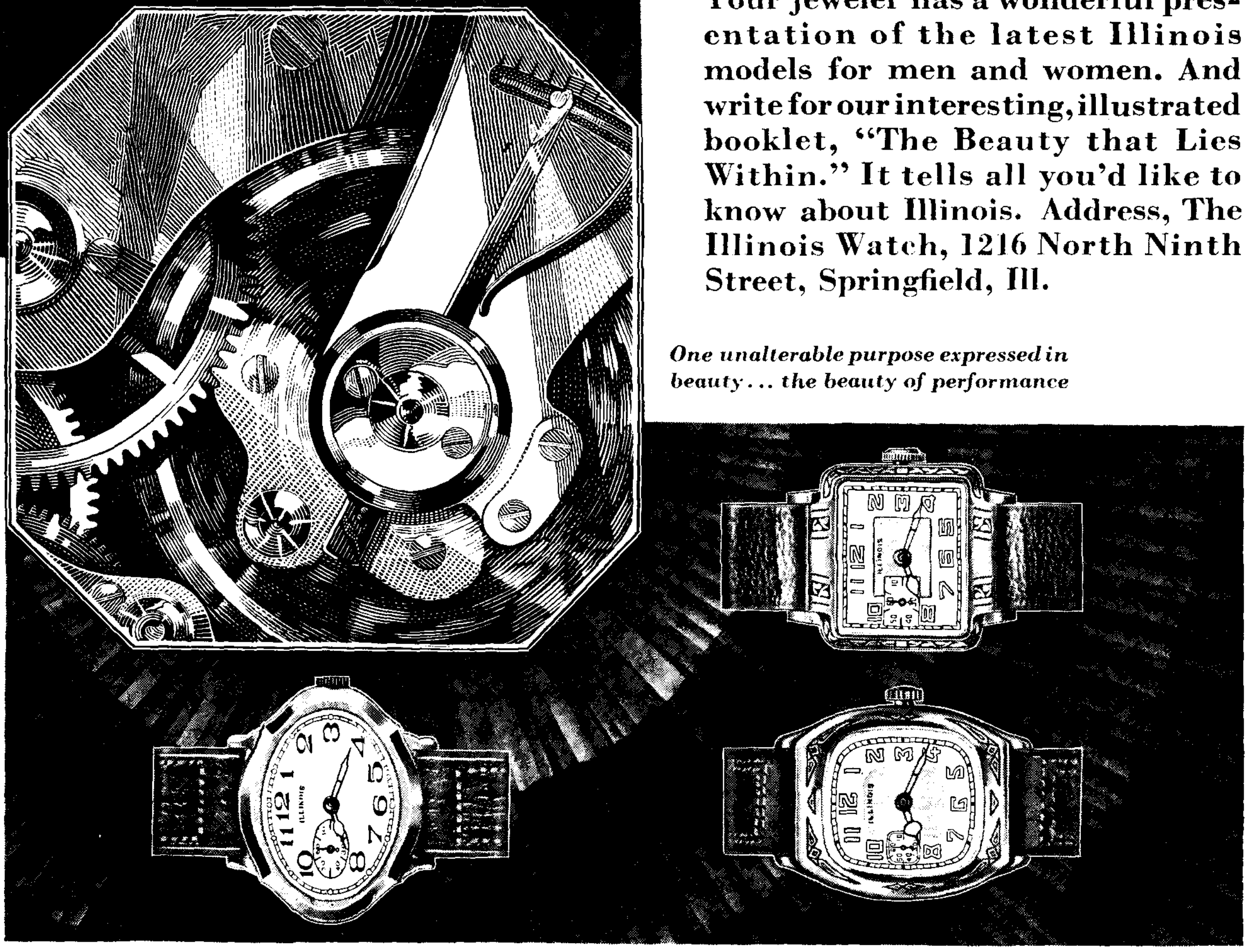


The ILLINOIS

A GREAT AMERICAN WATCH







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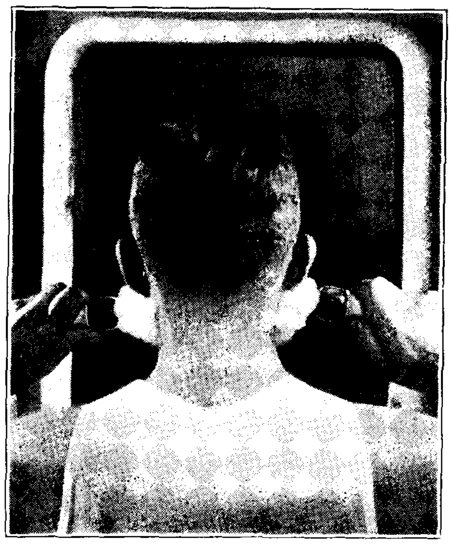

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Each cream gives me a shave worth writing home about. Both lathers come up thick and quick and creamy. Menthol-Iced gives a glorious tingle unlike any other lather in the world—a *swell* shave—but no better, no smoother than the Mennen-Without-Menthol. It's just a question whether you want a cool or a "triple cool" lather! With either cream the razor sails through the whiskers without a trace of "pull" or "scrape." —So I simply *can't* tell you which cream is better. That's why—

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Help me out! I want to know. Try it yourself. Send for the special Voting Sample Package I've made up (liberal tubes of both Mennen Without Menthol and Mennen Menthol-Iced) and make a test yourself. See which one *you* like better. Then let me know. (There's a little score card in the package for your answer.) Sure—the samples are free—this election is on me. Just send the coupon.

2 MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS

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Jim Henry:
c/o The Mennen Co., Dept. C-6, Newark, N. J.

All right Jim—I'll make the test—send me a tube of Mennen Without Menthol and Mennen Menthol-Iced FREE.

Name ______________

Address ______________

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 42

he boarded a late eastbound train, after buying a ticket for Denver. But a cowboy friend of Uphill's had seen Darnell in Holbrook right after New Year's, and hinted that he kept pretty well hidden there. Croak Malloy had shot a man in Mariposa, according to range rumor. Blodgett, who operated a ranch south of the brakes, complained of spring rustling.

"Uncle Jim says to expect our five thousand head of cows and calves, with a sprinkling of steers, just as soon as the road dries up. . . . Darn his stubborn hide!"

"Then he's back from California?" asked Curly, with a naïve hopefulness.

"Sure, long ago. Says he's rarin' to come down. I'll bet he comes, too. And Glory—she raved about California. Let me read you gazabos some of her letter." And Jim sorted over the closely written pages, and finding one, he read aloud a beautiful tribute to the sunny Golden State. Then he went on: "And Jim dear, *something will* have to be done, or I'll sure go back on Arizona for California. I didn't meet any boys out there that can compare with our cowboys. But I can't be loyal forever, without any reward. Tell the outfit that, will you, Jim? And tell them Molly and I are coming down there just as soon as ever Uncle Jim will let us. We're making life almost unendurable for him now. . . .

Jim looked around at the gathering and calmly remarked: "Certainly I would never allow Glory and Molly to visit this wild camp, even if Uncle Jim would, which I greatly doubt."

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" roared Bud, derisively, to the four winds.

"Boss, shore it'll be safe when summer comes," said Curly, eagerly, without the drawl.

"How'll it be safe?" asked Jim, bluntly.

"'Cause, dog-gone it, Slinger an' I will make it safe—if we have to kill off the whole durned Hash Knife Outfit."

"I wasn't thinking of danger to my sister and my sweetheart—from that source," remarked Jim, subtly—and he felt deeply gleeful at the glaring glances of the suspicious cowboys.

"Jim, the outfit has aboot given up whisky and fighting, not to say the society of questionable women—all for you. Don't rub it in," rejoined Curly, in cool, curt drawl, and he stalked away rather too stiff and erect to look his usual graceful self.

It was a rebuke Jim acknowledged he deserved, but he did not take occasion then to explain he had been exercising the cowboy's privilege of being cryptically funny.

THE road came on down into Yellowjacket, and all too soon the horde of bawling cattle followed, to spread over the great wild canyon, and to go on down into the brakes below, and on their heels rolled the wagons with materials for Jim's ranch-house. It took days to transport the lot. And meanwhile the two builders Jim's uncle had sent down drove the cowboys to desperation with log-lifting. Jim labored mightily with them, and had the joy of the primitive pioneer in seeing his habitation go up in the wilderness. Bud ran a pipe-line from Yellowjacket spring, and had water on the place before the house was up. The canyon had never resounded to such unfamiliar noise. Its tranquillity had been disrupted.

It was well on in May when the expert workmen left to go back to Flagerstown, leaving Jim possessed of a spacious new pine house that flashed yellow in the sunlight. But there was still much labor; and Jim realized that it would take months before that habitation coincided with the picture in his mind.

"Jim, heah you have a log-cabin palace aboot ready," drawled Curly, and did not add whether he meant ready for furniture or a bride or for another bonfire for the rustlers.

Then came the spring round-up—the first ever ridden at Yellowjacket—and for days the yells of cowboys, the bawling of calves, and the smell of burning hair filled the canyon. The Diamond brand went on hundreds of calves and yearlings. Whether he liked it or not Jim had begun his ranching, and the cowboys had settled down once more to life in the saddle.

"Wal, the longer thet Hash Knife waits the wuss they'll ride over us," summed up the pessimistic Bud.

"Boss, it's shore the range twenty miles an' more down in the brakes that'll take our cattle," added Curly. "You can pen up a few hundred haid heah in the canyon. But your range is below. An' thet damned country is big, an' lookin' for a lost cow will be huntin' a needle in a haystack. It's yours, though, an' worth fightin' for. You can double your stock in two years. Grass an' water mean a fortune to a rancher. To find 'em an' hang on to 'em—thet's the ticket."

"Aw, you gotta hang on to the *cattle*," rejoined Bud. "I've known many a rancher who'd made his pile—if he could only have hanged on."

"Wal, it's lucky for Jim thet the Hash Knife is peterin' out."

"Shore. . . . Say, did you fellars heah a rifle shot?" Curly threw up his head like a listening deer.

"By gum, I heerd somethin'," replied Bud.

"What's strange about it—if you *did*?" queried Jim uneasily.

"Get back under the porch," ordered Curly, sharply. "We made one mistake aboot buildin' this cabin. A good rifle could reach you from thet cliff."

"Wal, it's a safe bet Hump heerd somethin'. Look at him."

The cowboy designated by Bud's speech and finger appeared hurrying under the pines toward the cabin.

"Shot came from high up," observed Curly, warily. "Back a ways from the rim. I wonder would Slinger be up there?"

"Slinger'd be *anywhere* where he ought to be," said Lonestar.

They waited for Hump.

"Fellers," he said, sharply, running up on the porch, "I heerd a forty-four crack up on the rocks. There's somethin' wrong. You could hear it in thet shot."

The Diamond waited, with only one member absent; and every moment increased speculation. When Slinger appeared down the trail there was only one exclamation, which was Curly's: "Ahuh!"

THEY watched the backwoodsman glide along. He had the stride of the deer-stalker. But there seemed to be force and menace, something sinister in his approach.

"Packin' two rifles," spoke up the hawk-eyed Curly. "An' what's thet swingin' low?"

"Pard, it's a gun-belt!" declared Bud.

Slinger soon reached the porch. His dark face betrayed *nothing, but his* glittering eyes were something to avoid. He laid a shiny, worn carbine on the ground, muzzle pointing outward. Then he laid a gun-belt full of shells, and also burdened with a heavy bone-handled gun, at Jim's feet on the edge of the porch. But Jim did not have any voice just then. He sensed the disclosure to come.

"Slinger, whose hardware are you packin' in?" demanded Curly.

"Belonged to thet Hash Knife greaser, Sonora," replied Slinger, who now removed his cap and wiped his wet face. "I struck his fresh track this mawnin' down the trail, an' I followed him. But I never seen *him* till a little while ago, up heah on the rim. He was lyin' flat on his belly, an' gettin' a bead on Jim. Pretty long shot for a greaser, but I reckon it was aboot time I got there."

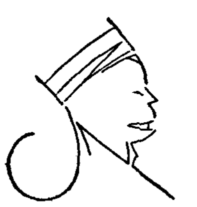
"You young idiot!" exclaimed Curly, red in the face, and with a violence that presupposed a strong emotion. "Heah I've been tellin' you to keep under cover! Is it goin' to take a million years of Arizona to teach you things? . . . My Gawd, boy—thet greaser shore would have plugged you!"

(To be continued next week)

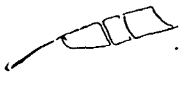
Nameographs

You've heard of drawing pictures with words. Here's something different—try it with letters.

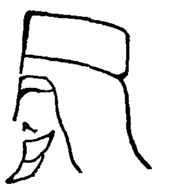
We pay $5 each for acceptable Nameographs. Send yours to Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



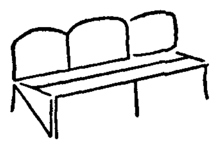
"Chinaman," by J. Francis Rapoza, 64 Acushnet Ave., New Bedford, Mass.



"Quill," by H. Thomas, 3-255 General Motors Building, Detroit, Mich.



"Arab," by S. Gillis, 1015 Leontine St., New Orleans, La.



"Bench," by Louis J. Battistone, 309 Washington St., Providence, R. I.

The *next time you see* Water or Gas Mains *being laid in* Your *town*

IT'S to *your* advantage to give those mains more than a passing glance. It's to *your* advantage to find out what kind of pipe is being used. If it isn't the kind of pipe that's going to outlast any other kind of pipe, you have the right to ask why. Short-lived pipe will cost you plenty of money some day, directly or indirectly. For replacing underground mains is an expensive business. It means big bills for labor, material, and repaving *in addition to the cost of the new pipe.* It *may* mean annoying traffic detours and permanent street defacement.

There's one kind of pipe for water and gas mains which outlasts any other kind—*cast iron pipe.* There's cast iron pipe in use today which has given service since the early years of the seventeenth century! In Philadelphia cast iron pipe laid more than a hundred years ago is still on the job. In New York cast iron pipe was recently *relaid* after five decades of continuous use, to serve another fifty years or more. In your city there is, no doubt, cast iron pipe in service now—make sure that no other kind of pipe is laid in the future. If your tax assessments aren't buying cast iron pipe, you have a right and a duty to ask *why.*

When you see a line of pipe in front of your home or place of business look for the "Q-check" identification mark. Then you'll *know* that you, your children, and their children won't have to worry about that pipe ever being replaced. Cast Iron Pipe marked with the "Q-check" trade mark illustrated on this page is produced by modern methods, in accordance with established technical standard specifications, by the leading pipe founders listed below. The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association offers to taxpayers, city officials and engineers, information on the use of pipe for water, gas, sewers, road culverts and for industrial needs. All information is supplied without cost. Address inquiries to: The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

* * *

The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association is a service organization of leading pipe founders, formed to promote the scientific improvement and use of Cast Iron Pipe. Pipe bearing the "Q-check" mark may be obtained from the following: Alabama Pipe Company, Anniston, Ala.; American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Pipe and Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Company, 11 Broadway, New York.

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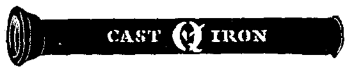
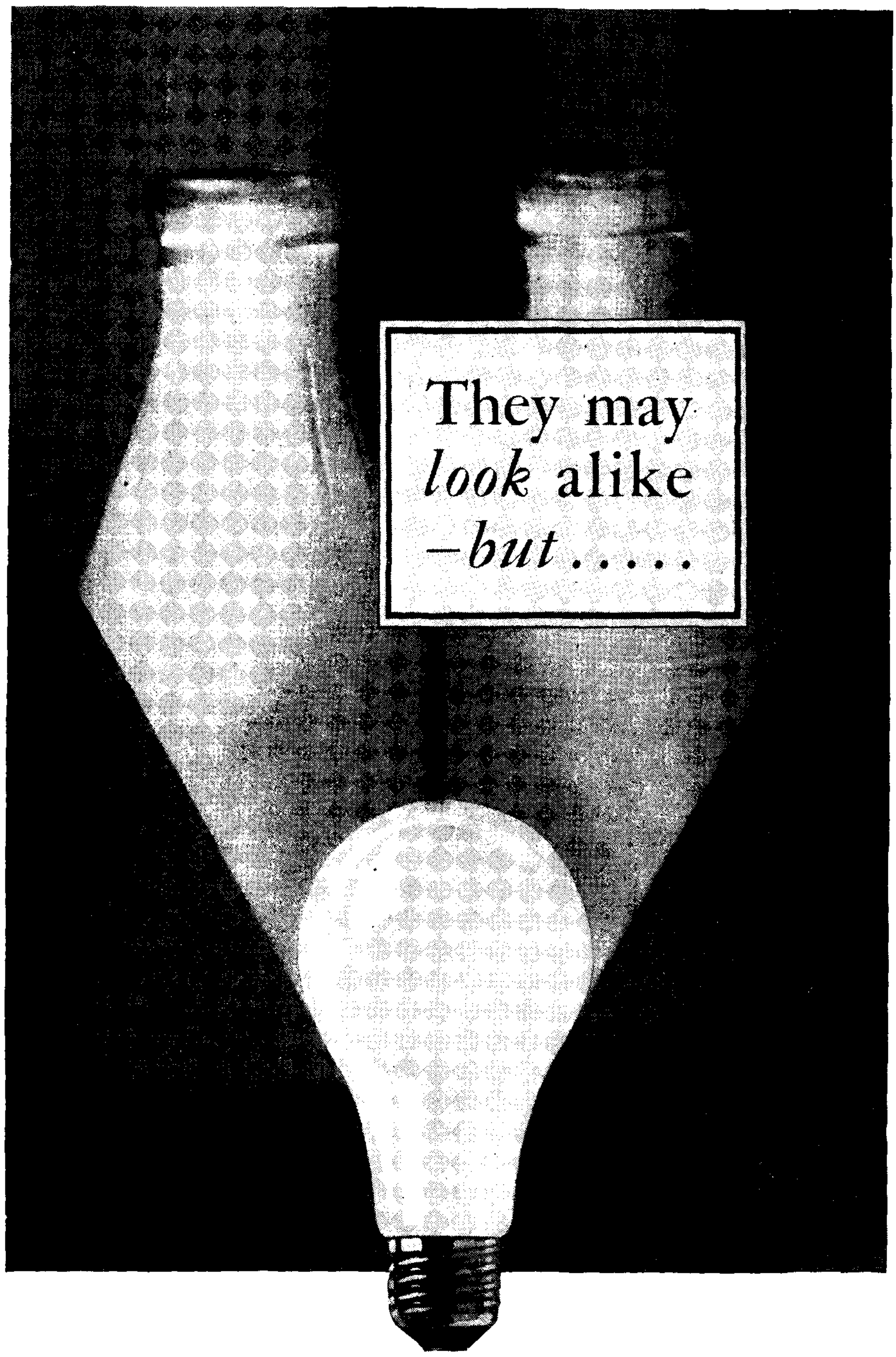


CAST IRON PIPE



TWO bottles of milk may *look alike*, and yet be vastly different in quality. That is why housewives carefully look at the bottle to see, first, that the milk is from the right dairy; second, that it is the grade desired.

It is also true that lamps may *look alike* and yet be vastly different in quality. But all Edison MAZDA Lamps have the trademark MAZDA stamped on the bulb. *It will pay you* to look for the name MAZDA when buying lamps. It assures you high quality, and the high quality of these lamps guarantees you *the full value of the current consumed.*

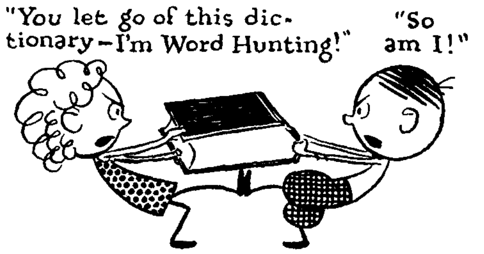
Economical housewives buy Edison MAZDA Lamps in the carton of six . . . to prevent breakage and to be sure of the convenience of an extra supply of lamps on the shelf whenever sockets need refilling. Beware of empty sockets; for where sockets are empty, there is likely to be dangerous eyestrain.

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievement of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC


"You let go of this dictionary—I'm Word Hunting!"
"So am I!"

Word Hunt

Copyright, 1929, Alexander Lichtentag. All rights reserved. Patent (as a game) pending.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

—

In the English language there are

EIGHT

words (each having just five letters) that begin with the letters

—AF—

One of them is AFFIX

(To fix or fasten in any way. To attach physically. Also, that which is affixed. A prefix or suffix)

You supply the others

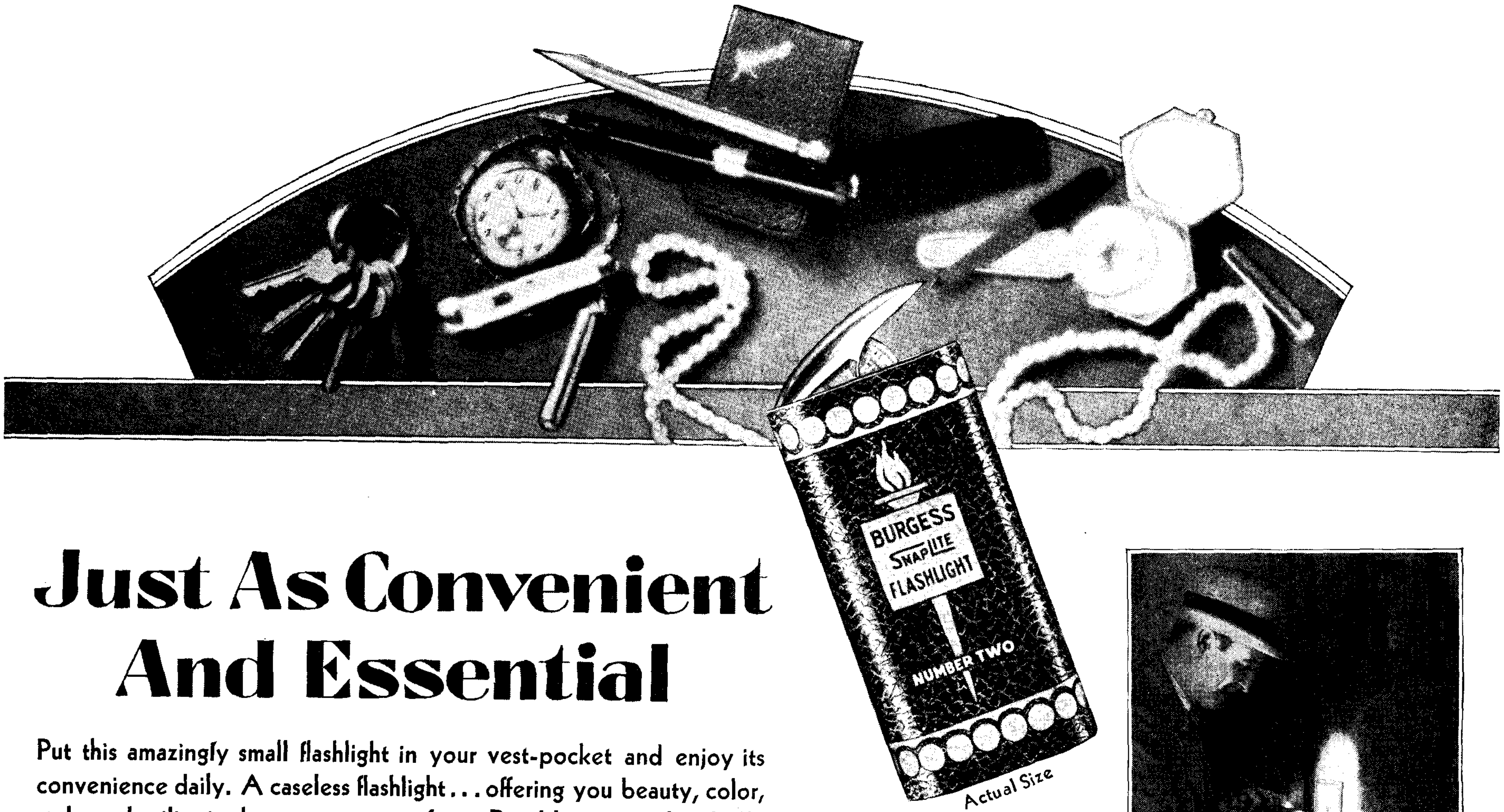
2. A F______	***On fire.***
3. A F______	***In motion; astir.***
4. A F______	***Entangled; in collision.***
5. A F______	***Behind; later than. Also, in search or pursuit of.***
6. A F______	***Flowing.***
7. A F______	***Foaming.***
8. A F______	***In a fretted state.***

The answers to this Word Hunt will appear in next week's Collier's

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

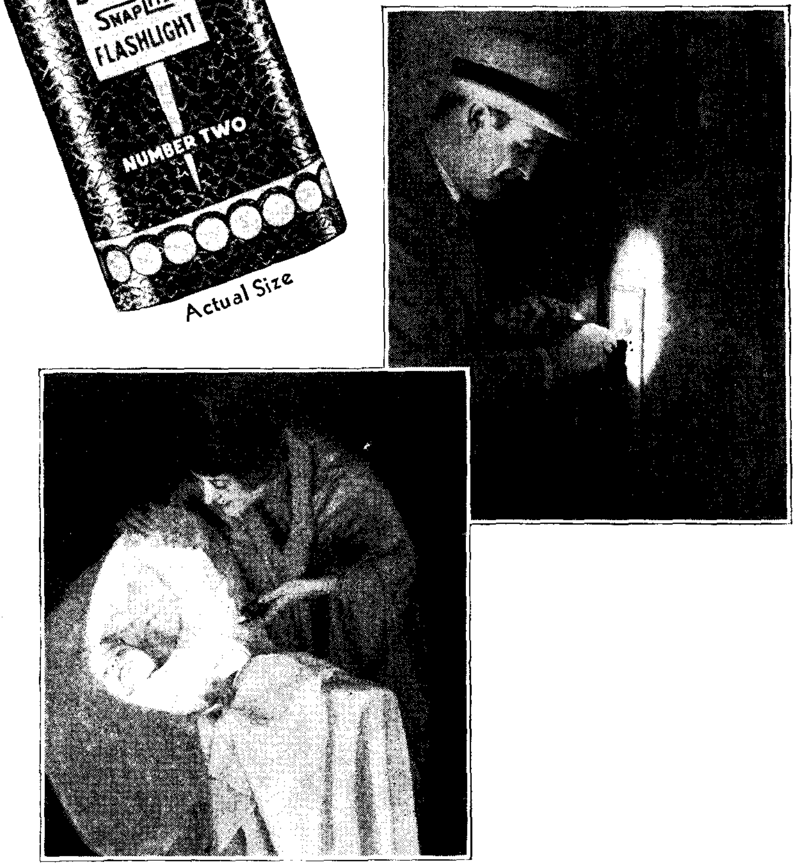
1. Apace
2. Apart
3. Apery
4. Apian
5. Aping
6. Apish
7. Apply
8. Apron
9. Aptly
10. Apeak
11. Aphis
12. Aport
13. Apple
14. Apsis
15. Apara
16. Apiol
17. Apios
18. Apium
19. Apode
20. Apoda
21. Apiin
22. Apism

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 "Word Hunts" with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Just As Convenient And Essential

Put this amazingly small flashlight in your vest-pocket and enjoy its convenience daily. A caseless flashlight . . . offering you beauty, color, style and utility in the most compact form. Durable, practical and efficient. Supplies bright light for a surprisingly long time. Take your choice of many varieties of sparkling color combinations. 39c everywhere.



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Made in the same handy dimensions as its smaller companion . . . except length. Five inches long. Supplies maximum hours of light in the smallest possible size. Designed expressly for those using a flashlight frequently: doctors, garage men, mechanics, watchmen and others. Black only, with red medallion. A complete flashlight, 60c.

Battery and Lamp Replaceable in Both SnapLites

Simply lift out the snapper-top from the battery and attach the new part. Simplicity itself! Nothing to get out of order. Thus you obtain the practical money-saving advantages of the ordinary flashlight plus the more vital benefits of size, weight and shape that permit you to carry the Burgess SnapLite Flashlight with you everywhere.

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A COMPLETE FLASHLIGHT
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EVERYWHERE

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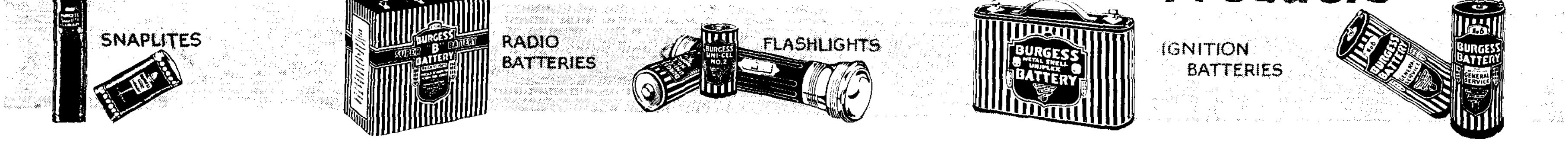
FLASHLIGHT**

Other **BURGESS** *Products*



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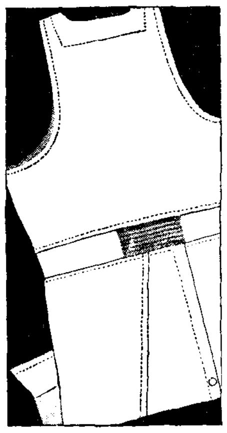

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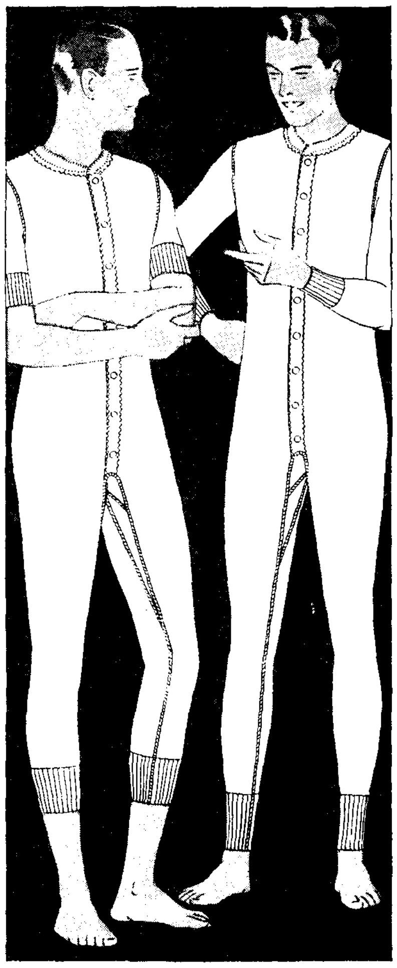
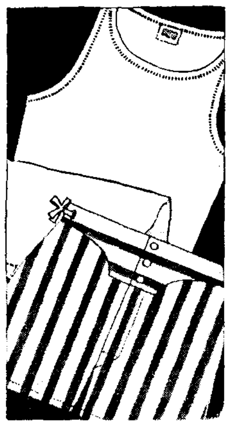
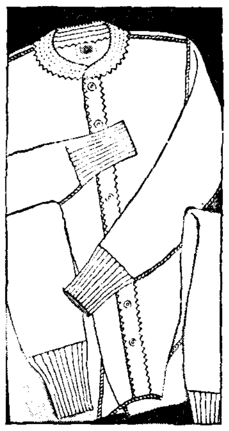


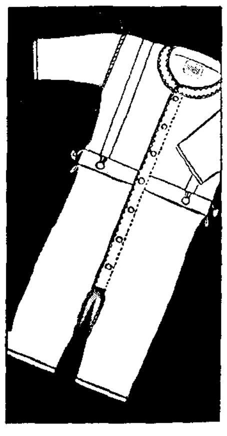
Men's Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweights. Short sleeves, three-quarter or ankle length. Remarkable value at $1.50. *Red Label Lightweights,* $1.00.



Hanes Shirts and Shorts in smart, new styles and colors. 50c, 75c, $1. *Wide choice, real comfort.*



Red Label Elastic-knit Heavyweights, $1.25 *to* $1.50. *Shirts and drawers,* 75c *to* $1.



Merrichild Waist Suits for boys and girls, age 2 *to* 12, 85c. *Boys', age* 2 *to* 16, "*heavies,*" 75c *to* $1.

HANES UNDERWEAR is designed and built by men who have been specializing in comfort for men and boys for more than twenty-five years. That's why a HANES garment fits you better—all over. That's why the materials are so soft and pleasing—the seams flat-locked, never irritating—even why buttons are sewn *to stay!*

But comfort without economy would never do. So HANES priced luxury so low that every man could afford it. Men have responded in such numbers that it has been possible to maintain HANES values and to develop HANES facilities to a pre-eminent place in the industry.

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HANES UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS

TRADE MARK HANES

FOR EVERY SEASON

The Yodeling Lady

Continued from page 9

sound and tunes it so it records right just like you tune your radio and can make it fierce or good by tuning.

One of the monitor men was a little worn-out-looking man named Dan with a cowlick and I figured he would realize how it was and I talked to him and he said sure he could make a yodel record like the factory was on fire.

I went home and began to ease into things by telling Delia how some singers was getting away with murder and maybe she could land in the talkies. She said she did not want to go back to acting that she had done enough for the public and that she and Maude Adams had the right idea: retire when you are at the head of your profession.

I TALKED this way and that way and finally she said all right she would do it and the next morning she came over to the studio and made the test singing Sleep Baby Sleep in an Alpine costume that I got out of the studio wardrobe that looked terrible since there was nothing big enough for her.

I slipped the monitor man ten bucks and it was all over in fifteen minutes. I was feeling pretty good because I knew that when Delia heard and saw herself she would faint or scream or try to take poison and never would yodel again. They told us we could hear and see the test the next afternoon.

That night a funny thing happened. A messenger delivered a box of flowers at least ten dollars' worth and that is a lot of flowers in California and a card was with it saying "Good Luck to Delia O'Rourke from Mr. and Mrs. Dan Prendergast and Little Delia."

"My goodness, think of that," she says. "What a small world this is. I had forgot all about Dan."

"Who's he?" I says kind of sharp.

"He was an electrician at the Orpheum in San Francisco. A long time ago I played there and his wife was going to have a baby and he was broke and I loaned him a hundred dollars."

She turned the card over. "Where on earth do you suppose he is and how did he find out I was here?"

I did not have the slightest idea, Mister Silverstein, until she said something about how he was a little old fellow with a cowlick and then I remembered that the monitor man's name was Dan. Even then I did not worry which would a been a good time to begin, Mister Silverstein.

I was working at the studio writing songs and Delia came over in the afternoon to hear and see the test. We went in the projection-room and the operator said he was ready. I looked around but did not see any monitor man named Dan. They turned out the lights and just as the picture started I heard a man come in and close the door and sit in the back seat.

Well, Delia started to sing Sleep Baby Sleep in the Alpine costume and the first thing I noticed was that she looked swell, even in the costume. She photographed good. She looked like a million dollars in the face. Lots of movie actors are that way they look terrible off but great on the screen.

Then I listened and, Mister Silverstein, you could a slew me with a look. She was good! I listened hard, waiting for the fire-whistle stuff that I had paid the monitor man ten bucks to put in but the dirty dog had crossed me. Instead of her wild yodeling that was like an Apache on the war path it was a soft crooning sort of yodel hardly a yodel at all. He had tuned it down so that Delia's bellowing voice was refined and round and a soft sweet contralto.

I ask you, Mister Silverstein, could you expect me to tell you how I felt? Now, more than ever, she would yodel at parties and where would I be trying to make society friends?

It ended. The lights came on. I sat there, a wreck, a mental wreck. She reached over and grabbed me by the shoulder and I like to died when I saw she was crying.

"You made me do this," she shook me hard. "Why did you humiliate me so? It is terrible. I will never sing again."

Well, I did not know hardly what to say I was so surprised.

"It is not so worse," I tell her.

"Do not try to deceive me," she says, shaking me again. "You are trying to comfort me just because you love me. I am awful. I will never never never sing again." She got up ready to leave.

I began to feel pretty good because it was going to work after all.

"Well," I says, "if you feel that way about it I guess there is nothing we can do. You just yodel at home honey whenever you feel it coming on but we will not do it out in company, hey?"

She turned toward the door and saw the man sitting at the back of the room. The man stood up.

"Pardon me, Madam," he says. "I am Martin Mitchell, a director. The monitor man in the unit told me this was a good test and suggested that I come in and hear it. It is good—really. You're just the woman I am looking for. I am to do an Amazon story."

"Like Show Boat?" I asks, thinking it was about the river.

"No. Amazons, women—a race of female warriors." He turns to her. "It is to be Amalgamated's big picture of the year—battle, tremendous mobs and all that. Production has been held up because we could not get the right person for the lead—we had to have a strong, beautiful woman who could sing. I think—I think you'll do. Would you mind coming over to the stage? I would like to make some speaking tests."

I was sunk, Mr. Silverstein.

WELL, Mister Silverstein, you know what happened. They made her the star of that big picture that has been running on Broadway for a year. She would not take the job unless they let me write the music and that put me over pretty good but not enough to keep dumb mugs from making cracks about me being Delia Silvio's husband.

But we are getting by O. K. We did not have to worry about breaking into society with big stars. Delia was a big star herself and people began to worry whether we would accept their invitations and we are now right up with the elite.

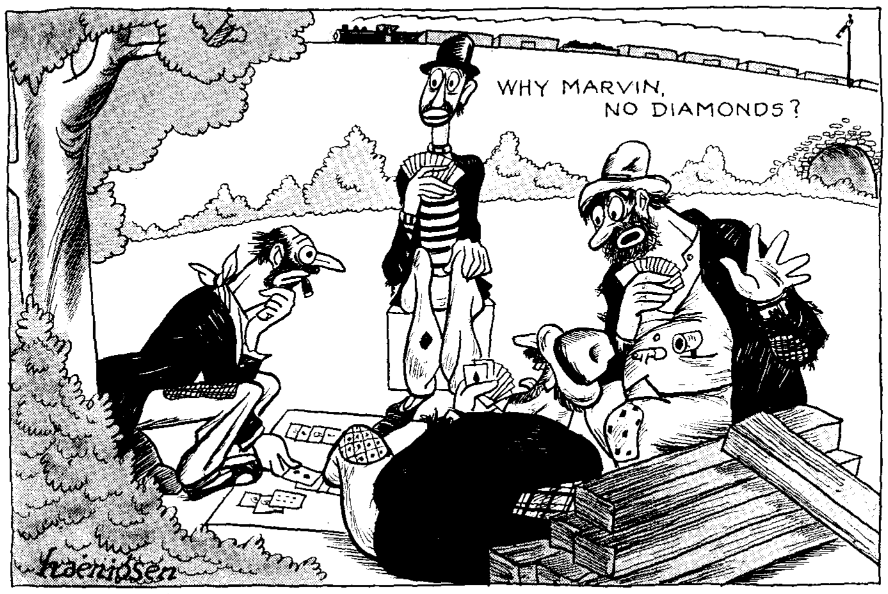
Delia does not yodel any more. She makes phonograph records, with Dan Prendergast handling the monitor just like he does on all her pictures, and she does not go peddling her talent for nothing. If you want to hear her it costs you dough.

So that shows, Mister Silverstein, that your reporter was a dirty liar. I put Delia where she is today and I make my own money out of the Amazon songs and I am no trailer.

I hope you will print this so as to square me with my friends and give me the credit that is coming to me.

Sincerely yours,
HARRY SILVIO.

P. S.—If you ever come out to Hollywood call me up and I will try and fix it up so Delia invites you out.—H. S.


WHY MARVIN, NO DIAMONDS?

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. 6-5-2
H. K-J-10
D. Q-10
C. A-6-5-3-2

West
S. Q-J-10-8
H. 9-8-7
D. K-7-4-2
C. J-10

East
S. 9-7-3
H. 6-5
D. A-6-5-3
C. K-9-8-7

South
S. A-K-4
H. A-Q-4-3-2
D. J-9-8
C. Q-4

THE Auction Bridge of the above hand, given in last week's Collier's, would be: South (dealer) one Heart, followed by three passes.

North might be inclined to jump his partner's uncontested Heart with the idea of preëmpting; but his hand is hardly strong enough to jump to three and a jump to two would not be apt to shut out East, if East were inclined to bid. A preëmpting bid that is not high enough to preempt effectively, generally accomplishes the reverse of the purpose for which it is intended. It shows a desire to shut out adverse bidding, and therefore encourages it. In this case, however, whether North passed, bid two Hearts or three, East would not be in position to bid.

In Contract, South should bid two Hearts if he can count his hand as containing six highly probable tricks, three of which are high-card tricks. Of course the three high-card tricks are obvious; two highly probable low-card tricks are also allowable because when bidding a five-card suit it is proper to reckon two of its low cards as probable winners. That leaves the hand one trick short of a justifiable two-bid; and, to meet the deficiency, it has the Queen of Hearts, the Queen of Clubs and the Jack of Diamonds. A Queen of a suit headed by the Ace has a little better than an even chance of winning a trick; Queen and one small has much less than an even chance, and a Jack at the head of a suit has no assignable value. Consequently South's assets beyond five probable tricks do not quite add up to the value of a sixth trick; and in Contract it is wiser to err on the side of conservatism than on the side of boldness. So South should bid one Heart.

West would pass, and North would reckon on his Hearts as 5, his Diamonds 2, and his Clubs 6—a total of 13, which justifies a jump to two Hearts. East would pass and South, emboldened by his partner's jump, would rebid. South would appreciate that, with almost strength enough for a two-bid in his own hand, there probably is game in the two hands combined. He knows that North must have the strength to jump a two-bid to four in order to have jumped a one-bid to two, so he now bids four Hearts, which becomes the contract.

The Play

The play would be the same whether the contract were one Heart or four Hearts. West would open with the Queen of Spades and South would win the first trick.

Declarer's only chance to get game is to lead a small Club toward his singly guarded Queen and trust that East has the King. If the King is held by West, South's Queen will be lost; but if it is held by East, Declarer's Ace and Queen can take the second and third Club tricks. If South's Queen be led instead of being led toward, only one Club trick (the Ace) would be won by Declarer regardless of the King's position. If the King is in the East hand it will win; if in the West hand it will cover the Queen, force out the Ace, and make the adverse Jack and Ten good.

South should lead a Heart to trick 2, winning with the Ten in dummy. Then a small Club from dummy and East, seeing the Ace exposed in dummy, would play the King and return his partner's Spade. South would win and lead the Queen of Clubs followed by a second round of Hearts to put dummy in the lead. Then (for safety's sake) dummy would lead a small Club which South would win with a Heart honor. Next the third round of Hearts won in dummy which exhausts the adverse Hearts; after that, the Ace of Clubs, on which South would discard his Spade, and next the thirteenth Club, on which South would discard a Diamond. The Declarer would take one of the last three tricks with the Ace of trumps and the adversaries would win two Diamond tricks. Consequently Declarer would win ten tricks and game.

Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North
S. 8-7-6-4
H. 7-5-3-2
D. 9-6-2
C. 8-5

East
S. J-10-9-2
H. A-Q-9-4
D. 5
C. K-Q-10-7

West
S. None
H. K-J-10-8
D. K-Q-J-7-4
C. A-J-4-2

South
S. A-K-Q-5-3
H. 6
D. A-10-8-3
C. 9-6-3

In the grain . . .

Your practiced eye will recognize here a definite type of shoe. A style we are accustomed to think of as English. A rugged-grain leather we know as Scotch. In these shoes you will find a deep, easy fit . . . soles of substance for cross-country comfort . . . well-bred trimness of line for days in town. See them in the leather at any Walk-Over dealer's. Wear them. Watch how they respond to polishing, how they mellow with time. Good looks that are inherent. Quality in the grain. The WARWICK, Black or Brown $9.00.

Made by the
GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY
Campello, Brockton, Mass.

WALK·OVER SHOES

Sometimes husbands must be *mothered*

"STRICTLY between ourselves, Alice, sometimes the only way to handle these obstinate men is to treat them as you do a child — simply give them what's good for them.

"For instance, I knew that coffee at dinner was keeping John awake, but he just talked about business strain and refused to admit that coffee affected him at all.

"Finally I asked Uncle Walter, who is a nerve specialist, about it. Uncle Walter said to give John Kaffee Hag Coffee. 'He won't notice any difference,' he said, 'but it won't hurt him. The caffeine is taken out of it.'

"Well, my dear, I did it, and John never noticed the change. But after a week he began to notice that his sleep had improved, and remarked on it. Then I told him the reason. Now we're never going to have anything but Kaffee Hag Coffee again."

Try Kellogg's★ Kaffee Hag Coffee yourself. It is *real* coffee, with 97% of the drug caffeine removed. You will delight in its flavor and cheer at every meal and it has absolutely no troublesome effect upon sleep or nerves.

Served by hotels, dining-cars, restaurants everywhere. Sold by all dealers in vacuum-sealed cans that preserve freshness. Steel cut or in the bean. Order a can today. Or mail the coupon for a generous sample.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. 1944, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

(*Offer good in U. S. A. only.*)

Name______________________

Address____________________

★ Now a Kellogg product
COFFEE
97% OF THE CAFFEINE REMOVED
KAFFEE HAG
VACUUM PACKED

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

One Man Too Many

Continued from page 15

you to the gardens. 'Not another word!' I says to 'im, as one pal will say to another. . . ."

"Yes," said Miss May, coolly. "That's the seventh time you've said it."

Miss May, in truth, was but little impressed with the carefully prepared recital, but was considerably mystified by her lover's absence. She strolled into the square an apparently care-free, pleasure-seeking young woman on the arm of a proud escort; but she was depending desperately on seeing Corporal Mellet in his place with the band. Unthinkable calamities could occur to fighting flyers; and how else could Breen be so sure Harry would not turn up? . . . But that would be too cruel.

"A man can't 'elp 'isself!" Flight Sergeant Breen was protesting to her. "You 'ave such a way with you."

"And one man too many, perhaps," she responded coolly; but her eyes were searching the bandstand. Again and again she examined the musicians who tuned their instruments there. Corporal Mellet was not among them. Her heart fell, and apathetically she took the camp chair which the sergeant proffered her. A dark fear was pressing upon her . . . and yet the sergeant could not be so cruel. . . . If 'Arry was hurt . . . if he was dead!

The music began. Flight Sergeant Breen was gazing at her sidewise, a smirk upon his face. The smirk somehow reassured her. Surely the man could hardly smirk at a triumph established upon the unthinkable. . . . Not smirk. . . . Not smirk with the peculiar fat-headed satisfaction which for the moment made her want to punch his face. . . . Perhaps it was just that 'Arry had been delayed. Held up at the aërodrome. And Breen, of course, was lying to her.

"There's the Myjor!" whispered Flight Sergeant Breen in her ear.

Then she went successively white and red, as she realized the meaning of Major Spurlock's presence. No catastrophe. Safe landing . . . unless 'Arry had been . . . shot. No! No, it wouldn't be like that . . . it couldn't!

THROUGH a storm of brassy dissonances the band was ineluctably approaching the Land of Hope and Glory, and 'Arry, who was to interpret that Hope, that Glory, with the silvery voice of his clarinet, was still conspicuously absent.

With only the slightest hesitation the band led up to the grand finale, and Marjorie May struggled against tears or flight.

"Now is 'is time," whispered the sergeant. "And where is 'e?"

As though in defiant answer to that challenge there arose from the back stairway of the bandstand, at the precise instant which the score demanded, the limpid note of a clarinet so little off key as to be hardly out of tune. And an appreciative crowd loudly applauded what they thought a dramatic device as the flushed face of Corporal Mellet preceded his tall body into the bandstand, loudly bugling the virtues of the Land of Hope and Glory.

Thereafter it was no more than a matter of Corporal Mellet's regaining his breath so that he could catch up. But it was scarcely two beats before the "con amore" that Corporal Mellet glanced out across the garden square and saw, seated in deplorable proximity, the figures of Marjorie May and the perfidious Flight Sergeant Breen.

Corporal Mellet turned brilliantly red. Desperately he breathed deep without nourishing his lungs. Had his instrument been less than a clarinet he would in that moment have swallowed it. As it was there proceeded from the bell mouth of the instrument an agonized and agonizing wail which tailed off into a strangled sob.

"Sheeesh!" Bandmaster May drew a quivering breath through clenched teeth. "That ain't connermorrey. That's a dyin' sheep!"

But Corporal Mellet was oblivious to rebuke. Tucking his instrument unheeded beneath his arm, he was stumbling from the bandstand.

"I ain't well!" he was muttering fiercely. "'Strewth, I ain't. Fair sick, I am. Sick, that's wot!" And he was gone from that place.

TEN minutes later and in the glow of a brilliant moon the band was breaking up. In the glow of an outraged indignation the Major was telling the bandmaster what he thought about it. In a glow of complete satisfaction Flight Sergeant Breen was accompanying Miss Marjorie May by a dim pathway from the garden square, when a new and distinctly different species of glow appeared before him in the person of Corporal Mellet.

"Marjorie! I want to see you!"

Corporal Mellet announced this rather than asked it, and in announcing it he appeared to ignore the existence of Flight Sergeant Breen.

"Now then, 'Enry!" adjured the sergeant somewhat feebly.

"You!" Corporal Mellet turned upon him. "I'll look after you, later on, when we're alone."

"We would both like to look after 'im, now, wouldn't we, 'Arry?" Marjorie May spoke tartly. The corporal grinned.

"You 'eard what the lady said," he suggested.

"Look 'ere, my man," warned the sergeant. "I believe yore drunk."

"Then I'm not responsible," said the corporal.

"Corporal Mellet is waiting to take me home, Sergeant," urged Marjorie May, her eyes sparkling ominously. And Flight Sergeant Breen knew that he was beaten. Indignantly he took his departure. As he passed the dim passage which led to the estaminet of the Blue Bird, a fair lady stepped forth to greet him.

"Sarjon!" she exclaimed. "You are not passing us by?"

"Linette!" cried the sergeant heartily. "Why, yore just the girl I'm lookin' for!"

"For you, Sarjon, ees not'ing I would not do."

"Then do this," said the sergeant in a low voice. And Linette smiled mischievously as the low voice continued; smiled happily as the sergeant pressed money into her hand.

"And there'll be more w'en you've done it up proper," he assured her.

Corporal Mellet, with Marjorie May upon his arm, emerged from the dimness of the foliaged pathway into the moonlit open square.

"Arree! Mon Arree! But w'ere 'ave you been?"

The glad, angry cry no sooner reached Corporal Mellet's ears than the fluffy, tousle-headed little lady who had uttered it reached his arms—and Corporal Mellet found himself struggling against a tenacious and perfumed embrace.

"Lumme!" he cried in dismay. "What's got into the woman?"

"Ah, you make believe forget!" shrilled the bunch of fluff, clinging like a leech. "An' it was to be dees vary night! Peeg! Peeg!"

She turned from the amazed Corporal Mellet to the wide-eyed Marjorie May.

"I am Linette!" she cried. "'Ee's Icetool Linette!" Scorn and mockery snapped in her tragic voice. "'E call me dat, an' say we are to 'ave dis night togeddair. But 'e ees wan peeg, you see?" Again she attacked the corporal. "Wan peeg! You leave me to go weed anodair, hey? Weel. She weel know w'at to expact! Som' day she weel do lak dees!"

With which she smacked the astonished corporal neatly in the face, and walked swiftly away in the moonlight. Enraged, the luckless corporal strode after her; but he was stopped by a hand which tugged fiercely at his arm.

"Follow her! Go on! Follow her! Only don't expect to catch up with more than one of us!"

"Marjorie! Marjorie May! Sowelp me Gawd, I've never seen the girl before! You can't tell me you believe. . . ."

"Oh, 'Arry! How could you ever do such a thing? Why? Why? And I as good as called 'im a liar when he told me!"

"'E was! 'E was, I tell yer! . . ." Despair choked him as he realized his poverty of words to deal with this ghastly dilemma.

"And her, too, I suppose." The voice of Marjorie May was strangely soft. "And father, too. I suppose that what he's got to say will be just part of a plot against you." With which she turned to greet the portentous form of Bandmaster May, which bore down upon them, homeward bound.

"Ho!" remarked the bandmaster. "Ho! If it ain't the bloomin' trumpeter of Jericho 'imself. Knocked any more walls down, lately?" This said in deadly seriousness, he turned to his daughter. "And what may you be doing here at this time, may I arsk?" he demanded.

Coldly and relentlessly she gazed upon Corporal Mellet.

"I was waiting for you to take me home, Father," she said. "Good night, Mr. Mellet."

Corporal Mellet could not remember the words he used, but he horribly suspected from the mood in which he walked back to the aërodrome that they had been something impolite.

"If that young man wasn't drunk or suffering from shell shock," said Bandmaster May to his daughter, "'e'd 'ave 'ad you under cover before now. It's a sweet night for an air raid, an' you ought to know better."

THE last few words of which remark so neatly fitted the thoughts of Marjorie May that they nearly brought tears to her eyes.

Ought to know better. Ought to know better. Why had she treated him like that? Why had she let him go? The whole silly drama of Flight Sergeant Breen had been so crudely wrought, so banal and ridiculous. But why had she used it to tease him?

Her question, however, had become, before she uttered it, an academic one. Corporal Mellet made his way back to the aërodrome with an increasing fury exalting his humble mind. He must see Breen. He had something to say to Breen; Breen, the scum of the earth, the scut, the slime; Breen, the black, underhanded dog!

With admirable singleness of purpose, Corporal Mellet passed the guard house and entered the aërodrome without knowing that he did it, or hearing the words he exchanged with the sentry. He saw the pool of moonlit grassland which was the flying field, but saw nothing of the little planes which stood outside the hangars, and took no notice of the peculiar fact that their motors were ticking over. His objective was the black huddle of barrack huts across the field, and he made for them very straight. He had left the flying line and the humming planes some twenty yards behind him when a voice called him back. He stiffened and stood rigid. It was the voice of Flight Sergeant Breen.

"That man there! Clear orf the field!"

Hands on his hips, Corporal Mellet breathed deep, a great exultation leaping within him.

"Come aht an' get me!" he sang out for all officers, non-coms and men to hear. And he was transfigured with a vast happiness as he heard the foe reply and saw Breen trotting angrily toward him.

A DIM figure, the flight sergeant was at first. A tenuous, hazy figure which danced in the moonlight. But it emerged, and Flight Sergeant Breen became a burly, red-faced non-com who scowled ominously and spoke thickly, from the throat.

"Gorblimey," he cried. "I've got a messige fer you, me beauty!" And at that he stopped short, recognizing Corporal Mellet. "It's you, is it?" he said; and he said it with the air of one who'd have said more if he could have thought of it.

"Me it is!" declared the inspired corporal. "And you'd best put 'em up! I'm goin' to put you through it, you scum!"

"Steady does it!" The sergeant's cry was a warning and an appeal. "There's discipline, Mellet!"

"Discipline be damned! Through it you go!" cried the corporal, and catching the slack of Breen's tunic in his right hand, he brought up the clenched fist of his left as the sergeant plunged forward in his grasp.

A dozen voices were shouting at them now. Voices which rose above the whir of the droning engines. Traynor's voice, strident, from where he sat in his cockpit. . . . And a gun was firing . . . pounding out its menace from some far distance.

Men closed in about the fighters, tore at them and tugged, shouting warnings and orders into deaf ears. Mellet brushed them off as a fighting wolf hound might brush terriers away. Breen was in his clutches now. In his two arms. His throat close to his grasp. He strove for it, twisting the man's head backward with one hand, striving for the throat with the other. The voice of Captain Traynor came to him. Traynor had left his machine and leaped through the knot of ineffective mechanics.

"Lay off!" he cried. "Lay off, you fools! There's a raid!"

With a great heave Mellet hurled Flight Sergeant Breen away from him, and shot forward after him. His fist met Breen's jaw as the flight sergeant strove to regain his feet and Corporal Mellet had never seen a man go down as Flight Sergeant Breen went down.

He went down like a felled bullock. Like a man who had fallen from a great height. A smashed and broken man. A queer, frightful heap of flesh and bones.

There was a ghastly moment of silence; an instant which was intolerably long. And a voice said, "Good God, he's killed him!"

Killed him! Killed him!

"Good God!" cried Corporal Mellet. "I've killed him!"

And he was running. Running blindly through the moonlight. Running with an amazing quickness and cunning of eye and mind. He saw everything. He felt and heard everything. Men closing in from either side. The hangars cutting him off from the open road. Men who came dashing down from the

(Continued on page 52)

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The Lullaby for Whiskers

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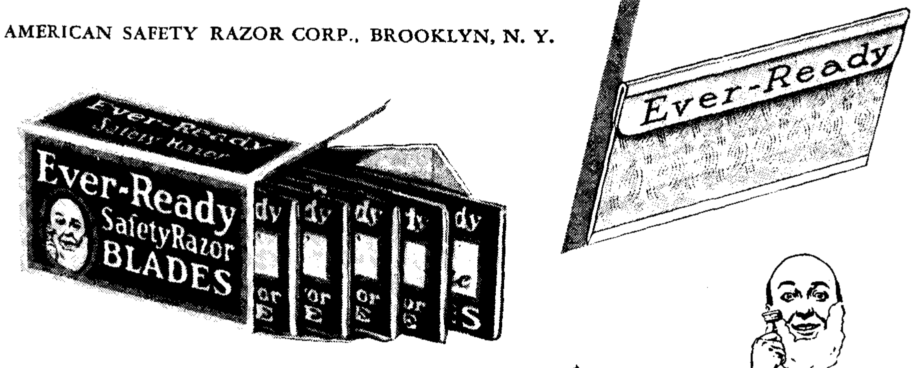

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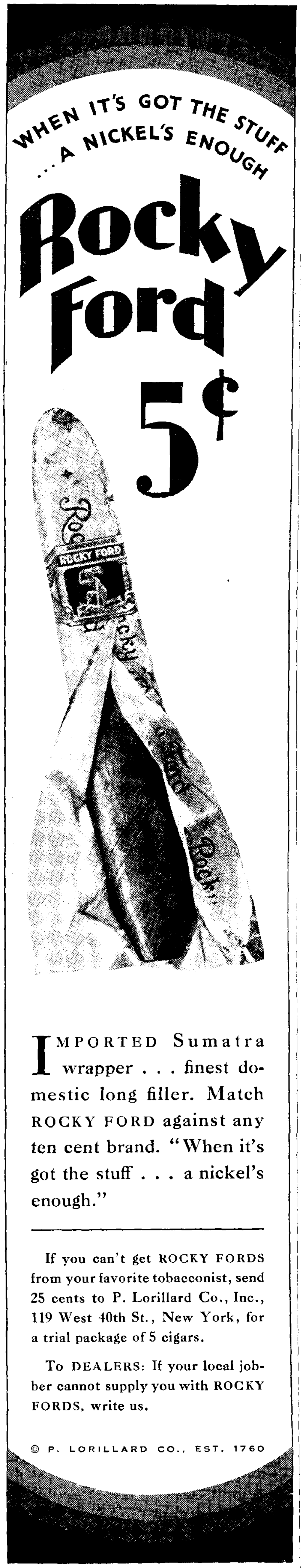

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(*Continued from page 51*)

mess huts. Voices which called for the guard. And the droning planes.

The planes! Droning! Running! Running engines! And one which had no pilot. The hangars cut him off. He couldn't escape. He couldn't run through an iron wall. But he could fly!

With an astounding agility he was in the plane. With incredible skill and alacrity he managed the controls, and the little plane was plunging forward at the men who ran in from the field.

"Stand clear!" he roared. "Clear!" he shrieked. And they stood clear to give it way. He roared down the field, turning into the wind at full speed, and was off into the air. Over the hangars which had barred him. Free—but alone in the air with a Camel, trickiest of aëroplanes; with moonlight, trickiest of illuminations, to land in!

Moonlight to land in . . . and then. . . . What could he expect on landing? Court martial. . . . Striking a superior. Killing him! . . . Oh, Marjorie! Oh, God! Oh, . . . Marjorie!

A black ghost swept by him in the translucent sky. A great figure which blended with the moonlight. His heart leapt up. Pounded. Choked him. Fear closed in upon him. Fear deluged and oppressed him. A bomber. He'd near hit it!

A sharp and maniac clatter rang out in the night. He saw the stab of flames which spouted from a gun which swept down upon him out of the air. A scout plane. Attacking! And the clatter was echoed from behind him . . . from that black ghost of a bomber.

That maniac clatter . . . that familiar clatter. . . . Guns. Machine guns. His pride. His element. The sound of them vanquished fear and rallied the old, cold anger and clear-sighted skill.

He fired in a short burst—and caught a glimpse of something which fell flaming, blood-red, down the sky. Then he darted directly at the black belly of a winged monster which roared with a violence that drowned the deafening blast of his own engine. The bomber! And Balinville—the aërodrome—the hospital—Marjorie! . . . down below.

BRIGHT flame darted from the monster's bowels. Something snapped at the cowling before him. A hail of splinters flew about his ear, stinging, biting. . . . But he was firing now. Firing in a constant stream with his hand pressing the stick gently forward. A stream of bullets which raked the belly of the great craft. . . . And it was pitching forward. Diving.

Once more he gingerly recovered from a dive—and the aërodrome, illumined by an unearthly light, was spread out below him. All red and black it was, brilliantly red and black. . . . Hopelessly he tried his landing and was amazed to find himself in no time at all sitting safely, serenely, in the cockpit of an undamaged Camel which stood with a dead engine in the middle of the aërodrome. Beyond the hangars the wreckage of a gigantic Gotha sent skyward a tower of red fire.

There was a queer deference in the bearing of the men who crowded about him. Corporal Mellet mistook it for an ominous pity; for the awe with which men regard the condemned.

"Report to the orderly room immediately!"

The command came out of the air. A voice which spoke from among many voices, issuing from one man among many who surrounded him. Yet they left him at the doorway of the orderly hut—as men might leave the condemned at the prison gate.

As he entered the doorway Corporal Mellet wondered what it meant. What was awaiting him in there?

Well, Major Spurlock was awaiting him. With a grim, ironic smile he was waiting. And it meant that Corporal Mellet was to go on a journey. He disappeared from that aërodrome as though the inscrutable movements of war had folded him under, and obliterated him. What came to pass in the orderly room that night between the Corporal and the Major, no one knew. It was only known that in the morning Corporal Armorer Mellet disappeared in a transport tender and was not seen upon that aërodrome again.

Breen had no doubt that a just providence had visited summary punishment upon that rash offender. He took it quietly as a thing granted. A fortnight later, having recovered from the disfigurements of Corporal Mellet's corporal punishment, he advanced this view before Bandmaster May and his daughter.

"You may depend," he pointed out, "that young Mellet will get 'is deserts. Cracked up Capt'n Traynor's bus, he did, like it was glarss; and all because 'e couldn't stand up under an air raid. Panic. Sheer panic, it was."

"But I've heard rumors that 'Arry has been credited for bringing down a Gotha," suggested Miss May.

"Rumors!" snorted the flight sergeant. "It's rumors, Marjorie, that says the war ends before Christmas. Rumors is nothink less than derlujuns. Rumors!" With a grand gesture he brushed rumor aside. "Give me the honist truth," he declared.

"Which is?" mocked Marjorie.

"Quod!" said the flight sergeant. "Mark me, Marjorie, an' you must face it. Pore 'Arry 'as overreached 'isself. Pore 'Arry 'as gorn too far. 'Ard labor, it'll be. 'Ard labor for duration."

He was somewhat encouraged then, by the undeniable light spirits with which Miss May greeted the bad news. And her next words confirmed him in the growing opinion that, with Corporal Mellet out of the way he was, without doubt, making progress.

"You must come with us to Amiens next Tuesday week," she said. "Mustn't he, Father?" And Breen dismissed the bewilderment of Bandmaster May as an emotion sympathetic with his own.

Next Tuesday week at Amiens they made high holiday. On a sunlit morning they picnicked in the fields along the canal bank. Marjorie was in high good humor, delighting in the game of drawing from Flight Sergeant Breen freely given testimony of his abysmal ignorance of squadron affairs.

It was as they left the throng in which they had stood admiring a parade of guardsmen that Flight Sergeant Breen became conscious that Marjorie had left his side and was engaged in animated conversation with a tall and handsome officer of the Flying Corps. Flight Sergeant Breen saw the man's face before he noticed the uniform. It was the face of Corporal Mellet.

"'Ere! None of that!" cried the sergeant.

"Funny thing, that," said Mellet to Marjorie. "'Asn't 'e learned to salute?"

BUT the flight sergeant had enjoyed previous encounters with corporals who falsely paraded as officers while on leave.

"An M. P., me lad, that's what you want," he cried huskily. "Impersonatin' an officer's a first-clarss crime."

"Likewise," said Mellet, "is insubordination. Stand to attention, please."

"Two pins and I'd tyke yer dahn!" snarled the sergeant stubbornly.

"Some other time," begged Mellet. "Just now I'm taking Miss May to tea at the Officers' Hostel. Off bounds for non-coms."

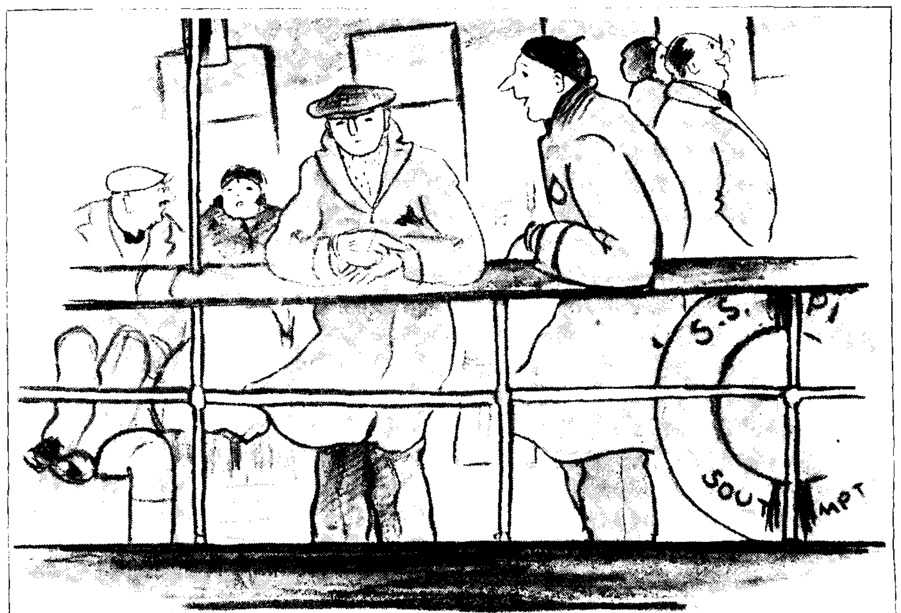
"Marjorie!" bawled Flight Sergeant Breen. "You ain't takin' any of 'is lip? 'E's a bleedin' himpostor!"

"Impostor?" demanded Miss May. "Impostor, indeed? You haven't been listening to the rumors, Sergeant Breen. The rumors said that 'Arry had brought down a Gotha. The rumors said that he'd been recommended for a commission. And the rumors were truth. 'Arry's an officer now!"

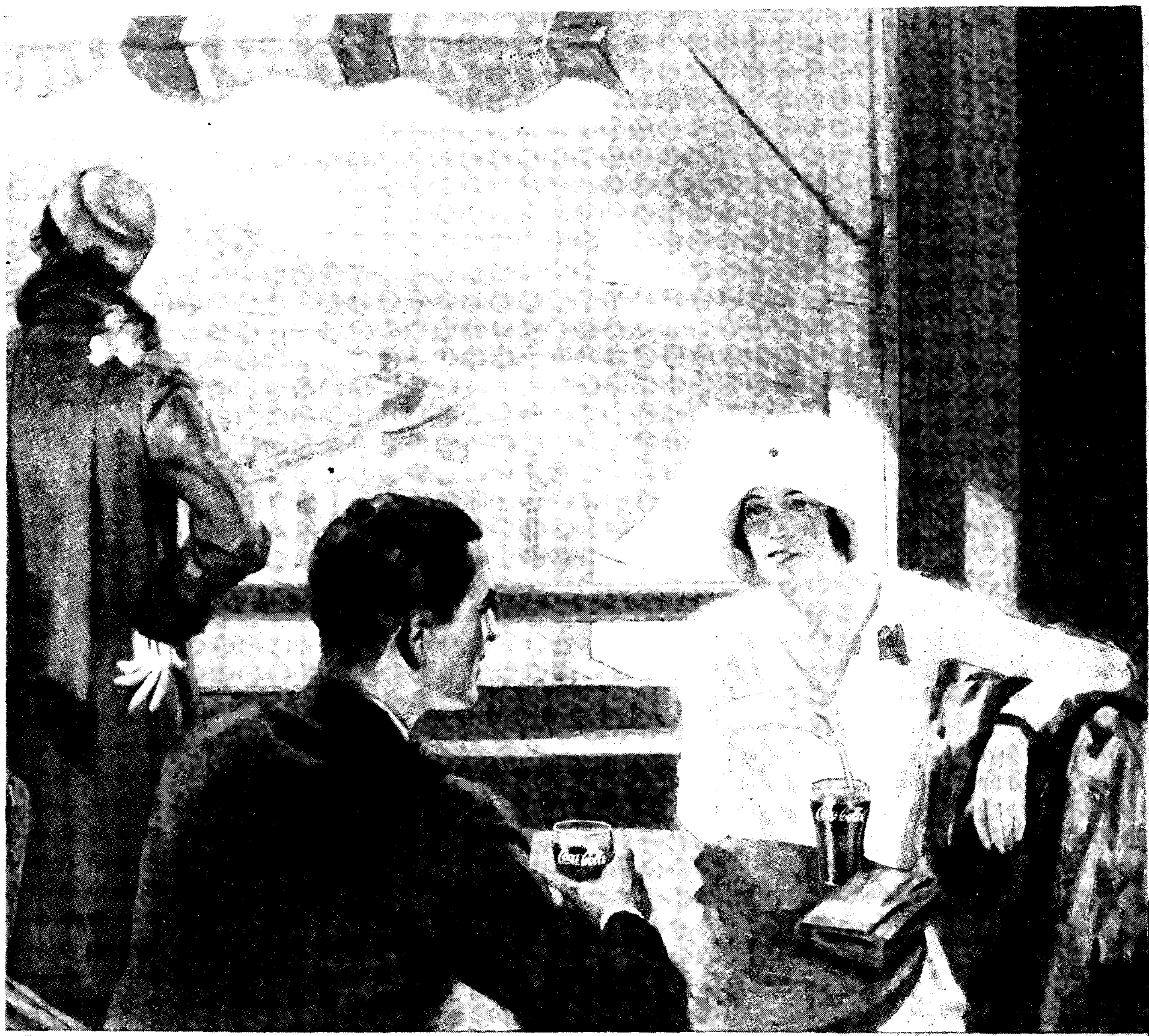
Flight Sergeant Breen hardly heard the farewell she left behind her as she departed upon the arm of Lieutenant Mellet. He hardly heard the muttered sympathy of Bandmaster May.

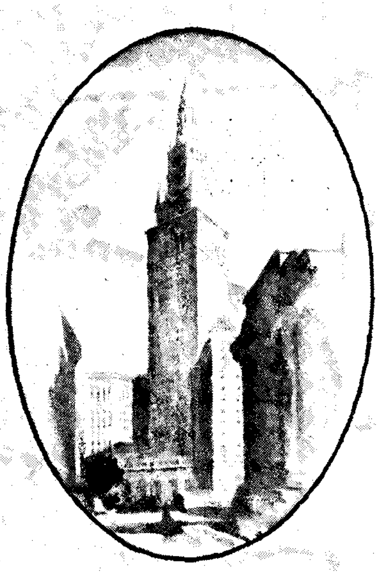
"I arsked 'er not to," muttered the bandmaster. "Crool way to treat a man, it was. Even a dog, I wouldn't treat like that, I told 'er; but all she said was, that no, she wouldn't either."

But Flight Sergeant Breen didn't know. He strode blindly off among the streets of Amiens with only one conscious thought; only one startling realization—that Corporal Mellet, through the deliberate efforts of Flight Sergeant Breen, had been definitely put in his place. Had he known that Mellet's place was to become that of a major and squadron commander bearing decorations which bore witness to the fact that his first success had not been entirely an accident, Flight Sergeant Breen might have received an even heavier penalty for his subsequent conduct than the fortnight's pay he forfeited for drunk and disorderly conduct while overstaying his leave.



"If a heavy sea upsets your stomach, drink port."
"What kind of port?"
"It doesn't matter—any old port in a storm."





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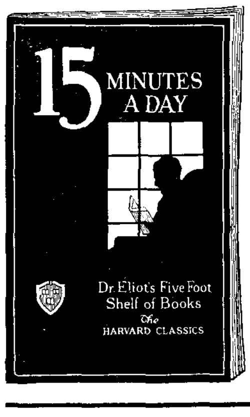
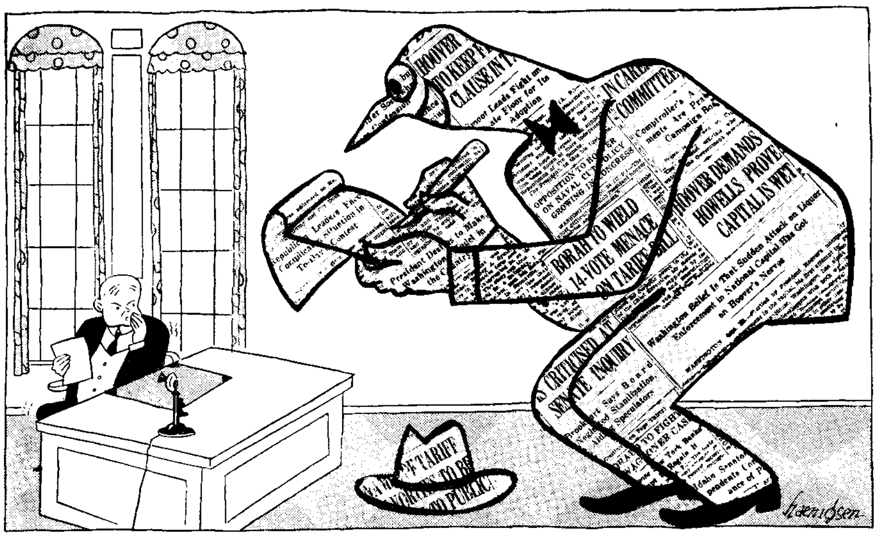


Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

(*The Harvard Classics*)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Leads Fight on Floor for Its Adoption
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Washington Belief Is That Sudden Attack on Liquor Enforcement in National Capital Has Got on Hoover's Nerves
CRITICISED AT SENATE INQUIRY
TARIFF TO BE PUBLIC
Leaders Face Situation in Contest
President Desires to Make
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Paper Talk

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE American newspaper conference—the White House conference—has invaded England. Premier Ramsay MacDonald recently held one for the press and talked to it, frankly and openly answered its questions for the first time in his life. I think he was the first British premier ever to participate in such a democratic function.

The idea was suggested to him by a Canadian editor who attended one of Mr. Coolidge's White House conferences and wrote to Mr. MacDonald enthusiastically about it, suggesting that here was an American institution that ought to be imitated by the British, like quantity production.

The result was not happy. Mr. MacDonald allowed himself to be quoted, which is something that none of our more experienced American official conferencers ever permit when they are discussing matters in which another power is concerned. All a correspondent gets when an official in this country is talking about foreign relations is "background," something to print on his own authority if he wishes to do so. Then if a foreign government does not like it, it is nothing but the guesswork of the irresponsible American reporters.

But Mr. MacDonald allowed himself to be quoted. He said things utterly inconsistent with what had been said as "background" on the same subject, naval disarmament, to the American press by an American authority as high as Mr. MacDonald himself.

Mr. Balfour Balks

The result was that Ambassador Dawes went to the British premier and asked him what make of adding machine he used to get totals such as he had. If the press conference is going to be an international institution the League of Nations ought to make rules for it. Otherwise one wonders if the Kellogg anti-war treaty won't become a scrap of paper after all.

However, I suspect that the press conference is come abroad to stay like various other American institutions. It is one of the penalties of being the richest and most powerful country in the world that all its virtues and vices will be imitated by other nations.

British public men never have taken to the newspaper conference. I recall when, on this country's declaration of war, a British delegation headed by Arthur James, now Lord Balfour, came to Washington to confer on the part the United States was to play in bringing about victory. Mr. Balfour was told that he must have a conference with the press. He flatly refused to do it.

It was explained to him that it was one of those things which one had to do in America, just like wearing silk knee breeches with lace on them at the Court of St. James; to fail to do it would spoil the whole effect of the mission. Thus pressed, he consented.

He spent a sleepless night in anticipation of his ordeal. He came before the assembled crowd of correspondents in the MacVeagh house like a man being led to the gallows, fixed his eyes on a point one hundred feet above the heads of his auditors, talked in a mechanical voice for a few minutes and was led away in a profuse perspiration.

Never Again!

Austin Chamberlain, formerly British foreign secretary, tried it once, just once, in England when there was some important development in British foreign relations that he wished to present to the press. When he had made a brief statement the correspondent of one of the opposition newspapers shot a couple of awkward questions at him. He glared at the impertinent person through his monocle and when that did not produce the desired effect retired in confusion, never to try the expedient of a press conference again.

President Hoover, in spite of his eight years in the Cabinet and his rather intimate relations with the press, was nervous over the White House press conferences when he became President. They were going to be a great deal larger and more formidable than any he had ever faced. Many consultations were held. But Mr. Hoover got used to them.

They are not very terrifying in reality. They are so organized that no questions are asked, except in advance and in writing. So there is no chance of the President's being taken by surprise. Moreover, the President does not answer questions he prefers not to answer.

Mr. Hoover now quite evidently likes the meetings with the press and always hopes to have questions asked that will lead to interesting discussions. His manner is a little shy and nervous. He talks in a low voice, seldom looking up. He never jests as Mr. Coolidge used to love to do when in an amiable mood.

He often reads what he has to say or speaks from notes which he has prepared. He often gives out written statements, after having read them to the correspondents, allowing himself to be quoted—thus ending the old rule that a President should never be quoted. He has an even keener appreciation of publicity than his predecessors had. I think that his projects are often hurried into print merely because he wishes to have something to say to the press.

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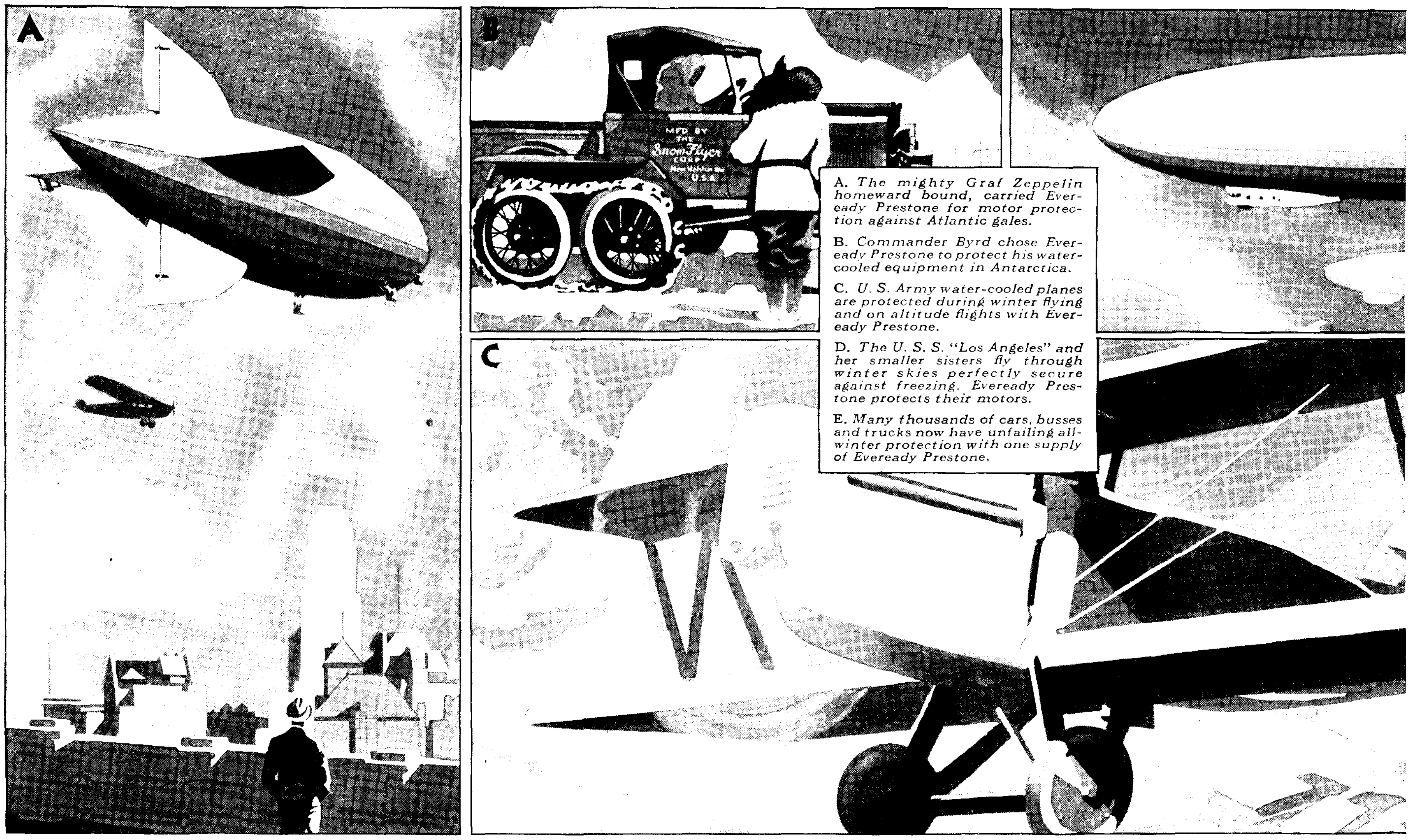
«THROUGH THE SKYWAYS ON THE HIGHWAYS » AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD



A. The mighty Graf Zeppelin homeward bound, carried Eveready Prestone for motor protection against Atlantic gales.

B. Commander Byrd chose Eveready Prestone to protect his water-cooled equipment in Antarctica.

C. U. S. Army water-cooled planes are protected during winter flying and on altitude flights with Eveready Prestone.

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The discovery of Eveready Prestone has given every motorist the opportunity to discard freezing worries. One supply of this perfect anti-freeze will keep his car in complete safety, *all winter*, no matter how soon it is put in the car or how long winter lasts. Its unfailing protection makes it unnecessary to buy Eveready Prestone more than once—a single investment provides certain, harmless, all-season insurance against any possibility of a freeze-up.

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It is time now to have Eveready Prestone in your automobile. Before you add anti-freeze, however, be sure your car is *ready* for winter. Cold-weather driving demands free-flowing, winter-grade lubricants in crankcase, transmission and differential. Battery, spark plugs and ignition cables ought to be at their best. The all-important cooling system should be in perfect order. Have the radiator and water-jacket *clean* and *tight*—see that all of last summer's collection of scale and rust is flushed out. Vibration and jar tend to loosen joints and hose connections. Make certain that these and all pump parts, gaskets, drain

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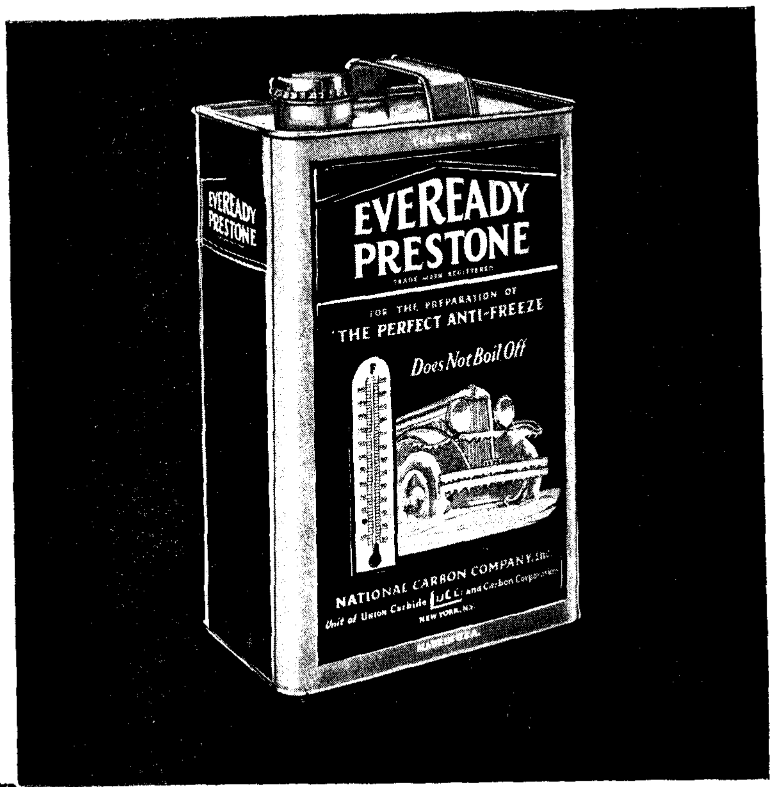
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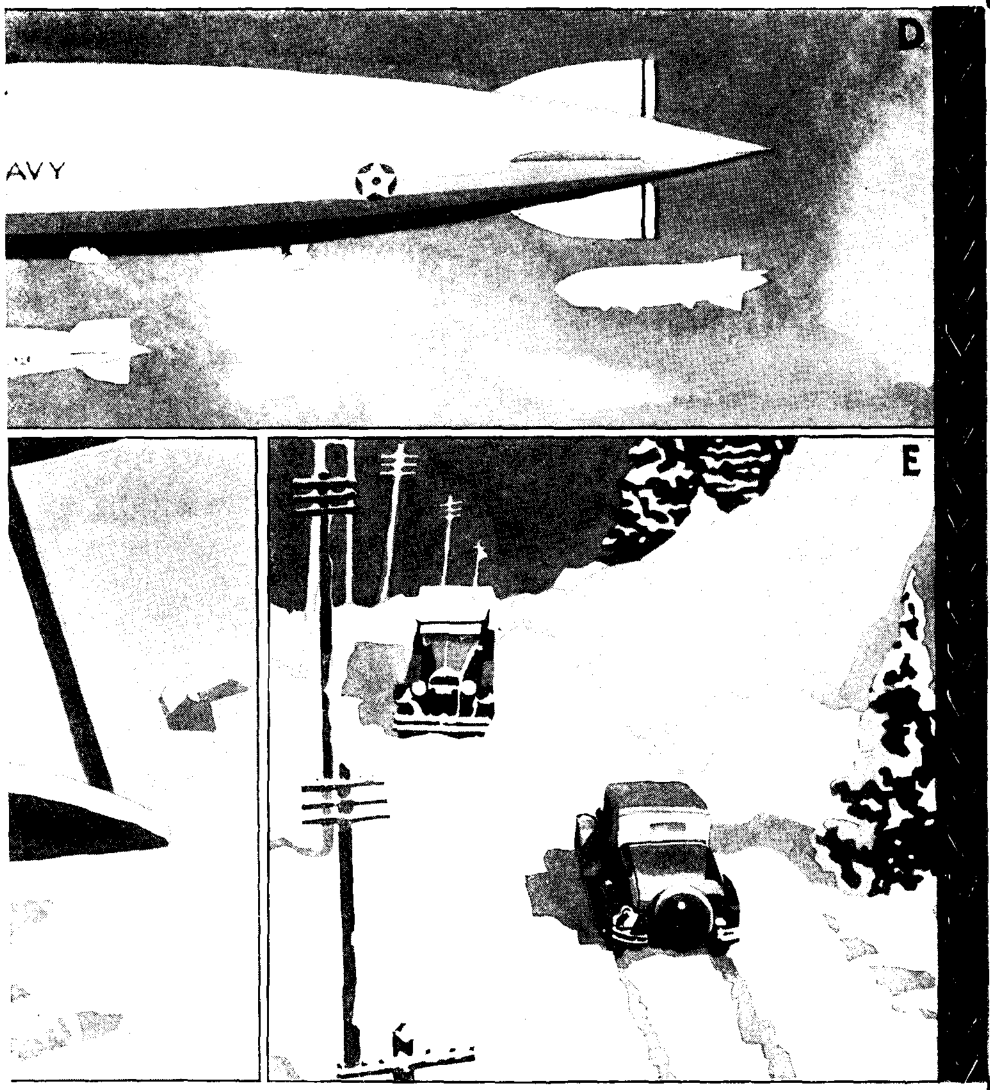

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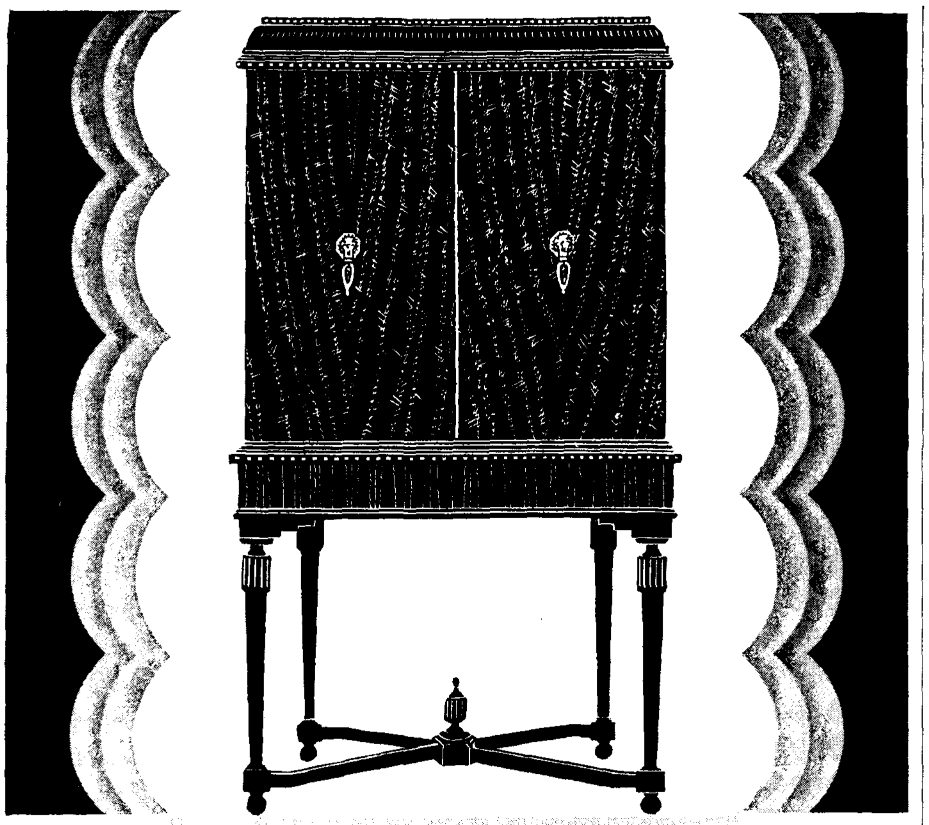

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AMRAD

MERSHON CONDENSER

Now come all you good People

Continued from page 20

the writer of many of the most popular ones, a youngish man with brisk and businesslike offices in a New York hotel. His name is Carson J. Robison and for all he works within a stone's throw of Tin Pan Alley (and many would like to measure it that way for themselves) he has the right background. He was born in Chetopa, Kansas, the son of an expert fiddler of the old school. As a youngster he heard his father's fiddle and listened to his mother's singing of the old songs to the strains of a wheezy melodeon.

He can play the guitar, the banjo and —if you must know—the ukulele. And he'll take off his hat to no man when it comes to whistling. Also he can sing a bit (one of his first jobs was that of a song-plugger) and he can play the piano, though not very well. He is a frequent and popular entertainer in various radio hours.

Sure-Fire Formulas

He it was who wrote the ballad of Naomi Wise. And he has written hundreds of others for the recording of which he plays the accompaniment. In the case of the ill-fated Naomi he had an old tale to work with, but he can overnight convert any spot news event into a ballad.

"First I read all the newspaper stories of, say, a disaster," he explains. "Then I get to work on the old typewriter. There's a formula, of course. You start by painting everything in gay colors—'the folks were all happy and gay' stuff. That's sure fire. Then you ring in the tragedy—make it as morbid and gruesome as you can. Then you wind up with a moral."

You can get a clear idea of how the Robison formula works out by examining his popular ballad of The Miami Storm which was finished and out of his machine before communication was restored in the stricken area.

He opened with a description of the city by the sea—"a spot that was bright and fair. A city of palm trees and flowers. A garden of beauty rare." A second stanza of sweetness and light, followed by the tragic note:

And then in the darkness of midnight
Their laughter was turned to tears;
The wrath of the storm was upon them,
That filled every heart with fears.

The wind was the voice of a demon
That howled as it crashed through the town;
And great ships were torn from their anchors
And broken upon the ground.

And then when the gray dawn came stealing
The toll of the storm was known;
And sad were the cries of the injured;
The street with the dead were strewn.

And now for the moral:

We cannot explain this disaster,
We know not what fate may befall;
And we should be ready each hour
To answer the Master's call.

They're all like that.

You may, for instance, have seen only calamity in the Mississippi flood. But there was more to it than that. Lest you missed the lesson, may I call on Mr. Robison again?

We can't explain the reason these great disasters come
But we must all remember to say, "Thy Will Be Done."
And tho' the good may suffer for other people's sins
There is a crown awaiting where Eternal Life begins.

Of course it is very easy to sit on the sidelines, a carping critic, and point out that the wedding of "done" and "come" would not be sanctioned by any rhyming dictionary. Nor, for that matter, do "town" and "ground" match very happily in The Miami Storm. But for such objections there is a ready explanation.

"You mustn't make them too good," says Mr. Robison. "The boys of Tin Pan Alley tried to crash this new market as soon as they realized that it was rich in possibilities, but they've failed so far because their stuff was too up-to-date and too neat and trim."

It is a bit difficult to compare the popularity of these hill-billy tunes with that of popular numbers such as Coquette or Baby's Awake Now. The "popular" songs sell up into the millions during their brief reign; these other songs are like sugar in a grocery store —they sell steadily through the years.

"We don't know yet what can be fairly termed the 'life' of such numbers," Robison told me. "Records we made in 1924 are still selling steadily."

He showed me a statement from one company out of an odd two dozen which made a certain record in 1924. The sheet indicated that more than a thousand copies of it had been sold during one month of the year. It doesn't take long for such a seller as that—multiplying this record by twenty-three, the sales of the other companies—to run 'way ahead of "popular" numbers, with the exception, perhaps, of those outstanding hits of Broadway which romp up past the million mark in a few months.

Of course there are some topical numbers which have only a brief life. There's a New Star in Heaven Tonight, which dealt with—how did you guess it?—the passing of Rudolph Valentino, sold splendidly for a few months and then dropped off to almost nothing. But that had to do with a personality—a single individual. It lacked the universal appeal of a tragic love story, a railroad or steamship wreck or the career of a bandit.

They Know What They Want

"These folks for whom we write and sing are finicky," says Robison. "They know the formula they like and they want no changes or improvements. The phonograph and revival meetings are their religion. The radio means little to them, the movies nothing. Take the story of The Wreck of the 12:56, which has sold half a million and is still going strong. There's a simple story and a simple tune. There are only sixteen bars of music to the whole thing, repeated over and over.

"They pay more attention to the story than to the melody. You've got to stress the moral and you must have a singer who can put over every word clearly.

"Now I'm teamed up with another singer. He's a Kansan like myself and his name is Frank Luther, although he also sings under the name of Bud Billings."

The famous Death of Floyd Collins, by the way, was not from the pen of Robison, but was written by Andrew W. Jenkins, a blind preacher of Atlanta, Georgia. Jenkins has since made a number of records with Robison. He is a gifted fiddler and has a voice which lends itself happily to singing these ballads. His two daughters, who work with him, take down his songs as he hums them.

Robby told me an amusing story of

Jenkins. With Joe Venuti, one of America's "hottest" violinists, and Murray Kellner, another versatile musician, they were making some records. Between times Venuti and Kellner had been amusing themselves and Robby and Jenkins by playing various selections.

"Hand me your fiddle," said Jenkins to Kellner, "I can do something with it that neither you nor Venuti can do."

He took the instrument and wielding the bow with his left hand ran through a number of tunes in expert fashion.

The other two accomplished violinists tried their hands—their left hands—at it, but failed miserably.

Robison can turn out songs that will stand up with the best of them. His I Love You So, for instance, is regarded as a neat bit of composing and lyric-writing.

Now you must not get the impression that this man working in his New York office has his tongue in his musical cheek as he grinds out ballads for the simple folk. He is obviously sincere. He realizes that his work is lucrative and that it is not for the sophisticates. But he doesn't turn up his nose at his humble audiences.

The grubby little penciled notes that come to him from the mountains and the mills carry warming words of encouragement and gratitude, and he is not blind to their significance.

He welcomes these notes and answers all of them. Frequently the correspondence is exchanged and extended over many months. Robison is on intimate terms with one family out in Oregon although he has never met any member of it. He hears the details of the children and their health, their lessons and their mischief. He knows them as well as if they lived next door to him. And every letter brings this family's comments on his newest records.

Fast Workers

There was one friendly old soul who lived near the spot where the dirigible Shenandoah fell. She heard Robison's record retailing that tragedy and recently she sent him pieces of the inner and outer bags of the airship.

Fans write and tell of buying four or five copies of each record on their infrequent trips to towns where there are music stores. Records that are played over and over, night after night, do wear out so.

Of course, if you're going to record the tragic details of any disaster, you can't afford to let any grass grow under your feet, once the accident has occurred. The day after the sinking of the steamship Vestris I had an appointment to lunch with Robby. But he telephoned me early in the forenoon.

"Listen," he said, "we'll have to call that date off today. You know this Vestris sinking? Well, I've got to make four recordings of it this afternoon and I haven't finished the ballad yet."

He did finish it in time, however. And it quickly promised to outdistance the sales of Floyd Collins. For the interest in the sea disaster was widespread. On one side of the records is the story of the affair. The other pays tribute to the heroes of the Vestris. Here's how the moral goes, as Robison banged it out on his faithful typewriter:

There on the deck stood the gray-haired captain
Waiting for death to befall.
And tho' we know that someone blundered
We should forgive after all.
We're all adrift on life's mighty ocean
Where each mistake has its cost.
And we should learn from this sad story—
If we hesitate we are lost.

Picking 'Em out of the Air

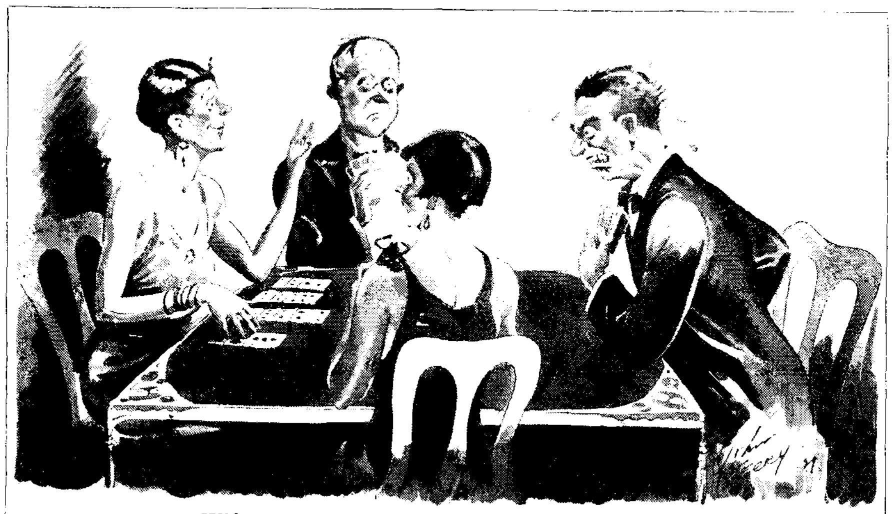
When there occur no catastrophes worthy of preservation in song, Robby draws upon old legends, as you have seen. But even these give out occasionally and then he reaches out into the air and makes his own old legend to order. He did that in the case of the currently popular Left My Gal in the Mountains. Here is a song with all the earmarks of the old-timers, even to the lugubrious wind-up:

Left my gal in the mountains,
Left her standin' in the rain,
Went down to the railroad,
Caught myself a midnight train,
Beat my way to Georgia,
Landed in a gamblin' town,
Got myself into trouble,
And shot a county sheriff down.

The jury read the verdict,
Murder in the first degree,
The judge said take this prisoner
To the pen-i-ten-tia-ry.
They put the handcuffs on me,
Put me on a Pullman train,
Took me to Atlanta,
And tied me with a ball and chain.

Left my gal in the mountains,
Left her waiting all alone.
Last night I dreamed I got a letter
Sayin' "Baby, won't you come home?"
She said she was lonely,
Told me that her love was true.
Then I dreamed I wrote a letter
Sayin' "I'm a-comin' back to you."

Then I woke up this mornin'
Layin' in Atlanta jail.
No one here to love me,
No one to go my bail.
The prison bars all around me,
A guard walkin' by the door.
My heart is sad and lonely,
'Cause I ll never see my gal no more.



Wifey: "Why such a fuss now, Bobbie? You knew I was stupid when I married you!"

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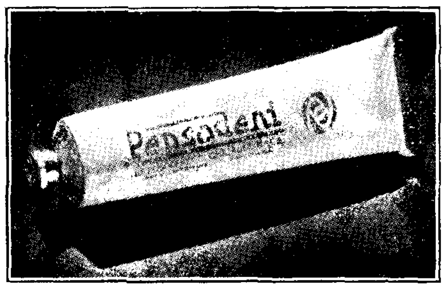

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In this development the world has gained a new conception of what a dentifrice should be and do.

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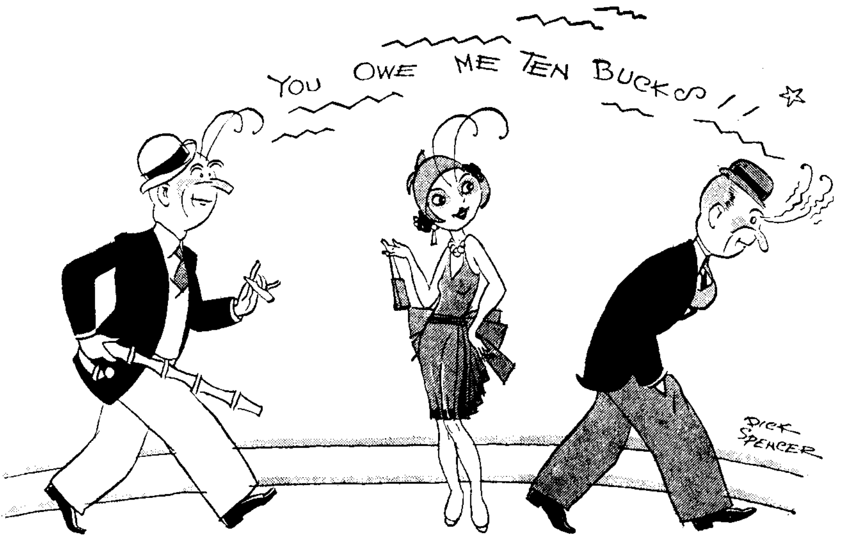
RADIO TUBES

LICENSED UNDER RCA PATENTS


YOU OWE ME TEN BUCKS!!
DICK SPENCER

Picked out of the Air

By Jack Binns

DUNNINGER, who has brought telepathy to radio, announces that fifty-five per cent of those who "listened" to his thoughts over their loud-speakers guessed at least one of the three thought-projections in the opening Ghost Hour program over the NBC network. The three thoughts were: "An American President," "A number of three digits" and "A geometrical figure."

Regarding the reported success of this test, Dunninger says: "It is extremely significant that it was with the aid of radio that the new record was established. No one is positive by what means radio waves reach the listener, and perhaps in its rays will be found a clue to the understanding of telepathy."

Possibly there are, within the congeries of atoms that comprise the human brain, means for generating ultra-high-frequency ether waves capable of conveying a mental picture or idea to some similarly attuned mind in another human being. If there are such means available, nobody has yet found the secret of voluntarily setting the waves into motion.

Even if someone did discover the secret, that would be only one step forward in utilizing the inherent power, if it is there. The next would be to discover some efficient means of radiating these waves into space. Of course it is scarcely needful to mention the necessity of getting our minds into a receptive condition to detect and reproduce these thought-waves.

Maybe evolution, in its normal course, will develop sensitive antennæ on the heads of human beings—but I am afraid it will be a long time before you can concentrate on the guy who borrowed a ten-spot from you, and find his mind receptive.

Short-Skirt Waves

For the past year cops detailed to special automobile squads by the Chicago police department have been having one awful time.

It is no fun to sit still while the loud-speaker in your automobile is saying, in high soprano tones: "No hat, no stockings, not even an anklet is needed to enhance the latest lovely bathing suit of Scotch plaid. It is Scotch all around judging by its design and cut, despite its Parisian birth."

It is pretty hard, too, for a two-fisted cop to remain silent when some hard-looking mug comes along and skittishly exclaims to him: "Oh, hello, Gertrude, have you heard about the lovely sale of stockings down at Marshall Field's today?"

The cops have had to stand this while the Chicago police department has been carrying on a series of experimental patrols in automobiles equipped with radio sets, in conjunction with station WGN.

In the course of these experiments the normal broadcast of WGN is interrupted whenever a crime is reported, in order to flash the news to the police automobiles which are located in certain specific sections of the city. Each of these automobiles carries at least three policemen fully armed.

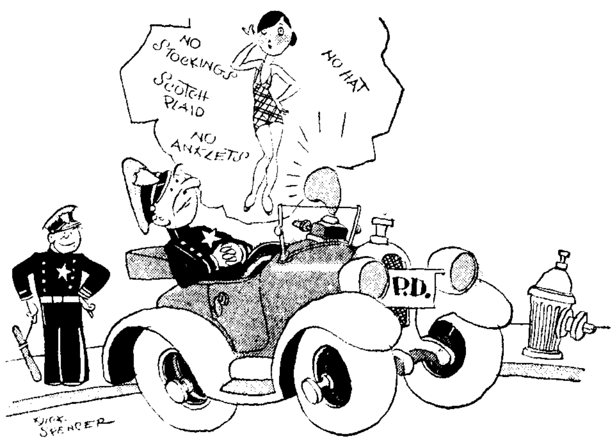
The period of experimentation has thoroughly justified the system. The figures already compiled show crime has been cut down one third as a result of the prompt actions of the auto squad.

It looks as though the troubles of the special squad would soon be over. The city has appropriated sufficient money to erect a short-wave transmitter for the service, and the cars will then be equipped with receivers that cannot respond to ordinary broadcasting, but will always be silent until an actual message comes from headquarters.

This short-wave service will also materially increase the efficiency of the system because it will not be so easy for criminals to cut in and be forewarned by the alarms, so that they can disappear before the automobiles arrive.

Every large city in the country should be equipped with such a service, and the state government should extend it to state police areas.

The pioneer city in this work was Detroit, which has also gone to short-wave lengths below the broadcast band to carry on the service. In Michigan a law has already been passed prohibiting the use of short-wave radio receivers in private automobiles.



Miss and Make-Up

Continued from page 34

green and pick the most successful for continued use, or, to speed up the process, get an expert's opinion on the question before she tries at all. If blue is worn in the evening, she should buy blue or black pencil and mascara, no matter if her eyes are sand color with purple dots.

Similarly, even the blue-eyed golden blonde who plans to wear brown must leave her pet blue shadow to sit at home disconsolate while she goes out and gets a brown one for her new costume. With such a chancy shade as green, brown, green or blue eye shadow may be demanded, according to the way the particular green in question reflects itself in the eyes. Thank heaven we've still got black and red to wear—two very important colors—in which we're told to match the eyes as is.

The Napoleon of the Powder Industry

Fortified with two of Madame's new lipsticks and a bottle of her artificial tan to use in case the home-grown article began to wear off in spots, we decided to go downtown and investigate that rumor about the biggest powder manufacturer in the world and his onslaught on the peaceful farms. He was the man who first came out, eight years ago, and told America to stop dipping its nose in the national flour barrel and match its powder to its complexion.

His was the first great name associated with the idea that rouge wasn't red but a whole series of shades. When he brought out an artificial tan this year, he sold two hundred thousand bottles in the first ten days. In short, in the world of beautifying he's a power of the most powerful sort.

Years ago, he was just a straight-backed and determined young Corsican with a single asset outside of his good looks—a marvelous rose jacqueminot perfume. Paris, of course, was the place to make his fortune. But he tramped from shop to shop without being able to sell a franc's worth. Perhaps the last man was a bit too superior—perhaps our future Napoleon of the powder industry was fed up with fate.

Anyhow, he didn't turn and walk out this time like a Christian martyr with a most exceptional profile. His eyes flashed, his arm swung up—and the precious bottle was a little heap of broken glass in a pool that widened slowly on the floor.

Next day a *parfumeur* was telephoning all over Paris. His customers, his clerks, his friends were clamoring to know why his shop smelled sweeter than the Elysian Fields. His wife gave him no peace; she threatened to take the children and go home to her mother if he couldn't produce that perfume. . . . Which proves, of course, that it's quite all right to lose your temper if you choose the perfect place.

When we went around to the vast pile that now houses his administrative offices in America, we ran into a salesmen's convention with an extra session in the wings where lovely models were being prepared to face the eagle-eyed inspection of those to whom a pretty girl hasn't begun to be pretty until her make-up is smart. The all-wise lady in charge had just come back from a transcontinental trip, and we wanted to know if our enlightened country still had sectional prejudices about beauty, or was it *one and indivisible* in its creed.

Where did they make up best? In New York, San Francisco and Dallas. Where did they use the most rouge? In the South. What was the most conservative part of the country? New England, where they prefer liquid and paste rouges because these give a more natural effect, and most of the women won't buy lipsticks unless they are the invisible sort that adds the faintest possible color by changing on the lips, or the darker tones of which they use the merest touch.

As a rule, parts of the country that have the most sun—and therefore the darkest skins—like the lightest powders. Southern California is the shining exception. Hollywood took up suntan before anybody else except the Lido-Riviera-Palm Beach crowd in New York.

This authority says she hasn't noticed any falling off in the use of rouge; indeed she thinks an unrouged sunburned skin is simply too terrible. First an orange rouge—then your powder—then a dusting of the dry rouge you usually use—that's her recipe.

Outline your Cupid's bow in liquid rouge, making the mouth you'd have chosen if you could; let it dry on; then apply your lipstick. Put your eye shadow very close to the lashes, never on the ball of the eye. Elongate the eye itself by blending the shadow out.

With a suntan make-up, try brown eye shadow first, with blue on top. More brown should be used in the daytime, more blue at night. If you're wide and flat between the eyes, put the shadow close in beside the nose and under the brow. If you're too narrow there already, a lighter shade of powder used at this point will give you breadth.

From which it will be seen that, though our two authorities may differ on details, they agree in saying that no woman is well equipped unless she has two shades of eye shadow. With her street rouge, her lighter rouge for the evening and the exotic orange necessary for her suntan make-up and for certain shades in clothes, she has another trio of preparations to buy.

She can't get away with fewer than two lipsticks for day and evening wear. And she certainly needs four powders—two for day wear, two for artificial light. At times even the blondest blonde won't feel up to the dazzling mauve version of her complexion, so she'll be glad to have naturelle or cream on hand. The brunette who usually uses cream at night may find her skin a little pale and dead, in which case she'll be wise if she gives it life with ochre rose.

A Help to Their Husbands

Middle-aged women should always use two powders, even in the daytime—our authority is most convincing about this—an ochre rose dusted in well, followed by rachel number one or number two to lighten the effect.

"By the way," said the encyclopedic subject of our interview, "it may interest you to know that men like the sunburn vogue because it makes it practicable for them to steal their wives' face powders.

"The truth is, they love to use them, but they hate to buy them. They're just as vain as we are—and their wives know it—but they wouldn't have anyone else find it out for the world."

"Have you any idea how much of these things they do use?" we asked her.

"Oh, no," said our expert with the little smile that all women wear when they talk of men in general and think of one man only, "their wives all scold them. But they'd never tell."

THREE SCREEN GRID TUBES — LINEAR POWER DETECTION — AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL — VISUAL TUNING METER — SILENT TUNING PUSH BUTTON

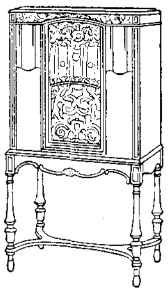
No. 846 Stromberg-Carlson. Uses a total of 10 tubes. Equipped with every practical development known to the radio art. New ease of operation. New brilliance of tone. Half-octagonal cabinet with famous Stromberg-Carlson Electro-Dynamic Speaker built-in. Price, without tubes. East of Rockies . . . $347.50

WHERE "MAKING IT FINER" IS A TRADITION

A STROMBERG-CARLSON was never an "ordinary" radio receiver. The first model ever built contained *all* the knowledge of radio then available—applied with the skill of 30 years experience in an allied art—fashioned by trained workmen—whose only ideal has always been to produce the best possible instrument regardless of cost, expediency or any other consideration.

Today, the new Screen Grid Stromberg-Carlsons fulfill this heritage. They are built to meet the conditions of present day broadcasting. They have 3 Screen Grid Tubes (totally shielded) affording high amplification. Their "Linear" Power Detector enables you to enjoy the high modulation broadcasting with a brilliant, sparkling tone. They have a new degree of selectivity and sensitivity.

A Stromberg-Carlson is a "quality", not a "quantity" Receiver. Radio knows no finer instrument.



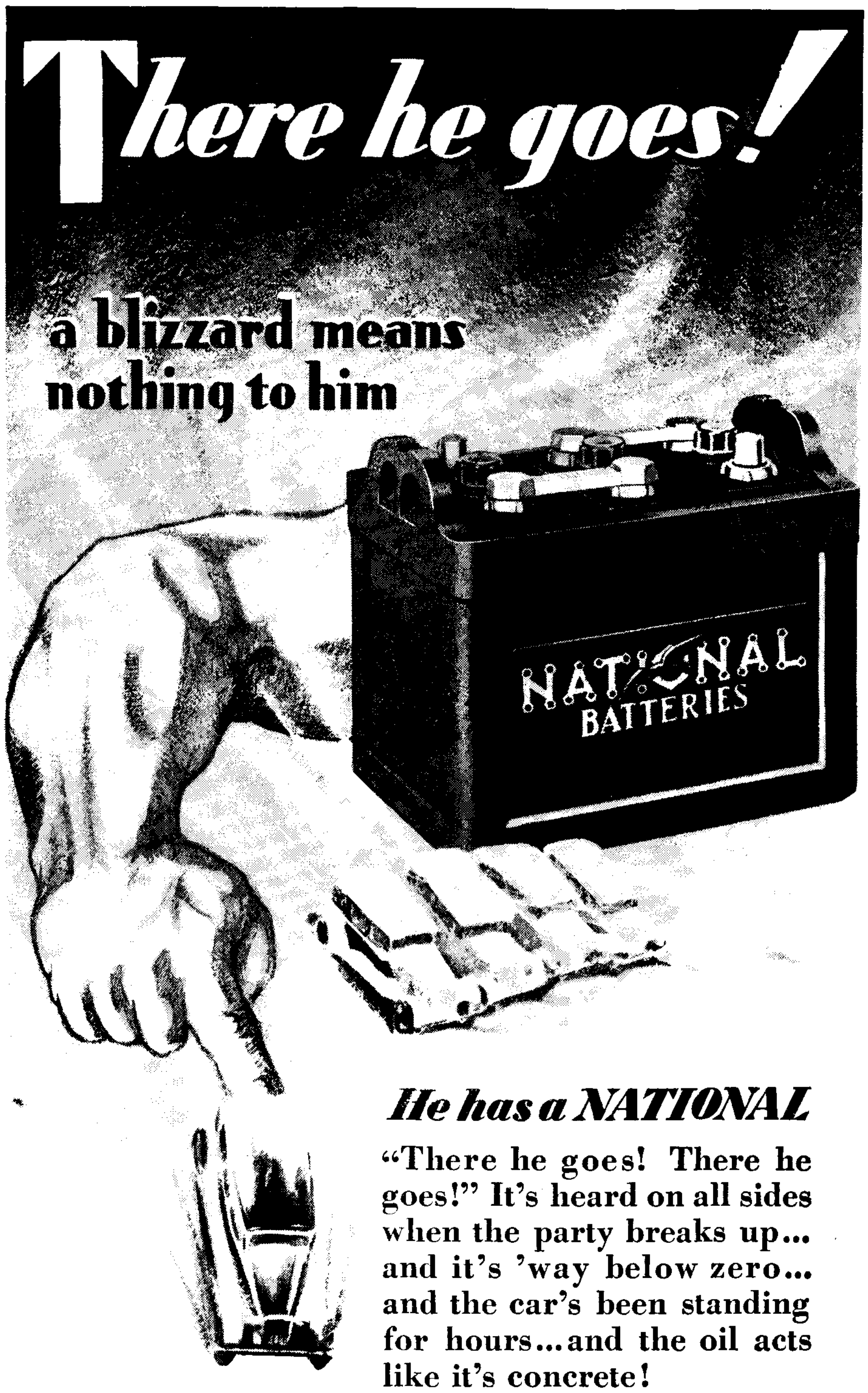
Listen Wednesday Evenings to the Coast-to-Coast Broadcast of the Stromberg-Carlson Orchestra, over the National Broadcasting Company's Blue Network and Associated Stations.

No. 642 Stromberg-Carlson. Uses six tubes, three screen grid. Price, without tubes, East of Rockies $247.50

Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y.

Stromberg-Carlson

MAKERS OF VOICE TRANSMISSION AND VOICE RECEPTION APPARATUS FOR MORE THAN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS



He has a NATIONAL

"There he goes! There he goes!" It's heard on all sides when the party breaks up... and it's 'way below zero... and the car's been standing for hours...and the oil acts like it's concrete!

For with a NATIONAL he's "first away" every time! Away and gone while others are c-r-a-n-k-i-n-g and c-r-a-n-k-i-n-g!

That's because the NATIONAL is built for cold weather starting... actually the finest battery in the world for that! Large, heavy plates crammed with *active material* produce the necessary *kick* to move any motor. And there's a reserve power that *follows through till the starting job's done!*

So trouble-free and cost-free is the NATIONAL that it's the only battery whose 12 or 18 or 30-month guarantee is backed by a surety bond of the National Surety Company.

Start the winter without "starting worries." See the NATIONAL dealer today. Ask about the BOND!

NATIONAL BATTERY COMPANY, *General Offices, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.*, Branches: Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles, North Bergen, N. J., Oakland, Baltimore, Seattle, Atlanta, Dallas, Cincinnati, Portland, Detroit, St. Louis, Spokane, Boston, Birmingham, Chicago Heights, Houston, Denver, Albany.

Tune in — KSTP — National Battery Station St. Paul, 205.4 meters 1460 kilocycles

NATIONAL BATTERIES — IN NAME FAME PRICE

The Virginia Reel

Continued from page 13

hottest enemies did not question the Bishop's sincerity. Being in politics themselves they simply had to admire his genius for the game. He played it as they played it—with more shrewdness than they and with more ruthlessness. He had the cards and he played them to win. As who doesn't?

It is not so curious as it may at first seem that with the coming of national prohibition in 1920 the Bishop's power began to show signs of wear. It was far, *far from weak*; but it was quite apparent that the obedience to the Cannon command was not quite the instant thing it had been. And the good man began to hear the hateful word "no."

The Absentee Bishop

Several reasons are assigned. To begin with, there was a tendency on the part of certain church laymen of high visibility to consider that a continuation of the old high-pressure zeal for prohibition was unnecessary now that the holy cause had become a part of the national constitution. Furthermore, a feeling was thriving that the Bishop's love for padroning the legislature was making the relationship of the church with ward politics too intimate. Also these important, pew-holding money producers were getting a bit fed up with ecclesiastical rule in their temporal affairs. For example, when the Anti-Saloon League and kindred bodies began to shake long fingers at tobacco.

Then, too, Bishop Cannon had spent a great deal of time out of the state while lining up the nation for prohibition. And not even Bishop Cannon is immune to those managerial ills which absentee bosses contract. In other words, while he was out campaigning hither and yon in the land a few of his fences in Virginia rotted. Slick political jobs were done on him in his absence, you see.

Too, unity, peace and concord had failed now and then to mesh within the Anti-Saloon League machine and were giving off signs of wear. Mr. Wheeler and the Bishop, while outwardly calm, were not loving.

The point is that the Anti-Saloon League was developing body squeaks and a disconcertingly large number of riders were complaining that a new wagon wouldn't be a bad idea at all. The reason was clear, too. The Anti-Saloon League had got mired so deeply in politics that it was losing traction.

In 1925 proof came to the Bishop. He nominated Senator Mapp for governor against Harry Flood Byrd. Not that Mr. Byrd was not dry. He's as dry as the Bishop. But the Bishop owed a little something to the faithful Senator Mapp and, too, Mr. Mapp showed none of Mr. Byrd's disinclination to be dictated to.

The Bishop called upon all and sundry to come forth and elect the man in whose rectitude, aridity and stanchness in the faith he had utter confidence. A vote for Mr. Mapp would be a vote for Bishop Cannon, for prohibition enforcement, for morals and against the old machine. This old machine with which the Bishop was glad enough to align himself a few years since had become something to be destroyed. The old working agreement between the Bishop and the machine had somehow dissolved. At any rate it had bolted the Bishop and the Bishop had renounced it and it was now a wicked contraption which gobbled men's souls.

Whereat, to the sharp amazement of a considerable number of Virginia's smart politicians, the state elected Buck Byrd amid what appears at this distance to have been a wholly unnecessary amount of rejoicing.

And there ended, temporarily at least, the dictatorship of Cannon in Virginia. There, too, began the Byrd-Cannon feud which is about to have a good airing.

The new governor, Buck Byrd, was not even subtle in informing the Bishop that during his four years of administering the state's affairs, he, Harry Flood Byrd, would be governor and that *if the time came* when the advice of Bishop Cannon was important, he, Governor Byrd, would send for him. And until that time—

Then came Al Smith seeking the Presidency. It is common knowledge that Bishop Cannon was responsible for the defection of Virginia from the Democratic column last year. It is more common knowledge that Bishop Cannon was largely responsible for Mr. Hoover's conquest of North Carolina and Tennessee. Maybe so. Maybe so. Old Common Knowledge is frequently a fraud—a gossiping godmother to well-founded rumor and other snares and delusions.

I have just come from Virginia, where preachers and politicians assured me that Virginia would have gone to Mr. Hoover or any other dry, Protestant opponent of a wet, Catholic candidate, Bishop Cannon or no Bishop Cannon. This is interesting if not particularly important.

But it would have been more interesting to know what might have happened in 1928 in Virginia had Governor Byrd and his smooth machine warmed up to Mr. Smith enough to have gone into the fray with the throttle wide open. Twice during the campaign Governor Byrd went to Governor Smith with prayer and warnings. He went first when Governor Smith sent his famous telegram to the expiring convention in Houston, and besought him to speak softly of that Southern darling, prohibition. I am unable to set down the exact words which passed between the two governors but I am assured that Buck Byrd exhorted Al Smith to desist from hammering on the beer barrel and that Al Smith told him that the country was athirst and was wild to prove it.

A Second Rebuff

Again Governor Byrd went to Governor Smith and advised against the selection of Mr. Raskob as chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Not, mind you, that Governor Byrd had objections to the person of Mr. Raskob. Far, far from it. It was northern capital such as Mr. Raskob represented that Governor Byrd had been fetching into Virginia and whereby he was lifting his state out of debt and into the surplus class.

But Mr. Raskob, too, was a Catholic and there were Democratic National Committeemen and women who were going to want to know whether they were about to become members of a Catholic National Committee. People will ask questions of that sort, you know.

But Governor Smith, strong in two great virtues—belief in his destiny and loyalty to his personal friends—bade Governor Byrd to be of stout heart and shed these small fears and that in November all would be well.

Governor Byrd returned to Richmond to report that twice Governor Smith had kicked fate and Virginia in the face and that, in his opinion, the Democratic party was about to take its customary clubbing. In brief, the Virginia machine was all but conceding the state to Mr. Hoover before the middle of October.

You'd say offhand that all this left little ammunition for Bishop Cannon to enter the 1929 fight. But that merely indicates how little you know the man. Give the Bishop a good hard snowball and he'd have a go at the defenses of Hampton Roads. The man simply wallows in the fun of a no-quarter fight.

The Bishop was experiencing the agony of disloyalty in his own church. Methodists were getting out the Book of Discipline and turning to the section on "Of the Trial of a Bishop." Some of his most prominent laymen were talking of the warmth that was sure to characterize the next session of the General Conference to be held in Dallas in May, 1930. The Bishop had been caught at stock gambling—and had admitted it. And there was much talk about the Bishop's dealings in timber stumpage, real estate and foodstuffs.

In Shining Armor

Not that the Bishop's participation in any of these money-making projects was dishonest. And not that he hadn't done precisely what these very laymen had been doing—seeking money in legitimate tradings. But all of it had revealed the Bishop as exceedingly human and the possessor of a few common traits and desires. And to thousands Bishop Cannon had been above such mundane things, had been a god immune to gold's lure. Gods do well to remain aloof from worldly things. And Bishop Cannon hadn't.

History is crowded with the names of great politicians who took smaller reason than the Bishop has as their cue to retire to their estates. That is because these weaklings had guilty consciences, which the Bishop has not. They wanted courage. The Bishop has the courage of a thousand such. They had doubts of the righteousness of their cause. Bishop Cannon is as strong today in his beliefs and sincerity as he was when, twenty-five years ago, he entered Virginia's political tourney, his shining armor blinding all who beheld him.

So now to do or die, the Bishop is out with warnings of the horrors that will be ours if punishment is not meted out to all who voted for Al Smith. He called upon all those in Virginia who did not bolt the Democratic ticket last year to apologize publicly and make at least partial amends by overthrowing the Byrd machine and restoring him, Bishop Cannon, to power. That's the spirit of his call at any rate.

The trumpets had called to a holy war but filmy idealism did not glaze the Bishop's clear, farseeing eyes nor befog his swift mind. He formed an odd alliance with Campbell Bascom Slemp, boss of the Republicans in southwestern Virginia, former member of Congress and one-time secretary to Calvin Coolidge, and with Robert H. Angell, president of the Shenandoah Life Insurance Company and other wealth breeders, and Mr. Slemp's successor as Republican state chairman. A certain amount of criticism from within the old Cannon following was inevitable; but the general explanation was accepted that in politics one must fight with whatever weapons are available. Also, both Mr. Slemp and Mr. Angell are fascinatingly clever as well as rich.

The next stroke of the Cannoneers was deft. In Virginia a party may hold a primary or may not. Expediency dictates. To hold one supplies the opposition with an idea of one's strength, although it is well never to place too much trust in primary figures. The Byrd forces had to hold a primary because three candidates presented themselves for the nomination, one of them being Senator Mapp, who once had the favor of the Bishop but who voted for Al Smith and made a conservative speech or two in favor of the New Yorker. Mr. Mapp was soundly beaten by Mr. Pollard, but instantly announced his intention of carrying on vigorously for Mr. Pollard and against his erstwhile master.

But Bishop Cannon's party held no primary. It met in convention in Roanoke and nominated Mr. Brown, a high-minded amateur in politics. There was no opposition to Mr. Brown. Mr. Angell thereat nominated a Republican for lieutenant governor, R. Walter Dickenson, who all but ruined everything by making a speech of acceptance in which he boasted that his parents were Union sympathizers in the Civil War. Probably nothing Mr. Dickenson could have said would have been more inapt. After hooting Mr. Dickenson lustily, the Cannoneers ignored him, declining to accept him as their candidate for anything. And in brief time Mr. Dickenson resigned his nomination, leaving the allies to go on without anybody for lieutenant governor.

But there was no dissension over the alliance's ideals. The platform leaves nothing to the imagination—nothing at all. It was clearly set forth in the keynote speech delivered in good voice by Mr. Frank Lyon, one of the ablest of the Bishop's lieutenants. Here you have it in a few selected paragraphs:

"The doctrine proclaimed by Mr. Raskob as the militant leader of the Democracy of the nation is that Democracy must be reconstructed and set up as an organization proclaiming and following the liberalism of the foreign element in the densely populated cities, as represented by Tammany Hall.

"This word liberalism is one used freely by those who wish to gratify the coarser passions of men. . . . Since Governor Smith has been at the head of New York State the country has witnessed the repeal of all prohibition laws. It has witnessed the legalization of prize fights as a recognized Sunday diversion attended by the heads of Tammany Hall. It has witnessed the legalizing of common gambling at race tracks and it has witnessed the letting up of the enforcement of all laws which tend to restrain mankind in the indulgence of his passions. New York has been liberalized to measure to the standards of Mr. Raskob.

"A Party of Libertines"

"Under the plea of liberalism the Democratic party is to be reconstructed and the prize ring, the gambling establishment, the saloon and the bawdy house are to be sowed broadcast throughout the nation in conformity with the standards of New York City as represented by Governor Smith and the Tammany organization.

"Mr. Raskob has no Democratic forbears. He is a crude, money-making protectionist. . . . He contends the American people are not liberal because they will not license prize fighting, gambling and liquor drinking. Prize-fighting in the South at least has been prohibited. The liberty of paralyzing the conscience and will power by the use of drugs has been prohibited throughout the United States. After centuries of suffering the United States has definitely entered upon the experiment of doing away with the personal liberty of paralyzing the conscience by the use of alcohol. . . .

"These reforms are to be set aside by Mr. Raskob under the plea of liberalism and appeal is to be made to the baser passions of men, to the foreign, un-American sentiment as represented by

(Continued on page 64)

"What do you think of Cities Service Common stock?"

Question—"What do you think of Cities Service Common stock?"

Answer—"We think very well indeed of Cities Service Common stock.

"The holders of this stock have nothing to fear. It has *made good over a long period of years and it pays liberally*. Just because you have a profit on it cuts no figure. You bought it for investment; hold it for investment."

The above clipping is from one of America's great dailies, and is one of many in our files. Name of newspaper from which it was taken can be furnished on request.

"It pays liberally . . . hold it for investment,"

answered this authority

WHEN an investment editor gives his opinion of the character of a security, he measures it first by its *management* and then by its record of *earnings*.

When management and earnings have successfully withstood the test of time—have been tried in good times and bad—then the appraiser of an investment security knows that he can give it his unqualified approval. He also knows that, even though the market value of the stock has increased, it is wiser to hold for investment than to sell for immediate profit.

Cities Service Company, as the editor quoted in the above clipping advised the man who made the inquiry, has had a long record of good earnings.

This is because more than one hundred diversified subsidiary companies in the Cities Service organization are sound enterprises, operating in growing communities, providing essential services—and with good management.

More than 450,000 investors own Cities Service securities, including banks, insurance companies, trust companies and other institutions, as well as a great army of individuals.

An investment in Cities Service securities protects you against the risk of putting all your eggs in one basket. Your dividends come from the earnings of more than 100 Cities Service subsidiaries spread over 35 states and doing a day-and-night business in modern necessities—in electric light and power, manufactured and natural gas, and petroleum products.

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ON YOUR WAY TO FLORIDA . . .

RESOLVE TO SEE THIS RICH REGION

UNTIL you know these "key" cities, you cannot *possibly* have any idea of the remarkable development that has made Piedmont Carolinas such a vital competing element in many industries.

Progressive cities, thriving, growing *and building wealth—alive with the* vitality of an industrial awakening that has been pacemaking for the Nation—decide to see them this year on your way to Florida playgrounds.

1 See Greensboro, one of the most progressive cities in the country, remarkable for its thriving commercial, industrial, banking, insurance and mercantile interests.

2 Take a side trip to Winston-Salem, where the quiet dignity of an old Colonial settlement joins hands with wide-spread textile and tobacco manufacture.

3 Stop off in High Point, the center of the important Piedmont Carolinas' furniture industry, rapidly becoming a rich textile center.

4 Visit Salisbury, a town where active agriculture and developing industry are both sources of increasing wealth.

5 Spend time in Charlotte, an important distributing center for the Carolinas and a pivot point of wide-spread activity in many lines of manufacture.

6 Do not miss Spartanburg, where textile progress is speedily being supplemented by many other diversified interests.

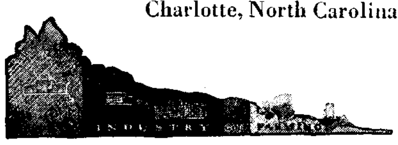
7 Include Greenville, a center of a wealthy agricultural region where in addition to other manufacture the textile industry has reached a high degree of development.

8 And be sure to visit Anderson with its spinning, weaving, knitting, dyeing and finishing, and other manufacturing activities.

Equal opportunities offer in such thriving, developing cities as Reidsville, Burlington, Thomasville, Hickory, Chester and many others—smaller, but alive with possibilities.

This present development will amaze you, but much more amazing will be opportunities still untouched. Come.

Meanwhile, send for "*Piedmont Carolinas, Where Wealth Awaits You.*" And if on reading it, you want road maps or information about certain specific sections, write. We are here to serve you, Industrial Department, Room 332, Mercantile Building, Charlotte, North Carolina.



DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

(Continued from page 63)

Mr. Raskob. It is the belief of Mr. Raskob and his kind of people that he can turn the Democratic party from its moorings and make it a party of license, a party of libertines, controlled by its base passions."

There, in substance, is the platform of Bishop Cannon. That the Byrd Democrats, including Senators Glass and Swanson, have not publicly atoned by apology to the people of Virginia for voting for Al Smith is, he proclaims, proof that they are Raskobites and disciples of Raskobism.

And what, the Bishop demands, is Virginia going to do with such lovers of Raskobian morals?

There are other planks in the Cannon platform, of course. Mr. Brown dilates upon them at rather greater length than the more ardent anti-Raskobites think necessary. There are demands for protection and development of the sea-food industry, for a reduction in taxes, for better state banking laws and so on. The Byrd-Pollard ticket is for all that, too. Mr. Brown condemns "the despotism growing out of the doctrine which places party above principle." He "stands adamant against any social relations between the white and colored races." And so on and on.

But so is the machine's platform full of beliefs that the people of Virginia ought to have a pleasanter time. We may disregard such minor matters.

The fight is over unhappy Mr. Raskob, who, one feels sure as he travels around Virginia, must be overadvertised by the Bishop. *To listen to the Cannon orators* one sees Mr. Raskob as a creature of Mr. Sax Rohmer or Mr. Oppenheim. The man just can't be that much of a menace, that's all. Nobody is.

And yet, in the lobby of the Law Building in Roanoke, I met a rather nice-looking man of forty or so who told me that Mr. Raskob had come to America in 1927 as the carefully selected agent of the Pope to act as Rome's fiscal agent in the great conspiracy to rush Al Smith into the White House; and that while Mr. Raskob could barely read and write English, employing secretaries and interpreters to do these minor offices for him, he had come to exterminate "American Protestantism." Just how, the gentleman didn't say.

Another Cannoneer told me that he was most concerned with "burning the devil out of Virginia's schools," an ambition he felt sure could be gratified only if Bishop Cannon regained his mastery of the Virginia government. If the election should go in the Bishop's favor, state funds would be denied such haughty institutions as the University of Virginia where, said he, a heathenish rationalism is tolerated in thought and word.

And then there was the lawyer in Richmond who told me (his fury mounting as he talked) that Mr. Pollard would win, but only because President Hoover had betrayed the state of Virginia. What, he demanded, could you expect of a Republican, anyway, but treachery? Here Virginia gave him her electoral votes. And what does he do?

He permits Mrs. Hoover to entertain Mrs. Oscar De Priest of Chicago at tea in the White House, thereby damning everything Republican in Virginia and turning away from the Cannon ticket thousands of Democrats and the overwhelming majority of the state's Republicans who could not tolerate Mrs. Hoover's patent insult to the South.

The Bishop's Partner

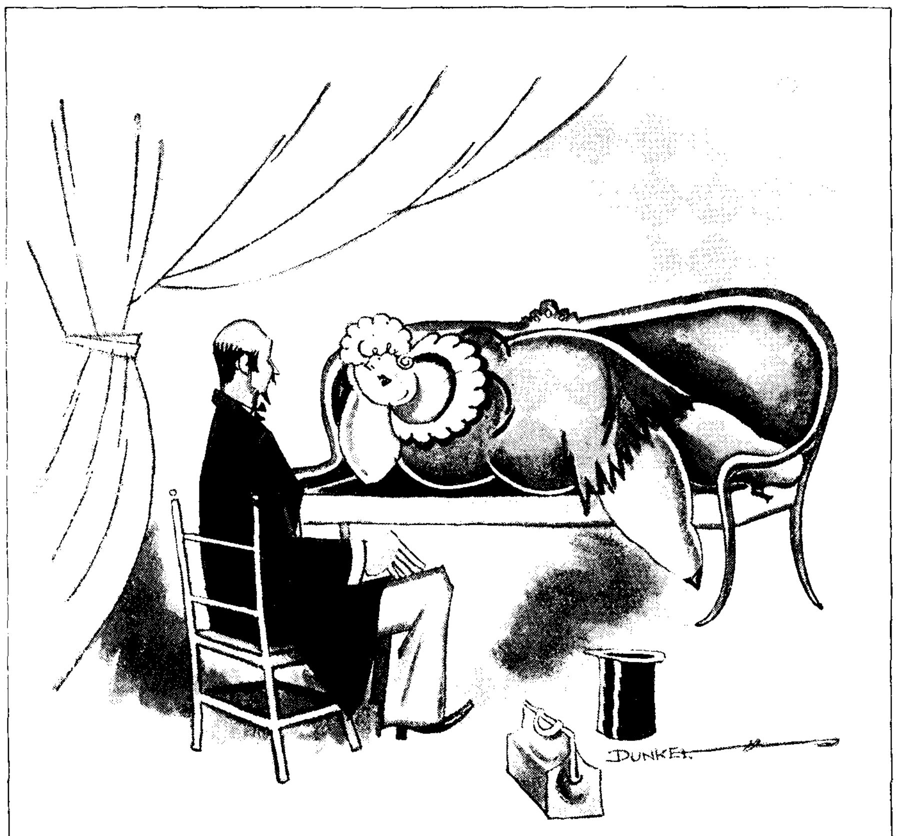
While nobody could be drier than Mr. Pollard, one of the country's most prominent Baptist laymen, news of his election would fetch much comfort to the opponents of the Eighteenth Amendment for no other reason than that it would reduce the potency and visibility of the most powerful intelligence in the great dry cause—James Cannon, Jr.

And with the rejection of Bishop Cannon by his own state would come the possibility that the country is preparing to consider prohibition as a social experiment instead of a religion.

I sought Bishop Cannon in the "Anti-Smith Campaign Headquarters" in Richmond. Two plump, white-haired gentlemen lolling comfortably in rocking-chairs greeted me. The Bishop was not there. They did not know where he was except that "he was about God's business."

"But these are his headquarters, aren't they?" I asked.

"No more than they are God's headquarters," replied the plumper of the two, solemnly.



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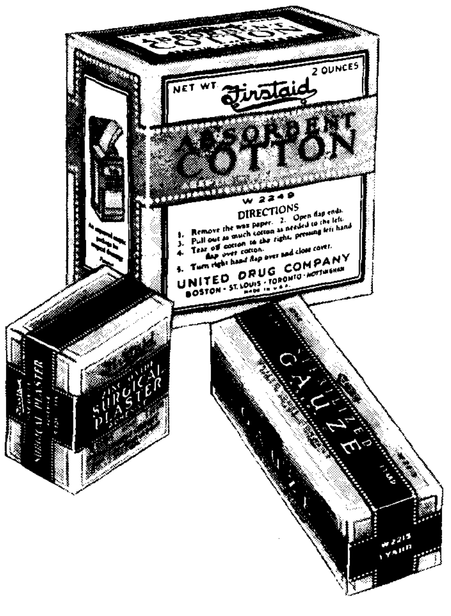

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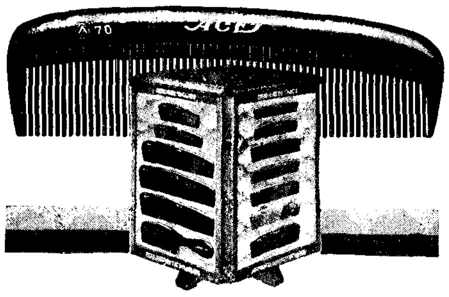

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Meddling Through

Continued from page 17

They lifted him easily between them, carried him back to the kitchen and laid him down on the lumpy sofa under the low window. He lay very still, breathing slowly. The twins studied him briefly, glanced at each other, tiptoed out to the porch.

"Figure we got to do it?" said Bert. Clem's face went stubborn.

"We haven't got to do anything we don't choose to," he declared. "None of our business, man-catching."

"My notion, too," said Bert. "Way I look at it we'd be meddling, Clem—that's what. Meddling in a mean job we ain't cut out for."

Clem shook his head.

"Hate to meddle," he said. "We got to do it, fixing up that bridge, but I don't see how we got to meddle in this other thing. Plenty of our own work to keep you and me busy without poking our noses into other people's."

"Then we might's well get back to the bridge," said Bert. "Lost enough time, the way it is."

"Think it's all right to leave him in yonder, do you?"

Bert craned his neck at the doorway.

"He'll sleep the clock clean round, by my guess, Clem. And what if he don't? Nothing in the house worth stealing, and if he's gone when we come back, so much the better."

They retreated, quietly, toward the barn. On the sofa Lou Gorton now allowed himself to go honestly and profoundly to sleep, a faint, down-curving smile at the corners of his thin-lipped mouth.

The twins had finished with the bridge by noon. The Binchester paper was waiting for them when they came back to the mail-box at the foot of the lane and Bert fumbled through it till he found a brief account of the escape. He read it aloud while Clem drove in toward the barn.

"Gritty," said Clem. "He ran a good risk of breaking his neck, jumping off a fast train, like that, handcuffed the way he was."

They unhitched, watered and fed the team in silence before Bert answered:

"Maybe he'd sooner break his neck than spend three years in Stillburn Prison. I would, if it was me."

"Specially if he didn't know the check was bad," said Clem.

"He didn't lie to us about the rest of it. Told the same story that's in the paper."

THEY stopped at the kitchen door. Gorton had shifted his position. He lay on his side, one arm lifted and bent so that it shielded his eyes against the light and also concealed his mouth.

"Bushed clean out," whispered Clem. "He wouldn't get far if we turned him out."

"It'd be just the same as helping catch him," said Bert.

"That's right. It'd be meddling, when you come right down to it. What say we leave him stay a spell, Bert?"

"Only thing to do, the way I look at it."

"Settled, then," said Clem. "Le's get dinner."

They made as little noise about it as they could, but Gorton woke, presently, and sat up. His shoulders drooped and his face was dully hopeless.

"Rested any?" Clem asked him. He nodded.

"I'll beat it," he said, rising.

"No call to," said Clem. "Welcome to stay here a spell, if it suits you."

Gorton stared, as if he hardly dared to believe it.

"Bert and me," Clem told him, "figure it'd be the same thing as helping them catch you if we was to make you move on now."

"I guess that's about right," said Gorton. "I wouldn't get far. But—"

"We don't see where we got any call to meddle in it," Clem went on. "So it's all the same to us whether you get out or stay on a spell."

"You're white!" Gorton shook hands with them both. "I won't forget what you're doing for me."

"No call to thank us," said Bert. "All we're doing is keepin' hands off something 'tain't our business, one way or the other."

"Set down," said Clem, "and le's eat."

THE twins gave themselves to the task of eating exactly as if it had been any other job. They performed it in silence and with a smooth, efficient cooperation. Gorton, however, was moved to conversation:

"How about the neighbors? Hadn't we better frame up the story to tell them?"

"We don't have to tell 'em anything," said Bert shortly. "None of their business."

Gorton shook his head. "It won't do. If you don't tell 'em, they'll wonder, and pretty soon somebody'll guess."

"It'd be the same as meddling if we lied to 'em," said Clem, "and we can't tell 'em the truth."

"Why not? My name's Lou Gorton. I live in Syracuse. I'm boarding with you—and that's what I am doing, too, because I'll pay you for my keep out of the first money I get hold of. And it's certainly true that I'm here on account of my health." He chuckled grimly. "It's a whole lot healthier up in these hills than it'd be down in Stillburn. What's the matter with telling 'em that?"

The twins thought it over gravely, nodded assent.

"Won't many know you're here, anyhow," said Clem. "Belle Finlay saw you in the wagon, and her folks'll know, and she'd be apt to mention it to Ern Hubbard, but that's about all. Only two houses in this end of the glen."

Gorton's eyes narrowed. "Belle Finlay's the girl who was picking berries, is she? And Hubbard—he's the bird that's handing you the raw deal on that bridge. I heard you talking to him."

"He ain't behaving any too neighborly, Ern ain't," said Clem.

"It ain't Ern," said Bert, "so much as Jud Finlay. Jud put him up to it, I'll bet you, Clem. Jud's holding it up against us account of beating him in the lawsuit, and the way Ern's hanging around Belle it'd be easy for Jud to handle him. And Ern wouldn't know we got to start hauling, either, without Jud told him."

"That's the girl's father, is it?" Gorton's eyes were narrower than ever.

"Uncle," said Clem. "Lives with him, Belle does, since her pa died." He wagged his head. "Charges her board, too—his own brother's girl. Close, Jud is."

Bert pushed back his chair.

"No reason why Belle shouldn't pay board, way I look at it. She heired plenty. It'd be different if she couldn't afford to pay."

Gorton sat up slowly. His voice was careless, but his eyes came suddenly to life.

"Got money of her own, has she? Then why doesn't she beat it out of here?"

The twins seemed to meditate in chorus. (*Continued on page 66*)

MORE INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT

Sauerkraut

A Broadcast Talk By

B. E. BABCOCK

President, National Kraut Packers' Association

"THE real Sauerkraut season—fall and winter—is approaching. I am speaking thus in the language of tradition. In reality Sauerkraut has become an all-year-round dish, just as palatable and healthful in summer as in winter.

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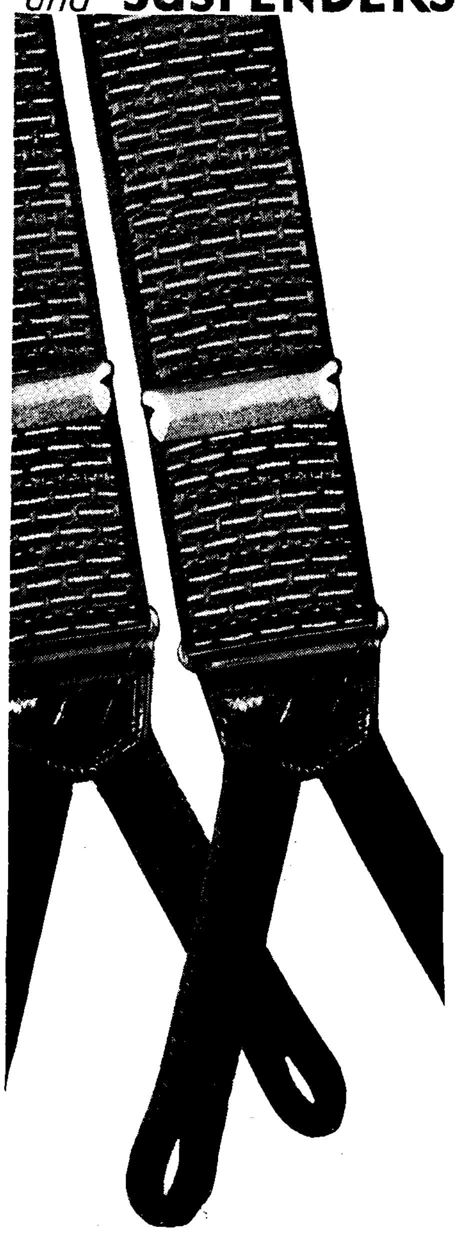

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(*Continued from page 65*)

"Maybe," said Clem, "it's account of Ern Hubbard. Maybe Belle's staying up here just waiting for Ern to make up his mind he wants to marry her."

"Don't see what else it could be," said Bert. He rose and set methodically about dishwashing. Clem helped him. Gorton, hands in pockets, stood staring out through the doorway toward a white house at the foot of the west hill.

A worm fence wriggled up the slope, a zigzag line blurred by blackberry thickets. A splash of pink moved along the edge of this green fringe and the sun glinted on a shining tin. Gorton's eyes half closed and his grin flattened back from white, short teeth, wide-spaced and sharp, like a dog's.

"I'd like to earn my keep," he said. "I guess I wouldn't be much use at heavy work just yet, but how'd it be if I picked some berries?"

The twins exchanged a glance of mutual approval.

"Berries'd go fine for supper," said Clem. "You feel able to go after 'em?"

Gorton laughed. "I feel fine," he said. "Where's a pail?"

"I'M SURE it's very sweet of you to take so much interest in my private affairs!"

Belle Finlay's voice made it evident that she did not think it was sweet at all. Her head lifted; the sudden deepening of color in her face and throat made her prettier than ever and increased by just so much the uneasiness which the Lebbeter twins felt in a woman's presence. They exchanged unhappy glances.

"We didn't aim to meddle, Belle." Clem spoke apologetically. "We only figured, Bert and me, that we ought to tell you—"

"I'm much obliged," said Belle. "It's real neighborly of you to help me pick out my friends!"

"We didn't figure on doing that, Belle. Bert and me only wanted to tell you that Lou Gorton—" he paused—"well, he ain't your kind, Belle."

"You mean that you don't happen to like him, and so you're taking it on yourselves to—"

"We meant it all right," said Clem. "Seems as though we went at it wrong, but—"

Belle laughed shortly. "If you ever find out the right way to meddle in other people's private affairs, you might try it again. In the meantime I'll thank you to let me tend to my own business, Clem Lebbeter."

She turned away and walked with dignity and decision into the little brick bank. The twins followed her with duplicate glances of rueful concern.

"I guess we only made things worse," said Bert. "Got the bit in her teeth, now. We must have gone at it wrong, Clem."

Clem shook his head. "Belle was right. There ain't any right way to meddle. We hadn't ought to have tried it."

He moved across the sidewalk and untied the hitching-rope from the pipe-rail. Over opposite wheels the brothers clambered up to the spring seat. The wagon clacked soberly as the heavy team plodded past the row of stores and out into open country.

After a mile of silent meditation, Bert spoke:

"We got to do something, Clem."

"Guess so. We better have a talk with Lou. Tell him he's got to leave her alone. Hate to do it, kind of. Like hitting a man when he's down, but he'd ought to see for himself that it ain't fair for a man fixed the way he is to hang around a girl like Belle."

"Talk it over with him soon's we get home," Bert decided.

Gorton, however, was not at the house when they arrived. They had finished with the chores and were sitting down to their bread-and-milk supper when they heard him coming. A fragment of song, lightly chanted, preceded him.

—walkin' with my sweetness down lov-
in' lane!

The twins frowned in chorus. Gorton came in gayly. He sailed his hat neatly across to the sofa, swung a nimble leg over the back of his chair.

"Well, boys, you've lost a boarder."

They stared at him, relief evident in their faces.

"You might try to look sorry," he said.

"You mean you're going away?" Clem asked.

"From here," said Gorton. He chuckled. "About time, too, eh? Belle says you had a little serious talk with her about me this afternoon."

The twins stared a little more blankly. Gorton laughed.

"I didn't think it of you. I thought you birds didn't believe in butting in, and here you are, trying to spoil a beautiful little friendship just when it's getting nice and chummy!"

"We just—" Clem paused to swallow— "we only wanted—"

"I know." Gorton nodded. "I'm on. Just felt you had to tip Belle off to watch her step. It never struck me that you took any interest in her or I'd have put you wise." He laughed indulgently. "I thought it would hand you a laugh if Ern Hubbard's sweetie gave him the fresh air, but as for wanting to grab the jane off for myself—oh, say, give me credit, will you?"

"Looked like you might be after her," said Clem. "They don't come any prettier'n Belle—"

"Nor any dumber," said Gorton. He grinned, however, as he attacked the big blue bowl of bread and milk, as if the thought of Belle Finlay's dumbness wasn't unpleasant.

"Belle ain't any too smart," Bert admitted. "When did you figure on leaving, Lou?"

"Tonight." Gorton's grin widened. "There's a train through around ten, isn't there?"

"Ten after," said Clem. "We'll hitch up and drive you down to the depot soon's we get done with supper."

"That'll be fine."

GORTON accepted the offer rather carelessly. He pushed back his chair, presently, lighted one of the cigarettes that Bert had bought for him and, tilted back, hands in pockets, watched Clem clearing the table. Bert took the lantern down from its hook beside the door, filled and lighted it and went out toward the barn.

"We can loan you some money for carfare, Lou," said Clem, arranging the chipped blue dishes primly on the cupboard shelf.

"I don't—" Gorton stopped. "That's mighty white of you. I'll shoot it back as soon as I get a break."

"No hurry." Clem fumbled at his hip pocket, brought out a wadded lump of bills. "Only got seventeen dollars, but Bert'll have some more."

"This is plenty. Much obliged." Gorton's fingers dealt mechanically with the bills, unfolding them, smoothing the creases, folding them lengthwise. He thrust them into a trousers pocket. Bert came in.

"Hitched up," he announced. "Might's well get started."

"Got any money on you, Bert? Lou'll need a little something."

"I was thinking about that too. I got ten." He brought out the bill. "We told Hub McWhorter we'd pay him for them hens tomorrow, Clem. You got six dollars left?"

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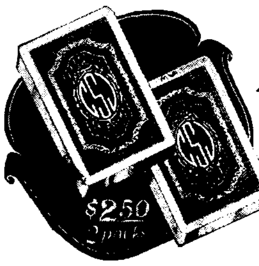

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"I just gave Lou all I had on me," said Clem. "I tell you what—you leave me have six of it back, Lou, and take Bert's ten. That'll give you four extry."

Gorton's hand came away from his pocket.

"Here you are." He stopped. His hand made a darting movement back to the pocket, but Clem had seen.

"That wasn't the money I gave you," he said slowly. "That was yellow-backs. Clean bills."

Gorton stood very still, his narrow eyes shifting from one sober face to the other.

"I was going to spring it on you down at the station," he said. "That's why I let you think I was going to take your seventeen, Clem. You boys didn't figure on getting paid for my board, did you? Well, guess again. Here's your seventeen back, and here's a dividend. Twenty apiece."

HE DROPPED the money on the table, the ragged fives and ones that Clem had given him and two bright new twenties slipped from the other fold. Neither of the twins moved.

"You've got a lot left," said Clem. "Where'd you get it?"

Again Gorton's eye jerked toward the door. Bert stood squarely in his path. He shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you care where I got it? It's good money."

"Where'd you get it?" repeated Clem, as if Gorton hadn't spoken.

"He got it off Belle," said Bert. "She went in the bank. He met her before he got home."

Gorton laughed. "All right. Say she gave it to me. What of it?"

"Hand it over," said Clem. He spoke so mildly that Gorton misunderstood.

"You've got twenty apiece already. That certainly ought to pay for my board."

"Hand it over," said Clem.

"I'll double it," Gorton offered. "Forty more." He laughed. "That'll pay you for the timber and time you put into that bridge. It's coming out of Ern Hubbard, too. He'll get whatever Belle has left when he marries her. He'll be paying you for that bridge right out of his own pocket! Here—"

"Hand it all over, Gorton."

Gorton's grin vanished. His mouth twisted downward and his eyes glittered. He stopped in the act of thumbing two more twenties from the fold of bills, put the money back into his pocket.

"I won't hand over a cent," he said. "Get that! It goes! You had your chance and you passed it up. Now you don't get a jitney, see?"

He shifted his glance from one to the other.

"If you're goofy enough to string along with Hubbard and his dumb Dora, after the way you been gypped, go to it and see what it gets you!"

His right hand jerked. The twins stared at the muzzle of Bert's venerable revolver, covering them both.

"All set to strong-arm me, weren't you? Try and do it, suckers, try and do it!"

Without lowering his eyes he swept up the money from the table and stuffed it into his pocket.

"Now," he said, "you'll drive me down to the train and like it, see? And you'll keep your mouths shut. Because it anything slips and I go to Stillburn you two saps are going there with me. Get that through your domes, boys. You're in this with me. Helping a convict out of his handcuffs and hiding him for a couple of weeks—and you're the birds that don't believe in meddling too!"

The twins exchanged sober glances.

"I guess maybe we did meddle, after all," said Clem. "Didn't aim to, but—"

"Tell the judge you didn't aim to," Gorton cut in. "Tell him you sawed those bracelets off me by accident!"

Bert frowned. "Only one thing to do, Clem, far as I can see."

Clem nodded. Gorton chuckled at their grave, crestfallen faces. He lowered the muzzle of the ancient gun.

"Glad you've got sense enough to see that."

Thus far in his acquaintance with the Lebbeter twins neither had moved suddenly or swiftly, except on one occasion when a young hog escaped its pen and was making merry in the garden.

Even then the Lebbeters had seemed slow and awkward. There was no hint of haste in Bert's kneesprung shamble toward the sitting-room door, now, and Clem made no movement at all. Gorton watched Bert carelessly. Bert wasn't looking at him.

Then, as the gun weht off and the explosion jarred it out of his relaxed fingers, as his shoulders crashed down on the footworn floor, as, helplessly, his leg kicked and jerked against the grip that held its ankle in the air, Gorton remembered what had happened to that unsuspicious pig.

He struggled furiously, just as the pig had struggled, and just as uselessly. Clem Lebbeter's arm yielded to the desperate thrashings of the captured leg as an angler plays a fighting fish, but the grip of his big hand on the ankle didn't loosen and when Gorton, snarling, drove at the fingers with the heel of his free foot, Clem's other hand closed calmly upon that ankle, too.

Gorton flung himself toward the gun, his arm straining for it. Clem backed a step or two, pulling him out of reach. Bert picked up the gun and pocketed it. Without words he went out to the woodshed and came back with a huge ball of wool-twine. Gorton's teeth snapped like a wolf's at the hand which fastened on his wrist.

"Hadn't better," said Bert. A large knee pressed admonishingly on Gorton's neck. Wool-twine, drawn tight and shrewdly knotted, bound his wrists together and his knees and ankles; he was lifted to his feet and more twine wrapped about his arms, holding them against his sides.

He began, now, to wheedle and implore, and presently to spit out threats and curses. A square of grain-sacking, firmly wadded between his jaws, interrupted these. The twins carried him out to the wagon. There was straw in the bed of it. They threw a tarpaulin over him and climbed to the seat.

THERE was silence between the twins as the wagon clacked placidly down the lane, but at the corner, where Clem turned the team toward the mended bridge and the road that twisted down out of the hills, Bert sat up and spoke:

"Where are you going, Clem? Got to take him down to Glenville jail, ain't we?"

Clem shook his head. "I been thinking, Bert. There's a sight of sense in what Lou said. It was somebody's job to take him down to Stillburn and you and me might get into trouble for meddling into it, if we just take him over to Glenville."

The new planking of the bridge rumbled pleasantly under hoofs and wheels.

"Same as if we'd pulled up the old bridge without building a new one," Clem said. "I don't guess they'll make much trouble for us for meddling into this here business, long's we do a sight better job than what they could."

He clucked to the team.

"Stillburn's only eighteen miles, Bert. We'll get this job finished by sun-up, and this time it's going to be finished up right!"

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The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 22

his duty. "But you have seemed a man beyond that—who has made up his accounts even with God. What can I say or do? I have here my book—would you like me to pray with you? Or can I give you absolution?"

"Who can give me that?" smiled De Haverbeck. "I was at church two days ago. Let that pass. I have never been one to give much importance to forms, sir. I believe that I have run level with my conscience."

"It will be a bloody and cruel deed," muttered the clergyman, pacing up and down, "and a waste of a fine heroic man. Ah, sir, what has Your Excellency been involved in to come to such an ugly and untimely fate? What mischance brought you so low?"

"So low?" replied the soldier. "Why, I am high enough." He pulled out his watch: "I perceive that half an hour has already gone, and I must beg you, sir, to command yourself. I do not know what they intend. Be not, therefore, taken by surprise by what may occur."

"I CAN scarcely endure it," protested the clergyman desperately. "It should not have been put upon me."

He went to the heavy door and beat it with frantic, impotent hands.

"Hush!" commanded De Haverbeck, in a stern tone, turning round in his seat. "Leave that. It will avail us nothing."

He put his hand in his pocket, endeavoring to think of something to distract and calm the clergyman, and took out a rouleau of rix dollars.

"Take those, sir, for your poor; you must know those who will need them."

Shivering and yellow-pale, the wretched clergyman fumbled the paper money into his pocket.

"Command yourself," said the soldier, sternly. "It is but to see a man die—you must have been at many a death-bed?"

"But this is murder," muttered the clergyman.

"Therefore, I can the more easily compose myself," smiled De Haverbeck.

"Ah, God pity us!" exclaimed the clergyman in a harsh shriek, as the key turned in the lock, and he made to fling himself to De Haverbeck's side and catch him by the hand.

The soldier rose:

"Control yourself," he said in a voice of flashing command, "nor disgrace this moment."

The heavy door swung on its hinges and four men entered in dark and shameful attire, wearing stained leather aprons and having bare arms.

Behind them was the quiet gray jailer, who motioned for the clergyman to leave.

"Remember my letters," said De Haverbeck, sternly, to him.

The clergyman would have resisted, would have clung to the prisoner, but the soldier severely commanded him to be gone, and the jailer pushed him, heaving, sick, out of the prison door.

The four men, as the door closed, remained under the yellow lamplight at a pause, and the soldier, standing the other side of the table, faced them, as if they were four criminals and he their judge. They were indeed overawed before his grace and dignity, his strength and serenity, and the magnificence of his appointments.

"Well, gentlemen," said De Haverbeck, coolly, "I dare say your part in this business is as disagreeable as my own. Shall we, then, bring it to a prompt conclusion?"

"It is to be swift and secret," muttered the jailer, somberly. "All depends on your behavior, sir. No matter how it be done, if it be done quickly and privately."

De Haverbeck did not answer. He was absolutely convinced that this was the work of Madame Rocklitz. No man could have contrived so vile and so atrocious an end for a soldier. His eyes narrowed as he considered the filthy blood-stained hands of the men from the torture chamber touching him—hands that had but that very day been wrenching a woman's joints apart. Two of them held coils of rope. They waited, sullen, avoiding his eyes.

"She could not have realized it," De Haverbeck thought, trying to excuse her in his mind.

He asked:

"How is this murder intended? Am I to be dispatched here?"

He had himself completely under control, even now, though he faced far worse than death, and there was a grisly admiration and a mute applause in the gray jailer's look. The four ruffians shuffled and grimaced uneasily.

"The governor of the Königsberg," muttered the jailer, "is under his orders, as you, sir, being a soldier, will understand—and these are very positive. But he has done what he could. And maybe at cost to himself. Yet it seemed to him that you, being a brave, honorable gentleman—and a woman at the bottom of it—"

"Leave that!" interrupted De Haverbeck grimly.

"Well, sir, I was to tell you that—a woman in it—ordering it—designing it, you understand—"

So she wished him to know that he died at her command. De Haverbeck was consumed with pity, thinking of the remorse of Madelon. But there was no longer any time in which to think of Madelon.

"It seems," he said sternly to the jailer, "that you are the umpire of my fate—a task which weighs on you, as I think. You seem uneasy. Unburden yourself. I would be gone from this company."

"The governor of the Königsberg," muttered the overawed jailer, "bade me tell you that he was stretching his powers as far as this: I am to give you, sir, five minutes alone—there is the surgeon outside who will be in immediate attendance. And I am to return you this, sir, which was taken from you the night of your arrest." He brought out of his pocket the Saracen dagger, that De Haverbeck had picked up after the Turkish rout, and laid it on the table.

De Haverbeck's soul leaped to meet his fate.

"Why, this is easy—it is but to open an old wound!"

FRANÇOISE DE ROSNY crouched in a small cell in the Königsberg, and her mangled fingers painfully traced her signature to a long written paper; as they did so drops of blood trickled and fell on the document. She wore a straight shapeless robe of a harsh gray material; her hair had been roughly cut to the nape of her neck; her features were yellowed and furrowed; her face glistened with a horrid damp.

The examining judges, putting their heads close together and standing directly underneath a lamp braced by iron stanchions to the wall, read the confession, with eager yet terrified gaze.

In this Françoise de Rosny admitted having been a governess in the house of Rudolph von Neitschütz, now Field

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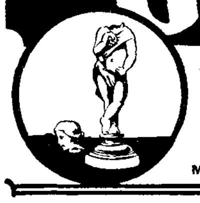

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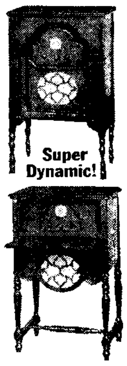

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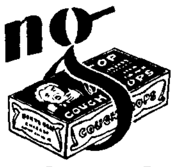

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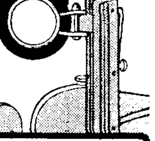

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Marshal of the Saxon Army, and that she had, together with him and his two sons, practiced witchcraft, spells and incantations, the object of which was to delude the Electoral Prince, now His Highness Johann Georg IV, Elector of Saxony, Arch Marshal of the Empire, into a marriage with Magdalena Sibylla von Neitschütz, now the Countess of Rocklitz.

She admitted that she had early sold and sealed the soul of the young girl to the devil; that they had on Walpurgis Night often enough attended the orgies and debauches of fiends; that the Elector, even as a boy, had been bemused with drinks and potions, the object of which was to attract him violently to Magdalena Sibylla, and when these machinations were defeated by the efforts of Count Ferdinand Stürm in marrying His Highness to the present Electress, still they had contrived to get the young man by their devilish wiles into their clutches again, and foist Magdalena Sibylla on him as a mistress.

SHE, Madame Rocklitz, the confession read, had confessed to her, Françoise de Rosny, that she had, the very first night the Elector had possession of her, given him a drug which bemused his senses. She had poured it out of a small green bottle into a small green glass which she kept among her ornaments on her toilet table. She had, ever since then, obtained domination of him by the same means.

She had frequently visited Madame de Rosny and received from her potions and philters by which she was to maintain her hold on the Elector's affections.

Further, Françoise de Rosny confessed that, the night before her own arrest, Madame Rocklitz had visited her in the guise of a young man dressed in plain traveling dress, and that with the greatest emotion and excitement she had demanded from her three separate concoctions—one, a philter to awaken love; one, a potion to bring sleep; and the third, a swift poison.

These, Françoise de Rosny, being entirely in the power of the devil and sealed against all conscience, had given her, and in return had received a golden egg of peculiar workmanship as an earnest, and later a string of diamonds, which Madame de Rocklitz had taken from the green vaults, of which the Elector, in his infatuation, had often given her the keys; both these objects she had surrendered when arrested.

Madame de Rosny further deposed that the Countess of Rocklitz, her father and brothers, also being aided and inspired by the devil, were in several schemes to declare the present marriage of the Elector null and void, and to trump up some show of the Countess of Rocklitz being his wife by the left hand, or precontracted to him. That there were schemes to put aside her present Highness the Electress and give the Countess of Rocklitz the station of a wife; it was true that a spell had been put on His Highness so that he could have no children by any woman save the Countess of Rocklitz; that was the meaning of the dead child in the tree at Flöha.

Françoise de Rosny further believed that there was some league or pact with the devil to keep the Countess of Rocklitz barren till she could call herself a wife, and to obtain the crown of Poland, so that the Countess of Rocklitz should at last die crowned a queen.

"She can say no more," murmured one of the judges, overawed and horrified by this terrible document.

"And it agrees with what the other witch said," whispered another, shaking his gray head, glancing with dread at the awful figure on the straw mattress; he thought he saw the shape of the devil behind her.

"Word for word it is the same matter and the same accusation—that is, to a point. For the other woman, the Baroness von Ilten, did not know so much about the house of Neitschütz; she was never in residence with them, nor so deep in their secrets."

"Besides," said the first judge, "she died before we could get any coherent statement from her. She took no more than four turns at the question."

All three turned and stared with a profound disgust and a frightful curiosity at the miserable creature who had now not much likeness to humanity, who lay and shuddered, and moaned and chattered on the straw mattress.

"It's enough for tonight," whispered one of the judges, holding tightly, but far from him, the terrible paper, lest it contaminate his person. "Let her be till morning, take her to her cell, and let the surgeon see her. This has been a hideous day's work."

He wiped the sweat from his viscid brow.

One of his colleagues, however, a young and more ambitious man, was anxious lest they had let fly some opportunity of gathering evidence against the Rocklitz. Stürm, who had given them careful instructions, had been insistent on that point. The sole object of the arrest and torture of the two women was to ruin the Elector's mistress; and surely it was a fine service to God and the State to rid His Highness of this rapacious, shameless woman and her insolent relatives and creatures who stopped the source of honor and favor, and who, as this confession showed, even dealt in magic and poison.

"See," said the earnest judge, "we have omitted the name of the man for whom the Rocklitz bought the love potion."

"That touches politics, eh? It was that of the Marshal de Haverbeck—best leave it out. He is not in the Elector's good graces."

"Nay, but should we not put it in—out of fairness to the gentleman? A woman does not buy a love potion for a willing gallant."

"Leave it—I have not heard that he is suspected. This is a paper to be put before the Elector!"

"We shall have the Rocklitz herself here tomorrow night."

"Will he part with her so easily? She has him bemused."

THE speaker turned to Françoise de Rosny, crouching on the mattress.

"How do you know that the Rocklitz bewitched His Highness with a draft in a green bottle the first night he had her person?"

"She told me," whispered the prisoner.

"Ah! Who thought of the devilish scheme to make the Electress barren?"

"Madelon Rocklitz."

"Why?"

"So that her husband might conceive a disgust for her—it was intended to make away with her presently."

"Who would do that murder?"

"Madelon Rocklitz."

The three judges glanced at each other.

"She then intended to marry the Elector?"

"Yes. And bring him over to the Papists and get the crown of Poland."

"Why did she not have a child herself? It was known to be the open desire of the Elector. The answer here is not satisfactory."

"Madelon Rocklitz," snarled the woman, "did not dare to have a child lest it should have a fiend's face—for she has had carnal knowledge of a demon since she was twelve years old."

Calling on the name of God, the three judges stepped back and the old woman gave a terrible laugh.

(*Continued on page 70*)

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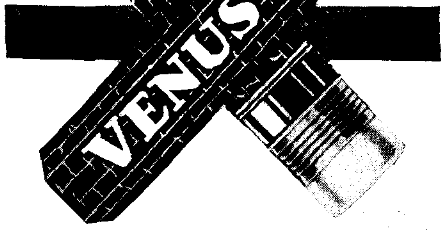

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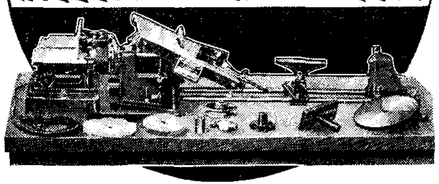

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(*Continued from page 69*)

"Is that enough for you? Men and devils were one to her, a lustful woman, even as a child. Now will her besotted fool turn her out of keeping?"

"This must be another deposition and signature," whispered one of the judges, much shaken. "Have it engrossed." He turned to the barber-surgeon now kneeling beside the prisoner. "Will she live till morning?"

"Yes, sir; her pulse is strong. She has got much vigor."

"Take her away. We will see her in the morning."

THE three judges left the narrow room (which was an antechamber to the torture chamber) whispering fearfully among themselves.

Françoise de Rosny was helped to her feet by the two jailers and escorted from the chamber into a long corridor lit by a smoky and tawny light from two small high-placed lamps; though neither her knees nor her ankles had been disjointed the barber-surgeon declared it was impossible for her to walk and the two men who were used to this work had to drag her along the corridor by locking their arms behind her back and allowing her hands to hang over their shoulders.

The bitter progress down the murky corridor, which was marked with drops of blood on the flagstones, and accompanied with groans from the tormented woman, was passed by another sinister cortège, four men who came slowly, carrying some heavy object on a rude bier, over which was thrown a blanket.

Françoise de Rosny knew it at once for a dead and murdered man, and shrieked; she saw a fine hand with ruffles and a braided cuff hanging out at the side. Under the coverlet she saw a cluster of dark hair appearing at the top. As the bier was carried past, one of the men supporting her, with a callous curiosity, twitched the blanket aside, and Françoise de Rosny looked down on a face that was very familiar to her indeed. She shifted her dry, cracked lips; she began to laugh.

"Well, it isn't only the devil who brings one down," she whispered. "What's the difference between us now, eh? For all his virtue!"

The four men passed down the corridor with their heavy burden. Françoise de Rosny, sagging between the jailers' arms, continued her agonized progress to her cell.

About this hour, while the four men walking heavily were carrying a dead man between them along the corridors of the Königsberg, the Elector broke into the apartments of Ferdinand Stürm in the Residenzschloss, clutched the minister's frail shoulders like a creature crazed, and demanded his instant help.

"I've had him murdered," he said; "it will be over by now."

"Murdered!" whispered Stürm.

"Marshal de Haverbeck," replied the Elector, with a strong shudder.

"Oh, God!" Ferdinand Stürm put his fingers to his chin. "In the Königsberg—you had him secretly dispatched there?"

"Tonight. It would not be," murmured the Elector, "more than half an hour ago. I—I commanded the governor. I realized, suddenly, you know, that I had that power of death. I sent a clergyman to him, then the four executioners, and he was not armed."

"A death like that," stammered Stürm, overawed for the first time in his life, "for a man like De Haverbeck!"

"It was intolerable," gasped the Elector. "I went to see him, and I could not move him at all. He would not say what was between them that night. He's dead. I could not endure that he should live—to laugh at me with her."

"This," exclaimed Stürm, "is a damnable horror, and the last thing that I intended. De Haverbeck was to have been released tomorrow. He was arrested merely to make it impossible for him to deny that he passed the night in Madame Rocklitz's house. I intended to see what Madame de Rosny knew and confront him with it. But this . . . Your Highness has overthrown everything."

"He's dead," said the Elector. "He's dead. I did not do it myself—I gave the order. I went to see the governor myself. I remembered that I was a prince. It is not murder if you are a prince. I am above the law—you told me so."

"What shall we tell the Emperor—Sir William Colt, and von Spanheim?"

"I don't know," replied the Elector, vaguely.

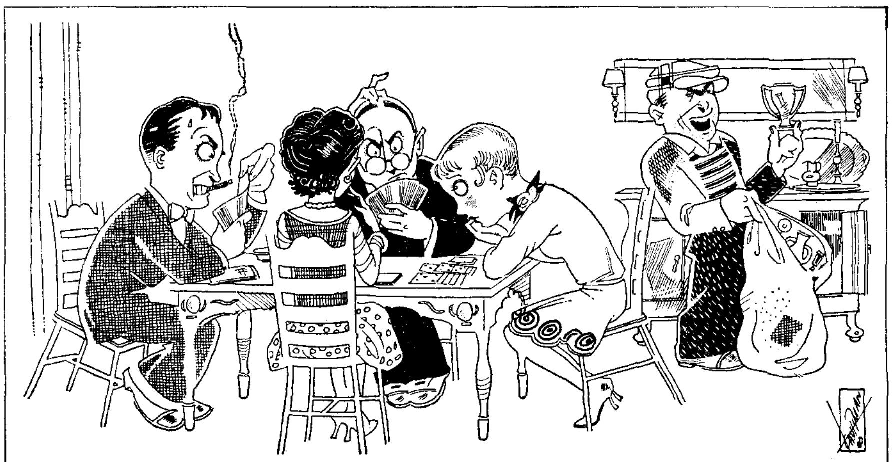
Stürm looked at him with the indifference of complete disdain.

"Why, I must manage this, as I suppose," he said in extreme distress. "I'll go down at once to the Königsberg; I'll see what can be done. I have had difficulty in keeping the gentleman's servants quiet. They believe he left suddenly last night on some intrigue—and that's not lightly believed of De Haverbeck—or that he visited his estates suddenly, and that's an incivility that goes down ill, too, with a man like him. His friends were waiting for him last night—this is a damnable coil."

"LISTEN," sobbed the Elector. He put out his unsteady hand and clutched Count Stürm's cuff. "There's worse than anything I've told you—"

"Worse! How could there be anything worse than murder?" cried Stürm bitterly.

"There's this: He thought she commanded it. I let him think that. I told him that she had betrayed him to me. Of course she does not even know that he was in prison. She, too, thinks that he has gone to his estates."



Society Note: Jimmy Lox, of Milwaukee, took all prizes at the Van Trumps' bridge party.

"That's diabolical. What made you imagine that De Haverbeck could believe she had done it—what would her motive have been? He never credited it!" he added, not guessing what good cause De Haverbeck had had to credit the random, frantic, foolish lie. "But it was a fearful thing to say—and out of character. She is a light but not a cruel woman."

"I wanted to ask him about the child," interrupted Johann Georg, "but could not. She visits it, you said? It is hers, you think?"

"No, on my soul, I do not," replied Stürm bitterly. "I am sorry I led you so far on that way. She is too young—and I believe she was innocent till you had her, sir. She visits the child from womanish sentiment—the mother was Carlotta Drezel, buried in the Marienkirche, on the Bächnitz road."

"YOU never told me this before," said the Elector, "and it was—was because of that I ordered him to be killed. You see—he and Madelon—who could have endured it? Because of the child—I have none. I would have killed the child, too, easily—then."

Stürm cursed himself. How stupid a mistake he had made in judging this boy by his own cold standards. What folly not to have remembered the havoc, the misery, that the hot blood of youth will cause! Stürm felt sick and shaken; he had always liked De Haverbeck.

"Leave me out of this," he said roughly, turning away, "I can't go any farther into these devilish lies. Your Highness has turned about in your character. . . ."

"The poisons she gave me!" cried the Elector, with a sudden shriek in his voice. "I had not done it if I had been in my senses. I'm only returning to my senses now. What was it she gave me? It was witchcraft. It was some devil's brew."

Ferdinand Stürm looked at him dryly. It was clear enough that the young man's courage and control were shattered, but whether this was by witchcraft, or drug, or passion, mattered but little to Stürm. He saw his whole country embroiled by an ugly and wanton crime, and he knew he would have to bring all his wits to bear upon the situation to extricate himself and Saxony from this difficult, shameful position.

"Your Highness has ordered this deed and, as I take it, your orders have been carried out. If you will but maintain your self-command, it may be that it can be hushed up and carried off yet." Then he brought himself to ask, though with a sick look and a faltering accent: "How—how was it done?"

"I don't know," whimpered the Elector. "I suppose they strangled him."

"Then I can do nothing," exclaimed Stürm, in tones of disgust. "You set four men on him, and, I suppose, he fought for his life . . ."

The shuddering Elector cried out: "Will Christ forgive me? Will God forgive me?"

Ferdinand Stürm's patience, deference and control vanished before his anger; he shook off the heavy, distracted young man, and cried, fearfully, in a low tone:

"You doltish, whining, besotted boy, let me go! All our honors are on this."

The Elector, without resentment, turned miserably away.

"Where's Madelon?" he asked. "Where's Madelon Rocklitz?"

"Aye," said Stürm, snatching and buttoning up his mantle, "you had best go to Madame Rocklitz!"

He left the Residenzschloss quickly and quietly, confronting with an admirable coolness and courage, which had never yet failed him in many an emergency, a vast menace to his own fortunes and those of Saxony.

He had his careful emissaries and, in his own house, he interviewed several of these, brought on sudden summons. Arrangements were made, swiftly, adroitly; messages were sent to the Marshal de Haverbeck's lodgings, to his gentlemen and servants; then, having put these affairs swiftly in readiness, Stürm went directly to the Königsberg. Though it was the middle of the night, he was admitted at once to the presence of the governor, who, bowed and uneasy, was sitting over the stove, drinking. He appeared neither to have slept nor to be thinking of sleep that night.

"De Haverbeck," said the minister abruptly, "has been murdered here tonight."

The governor swore a quick oath.

"If the Elector had not come to me in person I would never have done it. He was resolute. I have his warrant for it."

"There is no blame on you," replied Stürm, grimly, "but it is a thing that touches us all close, and I have done my best to put some face on it. You have, as you say, your warrant and your signed order. The Elector was half insane, you might have noticed that, and held your hand. But I have not come to reproach you. Where is De Haverbeck?"

"In the chapel," replied the governor, then began, in a hurried manner, to excuse himself from the deed and its consequences.

Stürm cut him short.

"I have absolutely no time to listen to you now, my dear Governor. In the morning, perhaps. There are other measures that are imperative. How did Marshal de Haverbeck die?"

The governor rose and began to walk up and down the room.

"Upon my honor I believe the Elector meant he was to be strangled; but you know what that means—a man like De Haverbeck—and that cursed woman at the bottom of it all, as I suppose . . ."

"Leave her," said Stürm, impatiently. "She's damned enough without our curses."

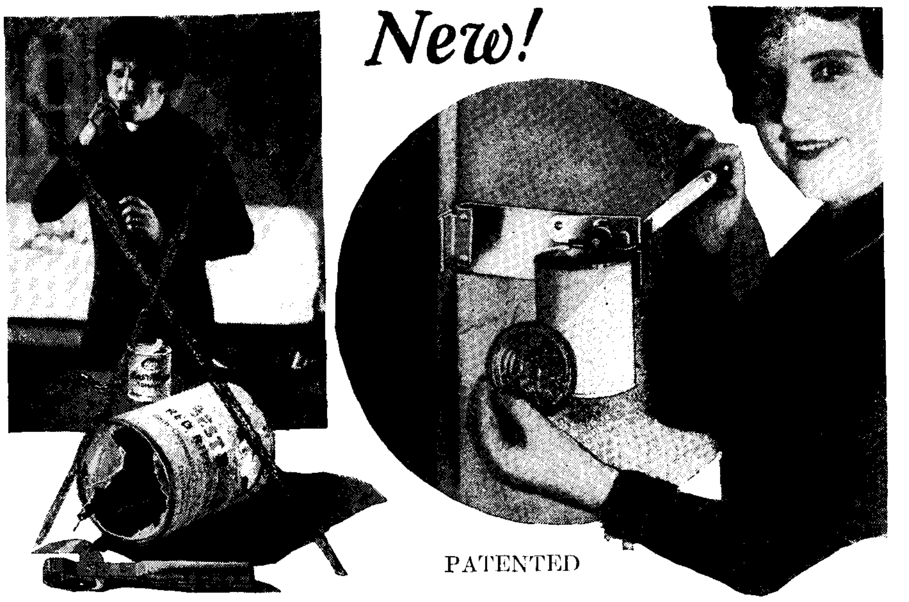
"His sword had been taken from him," continued the governor, in a low troubled voice. "He had besides a small dagger—a curious thing, something I believe he had gotten in the Turkish war. And I—I took it upon myself to wrap this in a handkerchief. I gave it to the jailer and sent him down with the four men. I told him to give it to Marshal de Haverbeck, and keep the men back until he had used it. To give him five minutes alone. You understand?"

"I understand," said Stürm with considerable relief. "And that was how it was done?"

"YES. I did not disobey the Elector. The men were there if he had refused—or resisted. But he was very grateful. He said it was but to open an old wound. You know he had two balls in the breast in Hungary—when they returned he was at the table—he lived but a few moments. The surgeon told me that he was so healthy and so constant in his mind that he might have been saved had it been permitted to staunch the wound. He swooned several times, but recovered, as if he made a struggle for it. He thanked them all for their good offices and sent his watch to me and asked me to give one of his rings to the jailer. God!" broke out the coarse soldier, passionately, "I would your Elector had hanged himself before he put this work on me."

"There's a better man gone," said Stürm, "than ever you or I are likely to serve under, my dear Governor. For his honor and ours let us consider how to cover the matter over. I have given out to his people," continued the minister unsteadily, for his voice had been

(*Continued on page 72*)



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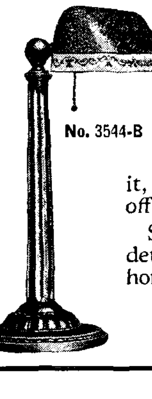

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Slip-On Shade

(*Continued from page 71*)

moved and his eyes moist, "that he has been called to the Königsberg to take part in the examination of some prisoner. They will ask no more than that, knowing his mission to be vital and probably secret. He is supposed to have taken his leave of the Elector and to have seen his estates, and to be returning immediately to Vienna.

"HIS coach will be here in half an hour; and you and I, my dear Governor, must escort him into it. Captain Falaiseau, who is a man I can trust, will be his companion—his escort, as it were, to the frontier at Spandau. I have seen Marshal de Haverbeck's doctor, whom he had with him in his company. These people can all be bought or frightened. This doctor will testify that the Marshal died on his journey of a sudden fit or seizure, following the breaking out of his old wound; he will also see that the body is properly embalmed at the first opportunity. And then, though one cannot stop comment, or gossip, or rumor, we shall have evaded an absolute, open scandal."

"Do you think that he would have wished that himself?" asked the governor, frowning.

"I think he would," replied Stürm, earnestly. "He was a very honorable and a very generous man, and I think he would have wished this himself—it was never his purpose to embarrass anyone. And it's impossible for me to forgive myself."

(*To be continued next week*)

Hero Stuff

Continued from page 19

Congratulate yourself. You saw a master.

And if you wish a touch of variety to your denial that Pat O'Dea's drop-kick remains a college record, mention Payne of Dakota Wesleyan. Against Northwestern Normal, in 1915, Mr. Payne ruined the day for the opposition by drop-kicking a goal from the sixty-three yard line. But the O'Dea enthusiasts will contend that the physical conditions were all with Payne and George Gipp, the weather being fine, the field fast, the ball clean and dry and the opposition many degrees weaker than the Northwestern University that Pat faced. And you'll have to admit that.

A dangerous goal kicker is a marked man. Even if he isn't roughed a bit while doing his stuff he gets it in preceding and subsequent plays, the idea being to reduce his enthusiasm and physical store. Don't think for a moment that the opponents of Harvard didn't do their utmost to render B. W. Trafford impotent when he was kicking field goals with utter abandon for his Alma Mater forty years ago. Yet, against Cornell, Trafford dropped five field goals in a game while eleven strong lads from Ithaca were doing their utmost to deprive him of his legs.

And that was the record for quite a while. Presently a great football genius appears at Chicago—Walter Eckersall. This lad could do anything a coach could dream. His drop-kicking was devastating. About the only thing his opponents could be sure of was that he'd kick only one at a time.

In 1905 against Illinois he shot five drops. Against Nebraska in the following season he booted five more. He was accustomed to mix this sort of thing up with hundred-yard dashes for touchdowns too. But the greatest number of field goals ever made by one player in an intercollegiate game was seven. They were all placements. E. C. Robertson of Purdue kicked them and Rose Polytechnic was the victim. It happened in October, 1900.

Alex Moffat of Princeton weighed 130 pounds in days when individual tonnage was so highly thought of by coaches that any candidate for the team weighing less than 190 was likely to be called "Skinny." Against Harvard, in 1883, Alex drop-kicked four field goals—50, 48, 40 and 40 yards—but the notable feature was that he kicked two of them with his left foot and two with his right. The man had only two feet.

In 1906 the forward pass came into football and with it added reasons why the game has become the great popular spectacle.

Did you ever by any chance see Harold Muller of California take a ball in hand and flip it? Well, I have and in the excitement that ensued I, who have seen forty years of football, all but swallowed my tongue. He was six feet tall, weighed 190 pounds and held the intercollegiate record for throwing the javelin.

It was against Ohio State one afternoon that Harold, whom you, perhaps, call Red, received the ball from his center via Sprott, California's left half. Dancing smartly this way and that to elude Ohio boys who would frustrate him, Red had retreated fifteen yards until seventy yards lay between him and Ohio's goal.

But all this time Stephens of California was galloping toward Ohio's goal. He passed Stinchcomb, Ohio's safety man, who made no particular effort to stop him, figuring perhaps that Stephens had gone a bit balmy and was laboring under the impression that he was making a touchdown without burdening himself with the ball.

A yard from Ohio's goal Stephens paused. And Red Muller let go. It was, as you will grant, a colossal heave. The ball sailed high over Stinchcomb's head, splitting the air like a javelin. Stephens didn't have to move. He snagged it shoulder-high and took a long step. California had another touchdown.

The Galloping Stein

And don't overlook Stephens' end of that marathon pass of Red Muller's. A ball that has traveled that far requires expert snatching. It has speed. It has probably developed a twist. Add to that the various ways a football can elude the best of them and you discover that pass receivers are born, not made. Jim Stone of Vanderbilt, for example. His pals called him Stein.

Well, one afternoon in 1907—it was Thanksgiving Day—Vanderbilt and Sewanee were having their annual trouble. As is always better in tales of this sort, Stein did his stuff just a few minutes before the end of the game with Sewanee leading 12 to 11. Naturally he won the game, as what player with half a chance wouldn't in those circumstances?

Vanderbilt had the ball in midfield. Stein bent over it, ready to pass. He snapped it to Potts, who got rid of it at once with a lateral pass to D. Blake, who promptly handed it to Bob Blake. Bob got rid of it too. He threw it down the field, high and to the right.

In the meantime, Stein had galloped down the field and a Sewanee man, naturally anxious that nothing happen to disturb the score, raced at his side. The ball caught up to them and passed them. You wouldn't have bet a dollar against a half interest in the United States Government that any Vanderbilt man was going to take that pass. Particularly Jim Stein Stone.

But somehow (one doesn't explain things like this) he, the ball and the Sewanee man arrived at Sewanee's five-yard line simultaneously. And Jim leaped. . . . Down they went. Jim had the ball. And then two swift smashes and it was over.

There lives today in the modest town of Prague, Oklahoma, a broad, deep and otherwise robust red man named Thorpe —old Jim Thorpe of Carlisle.

Amongst his various accomplishments were touchdowns. He still holds the record for these. In 1912 he made twenty-five of them, scoring 198 points for the season. Jim was so good that he liked to amuse himself and his mates by telling an end or a tackle to get set because (said Jim) he was coming that way in a moment. And he'd do it.

The Great Keck

For general appeal to the football lover he has had rivals, at least in their own pet departments of the game. I mention Willie Heston of Michigan and Red Grange of Illinois and if I dismiss these great names thus briefly it is because their stories are all familiar.

All of these mighty runners have caught kick-offs and carried them to touchdowns. Perhaps you've seen them do it twice in the same game. But have you ever seen a man carry back kick-offs for touchdowns more than once in one game? Well, I have.

And he was not a back, either. He was a guard—and what a guard! Six feet two and two hundred and fifteen pounds and fast. He had to be fast and artful. His name was Bemis Pierce.

Pierce, a Seneca Indian, was one of the boys at Carlisle in 1894-5-6-7 and as such he played in an indoor game against Illinois in Chicago. Three times Illinois made the awful mistake of kicking off to Bemis. And each time he galloped straight through the dazed opposition without so much as hesitating. All three gallops ended in touchdowns. After that Illinois kicked so far out of Bemis' reach that he couldn't have caught the ball with a fisherman's net.

One of the greatest displays of runner-assistance the game has seen was that of Stanley Keck of Princeton in the game with Harvard in 1921. I've asked men who know and they agree. Gilroy of Princeton carried the ball. At Keck's heels he sped through the Harvard line and in front of him crouched a squad of the Crimson men. Keck bowled one out of the way.

"Stick with me, Gil," roared Keck.

"I'm coming," said Gilroy.

Keck cut down another Harvard lad and the field was clear except for Fitts. Now Fitts was good. He seldom missed tackles. He had a way of spilling or evading interference that had made him feared and famous.

"Go to it," yelled Keck. And he dived into Fitts. Gilroy left his huge one-man convoy as Stanley yelled. He did not stop until he was across Harvard's goal. You may see blocking like that again—but not often.

Neither have I ever witnessed mightier work in the line than Gus Ziegler of Penn produced against Cornell on Thanksgiving Day, 1906. Gus gave that day—everything he had. Gus stopped Cornell. Penn couldn't score but Gus saw to it that the Big Red Team didn't.

It was one of Cornell's greatest teams and Ziegler's opponent was the giant Thompson, justly celebrated as Big Thompson, an All-America guard. Gus was big enough, but Thompson topped him by fifty pounds.

For more than fifty minutes of battle Cornell had punished Penn, mauled her, smashed her, reduced her. But there had been no score. And now Cornell had the ball on Penn's five-yard line and Penn was crumbling. Exhausted.

The entire Cornell backfield hurled itself into where Thompson should have made a great hole—bang! It piled up on Thompson's back. He hadn't moved an inch. Again Thompson led the assault on Gus. This time it gained a few feet. A third time the avalanche fell on Gus. When the pile was unscrambled, Gus, the last to arise because he was on the bottom, owned a bleeding nose and a cut scalp. The ball was a foot from Penn's goal.

"You boys are doing fine," roared Gus to Cornell. "Come to me again."

Cornell did. Gus and Thompson struck each other so hard that they fought standing, chest to chest. The rest of the two teams were heaped around them. Gus and Thompson couldn't fall. They were waist-deep in football players. But the ball was still a foot away from the line. Cornell had lost it on downs.

The stands were still roaring Gus' name when Bill Hollenbeck punted into the face of a sixty-mile gale. The ball flew high—too high. The wind took it and hurled it back. It went out of bounds on Penn's five-yard line. And then Ziegler and Thompson again.

Twice Thompson with the ball at his back charged Gus. Now both men were showing the gore of battle. Huge Thompson looked puzzled—possibly he was a little dazed. It was hard to believe that his opponent could stand this. Yet Gus was still there, grinning and calling upon Cornell to come to him. Cornell had made two yards.

On the third smash at Ziegler, Penn's center had interfered with Cornell's and Penn was penalized half the distance to the goal. The ball is put on Penn's eighteen-inch line and Cornell is given a first down. And then I beheld what I like to think was the finest defensive play that football could produce.

One Foot to Play

Three times Ziegler and Thompson clashed and three times Cornell was piled up at her great guard's back. Each time Gus held. Cornell hadn't gained an inch.

"You've got another chance, Cornell," roared Gus. "Give us everything you've got, Cornell. C-o-m-e o-n, Penn-syl-vaaaaaaniaaaaa!"

Every Pennsylvania player rushed at Gus. And every one of them grabbed his hand. Big Bill Hollenback hugged him.

"Can you do it again, Gus?" yelled Bill. "Just once more?"

"Till Christmas," replied Gus.

Walders, the Cornell fullback, took the ball. Thompson summoned every ounce of his great strength, lowered his head and charged. And Gus met him halfway. There Thompson stopped and fell. And Walders, smashing against the back of the giant, seemed to rise perpendicularly. Up he went. Down he came. And there he stopped.

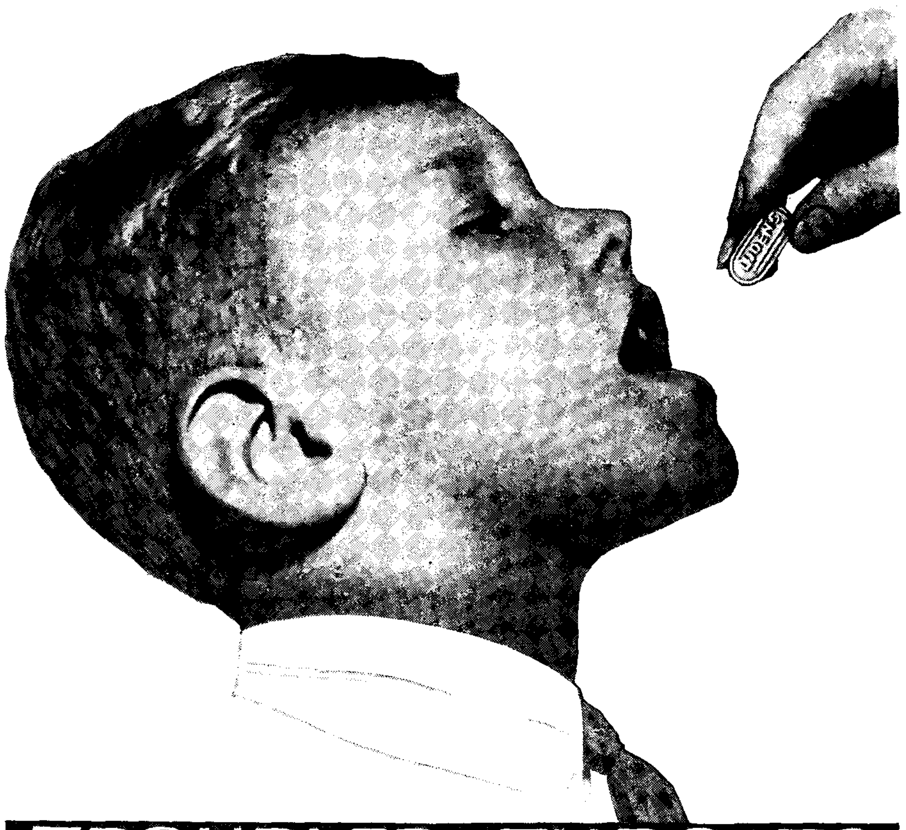
The timekeeper's gun sounded. The game was over. The ball was just a foot from Penn's goal.

Thompson was the first to grab Gus. And there on the twilight field, with 50,000 men and women gone wild in the stands, Gus Ziegler and Big Thompson stood in a bear hug—patting each other on the back.

One could continue thus for pages without exhausting what he calls the greatest plays and the greatest players. But I stop here. You, doubtless, will be glad to supply the rest.

"Rough Humor," another football article by Mr. Heisman, will appear in next week's Collier's.

check little coughs before they grow big



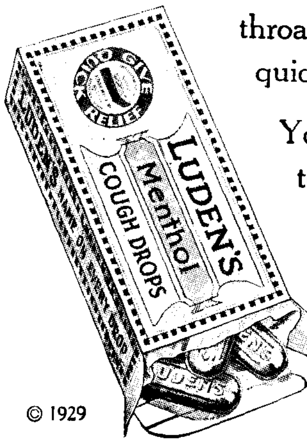
TROUBLED THROATS

Those busy statisticians that the Government puts to work finding out important things, have discovered that common coughs and colds keep more children out of school than any other sickness.

And yet it's so easy to keep little coughs from growing bigger—just do as so many other Mothers do. At the first little cough—even before that if you have a suspicion—give them a Luden's. They'll love it like candy.

And as it melts, tell them to breathe deep—so that Luden's Menthol Action will cool and soothe their throats, will open up those stuffy noses—will give quick relief as only Luden's can.

You need not hesitate to give Luden's freely to children—for Luden's contain nothing harmful—nothing to upset the stomach. In fact, Luden's Menthol Action is beneficial, for "Menthol" is a derivative of peppermint—one of the oldest known aids to good digestion.



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FOR QUICK RELIEF

In the yellow package everywhere—5¢

LUDEN'S

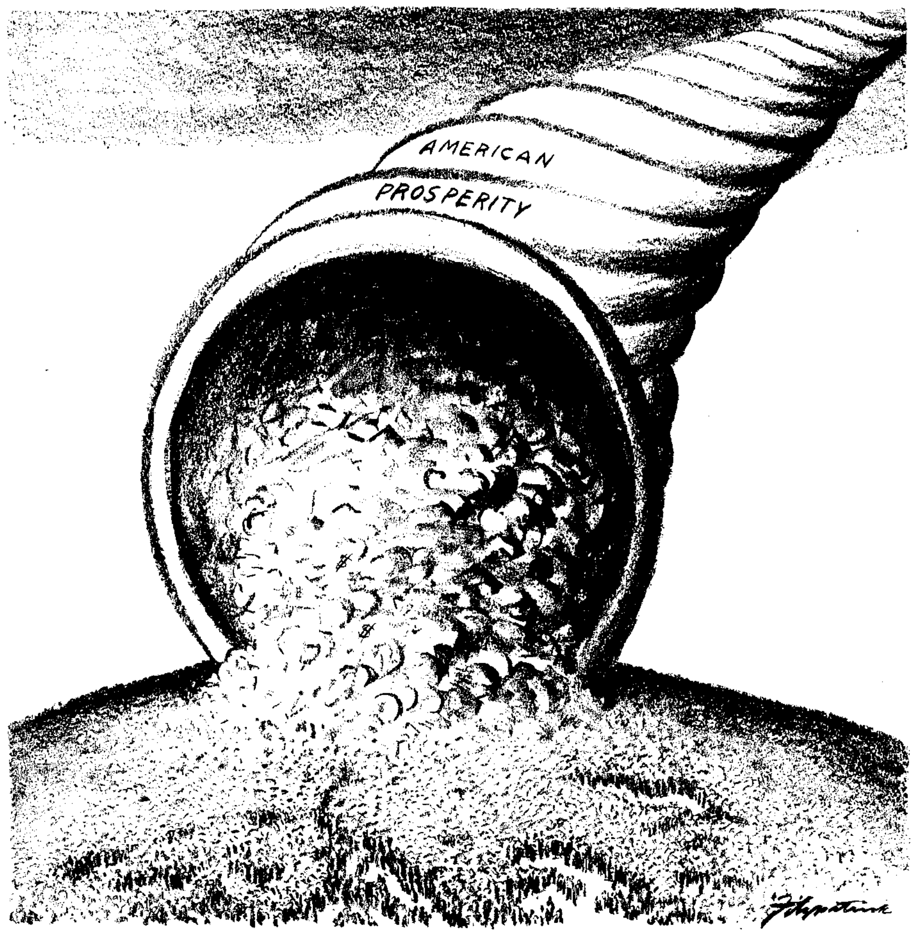
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Owners of America



"IN EVERY second of every business day $1,000 is invested by the American public in new offerings of securities."

This spectacular statement is an investment banker's way of picturing the new prosperity, distributed so widely, which has come to Americans.

We are, in fact, in the midst of an economic revolution more far-reaching in its consequences and deeper in its changes than anything ever before experienced anywhere. What has already happened would seem to be a miracle beyond reasonable hope if it were not history.

Fifteen years ago it was estimated that less than a half million Americans owned securities. Only one person in 190 was an investor.

Today, it is estimated, there are more than 15,000,000 investors in this country. One person in eight on the average is a buyer of securities.

Wealth has increased at a prodigious rate and even more rapidly it has been distributed. Our scale of living has moved upward. What were luxuries a few years ago are necessities now. The wage earner today has comforts which only millionaires could afford a few years back and still we have been thrifty.

Industry increasingly is owned by the many and not by the few.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has 420,982 stockholders. The Pennsylvania Railroad is owned by 154,137 shareholders. More than 100,000 stockholders own General Motors. The General Electric Company has about 80,000 owners.

The ability and the willingness of millions of small investors all over the country to provide the money required for our industrial development is a fact of the first importance. Twenty-five years ago we were still looking to the rich of Europe for some of the funds needed to finance American industry. Today the average American is the financier to whom both our own bankers and the European borrower must appeal. Bankers underwrite loans only when they are persuaded that the small investors will buy the securities to be offered. Not the rich, but Americans of modest means are the lenders and the arbiters of our destiny.

This has come about because savings have increased more rapidly than earnings. In 1919 the national income was fifty-five billions. Seven years later the income was ninety billions. Within those years the amounts invested in railroad, public utility, corporate and foreign securities were increased two and a half times.

During the five years from 1922 to 1928 American investors bought through regular banking channels 36,900 issues of securities for which nearly thirty-five billion dollars were paid.

Most encouraging of all the varied aspects of this colossal growth is the emphasis which investors have put upon safety.

We're Not Spendthrifts

We hear much of wild speculation and there has undoubtedly been quite enough folly on the part of those who expect much from little if not actually something from nothing. But the great majority have not been chasing moonbeams.

Nearly five sixths of this huge investment went into bonds. Only about three billion dollars bought preferred stock and less than that amount went into common stocks.

The same tale is told by savings banks. In 1914 there were 7,900,000 savings-bank depositors in this country. They had not quite nine billions on deposit. In 1929 more than eleven million depositors had stored upwards of twenty-six billions in savings banks.

Building and loan associations trebled their membership to more than ten million between 1914 and 1926, and increased their assets almost five times. Life insurance grew even more amazingly during these years.

By every available device men and women have thus been seeking through these fat years to safeguard their own future and the future of those dependent upon them.

Simultaneously we have been consuming new goods at a rate unheard of at any previous time. We have eaten better foods, worn more and better clothes, enjoyed more entertainment, given more lavishly, had better homes and more comforts.

Fortunate it is that we have spent while we saved. For savings, whether directly invested or put into banks or insurance, have provided the means whereby production increased. Water, oil, gas and coal have been coupled to machinery of ever-increasing efficiency. The result has been a Golconda of goods to be used.

Taking the large view, wise use has been made of the prosperity which has come to us as a people.

Of course not every American is free from financial anxiety. Men and women and children still live in poverty. Old age, disease, changes in industrial technique and many other factors take away jobs from willing workers. The fear of unemployment darkens many homes. Poverty still lingers. Problems of adjustment remain to be solved.

But what has already come about supplies the inspiration to accomplish even greater changes.

We are prosperous now because so many are sharing in the income of the nation.

We shall be more prosperous as the circle is widened and as more and more have enough for a comfortable life and for savings.

Packard
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TRADE MARK

Cable Defeats Power Thieves

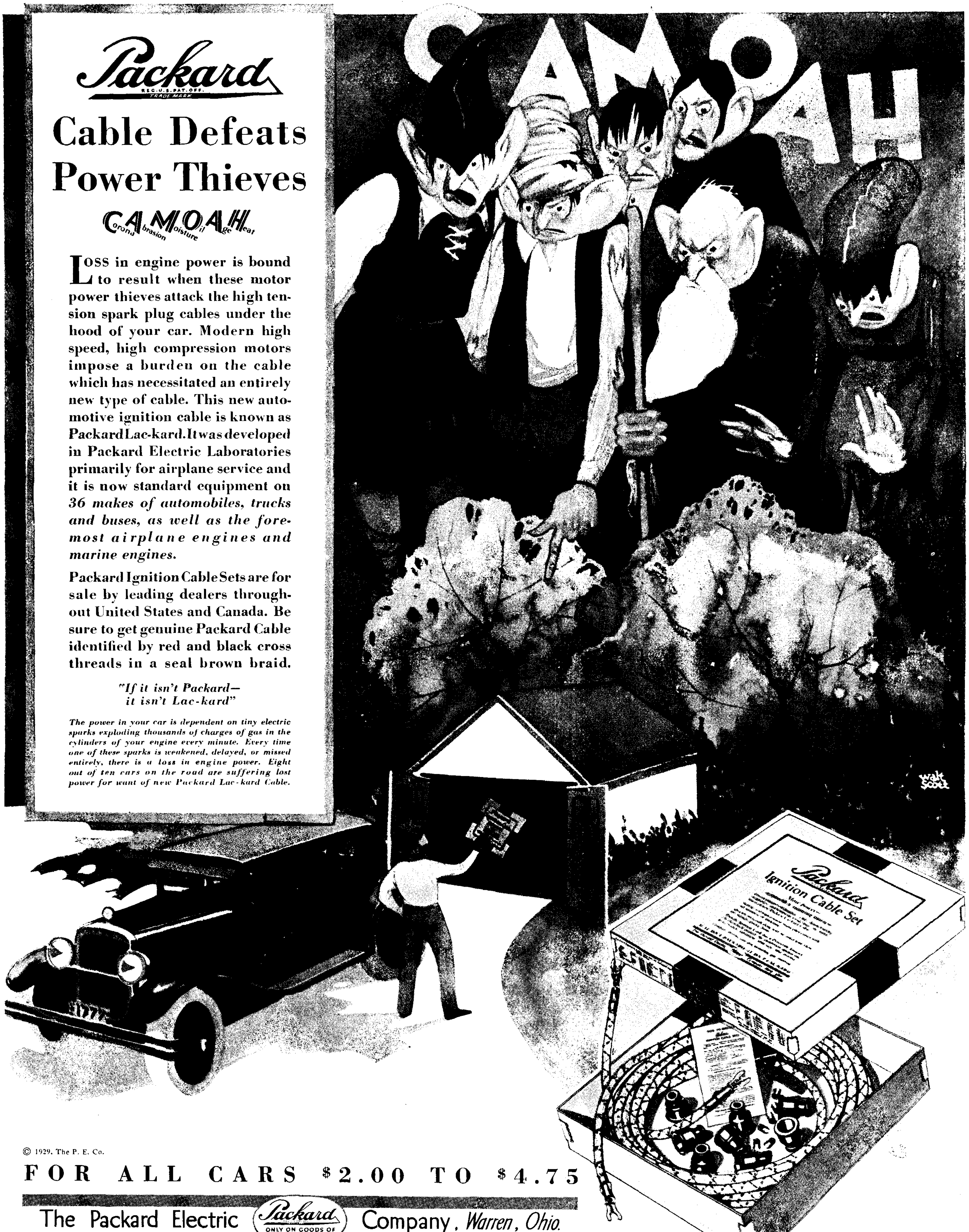
CAMOAH
Corona **A**brasion **M**oisture **O**il **A**ge **H**eat

LOSS in engine power is bound to result when these motor power thieves attack the high tension spark plug cables under the hood of your car. Modern high speed, high compression motors impose a burden on the cable which has necessitated an entirely new type of cable. This new automotive ignition cable is known as Packard Lac-kard. It was developed in Packard Electric Laboratories primarily for airplane service and it is now standard equipment on *36 makes of automobiles, trucks and buses, as well as the foremost airplane engines and marine engines.*

Packard Ignition Cable Sets are for sale by leading dealers throughout United States and Canada. Be sure to get genuine Packard Cable identified by red and black cross threads in a seal brown braid.

"If it isn't Packard—
it isn't Lac-kard"

The power in your car is dependent on tiny electric sparks exploding thousands of charges of gas in the cylinders of your engine every minute. Every time one of these sparks is weakened, delayed, or missed entirely, there is a loss in engine power. Eight out of ten cars on the road are suffering lost power for want of new Packard Lac-kard Cable.



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FOR ALL CARS $2.00 TO $4.75

The Packard Electric Packard ONLY ON GOODS OF HONEST VALUE Company, Warren, Ohio
FOUNDED IN 1890

LARGEST EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURER OF AUTOMOTIVE CABLE IN THE WORLD

At Last—

A Radio that is really a Musical Instrument

"Victor-Radio is musically a singing likeness of the actual performer....a revolutionary achievement. I close my eyes and imagine I hear the artist in person."
Lawrence Tibbett

"I have not words enough to express my admiration of the new Victor-Radio with Electrola. It should be called the 'eighth wonder of the world'."
Hulda Lashanska

"The new Victor-Radio with Electrola far surpasses the performance of any instrument I have ever heard... And on it my own records are so beautiful I am flattered to think that they are mine."
Beniamino Gigli

The perfection by Victor scientists of two remarkable new instruments suddenly revolutionized the world's standards of sound reproduction.

Here for the first time is a radio that meets the exacting requirements of the world's greatest artists—of every type of voice, of every instrument. With Victor-Radio, all the subtle variations of tone are *duplicated* without distortion. Only Victor could achieve this unvarying fidelity.

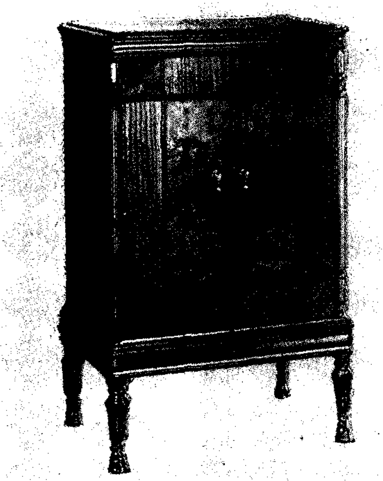
Victor-Radio is the only radio that is micro-synchronous. There is no guesswork about Victor performance. Tuning? You get your station with one motion...Hear Victor-Radio whether you have a radio or not!

And hear the sensational new Victor Radio-Electrola—the ultimate—the finest of musical instruments. It brings you—from the same revolutionary Victor electro-dynamic reproducer—music from the air that sets a totally new standard of realism...and recorded music, brilliant and rich far beyond anything you have heard: all the music of the world, at your fingertips!

Play it from softest lullaby to full orchestra—Victor tone quality is unaltered!

Never before have even Victor craftsmen built cabinets of such distinction—so compact, exquisite. These instruments are wholly Victor-built—of world-famous Victor quality throughout.

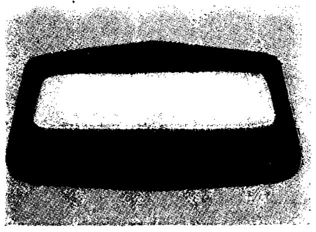
Only unparalleled Victor resources make such low list prices possible. The Victor-Radio Console is only $155*—Victor Radio-Electrola only $275.* Victor Talking Machine Division—Radio-Victor Corporation of America, Camden, N. J., U. S. A.



*Victor Radio-Electrola. The modern, complete home instrument; reproduces records electrically. List price $275.*Less Radiotrons.*

*Victor-Radio Console R-32. Modernized circuit to meet present-day broadcasting requirements. List price $155. *Less Radiotrons.*

Victor Super-Automatic Station Selector. All stations plainly and permanently visible. Just slide the knob to right or left—you have the station you want.



Victor-Radio
with Electrola

VICTOR